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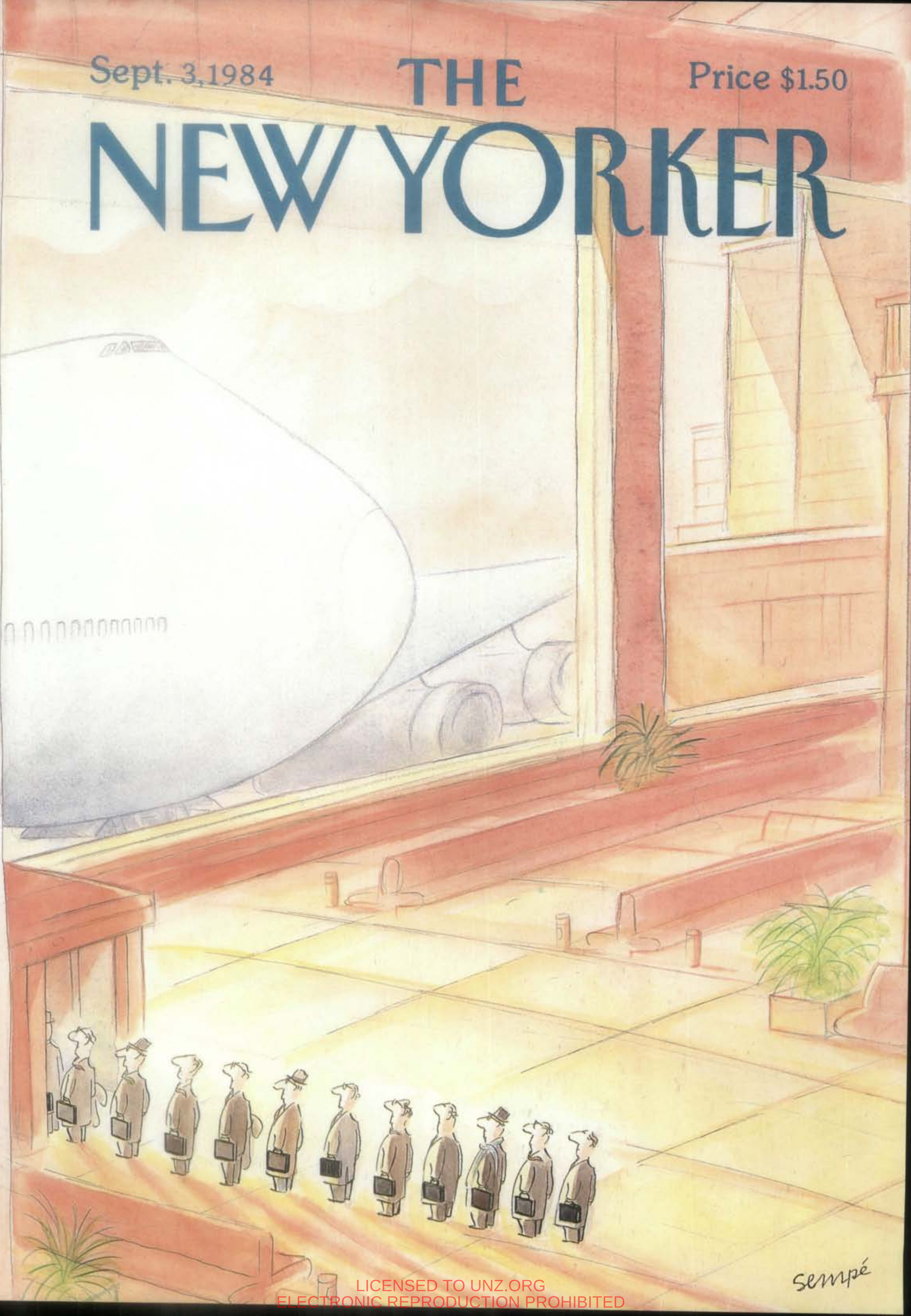

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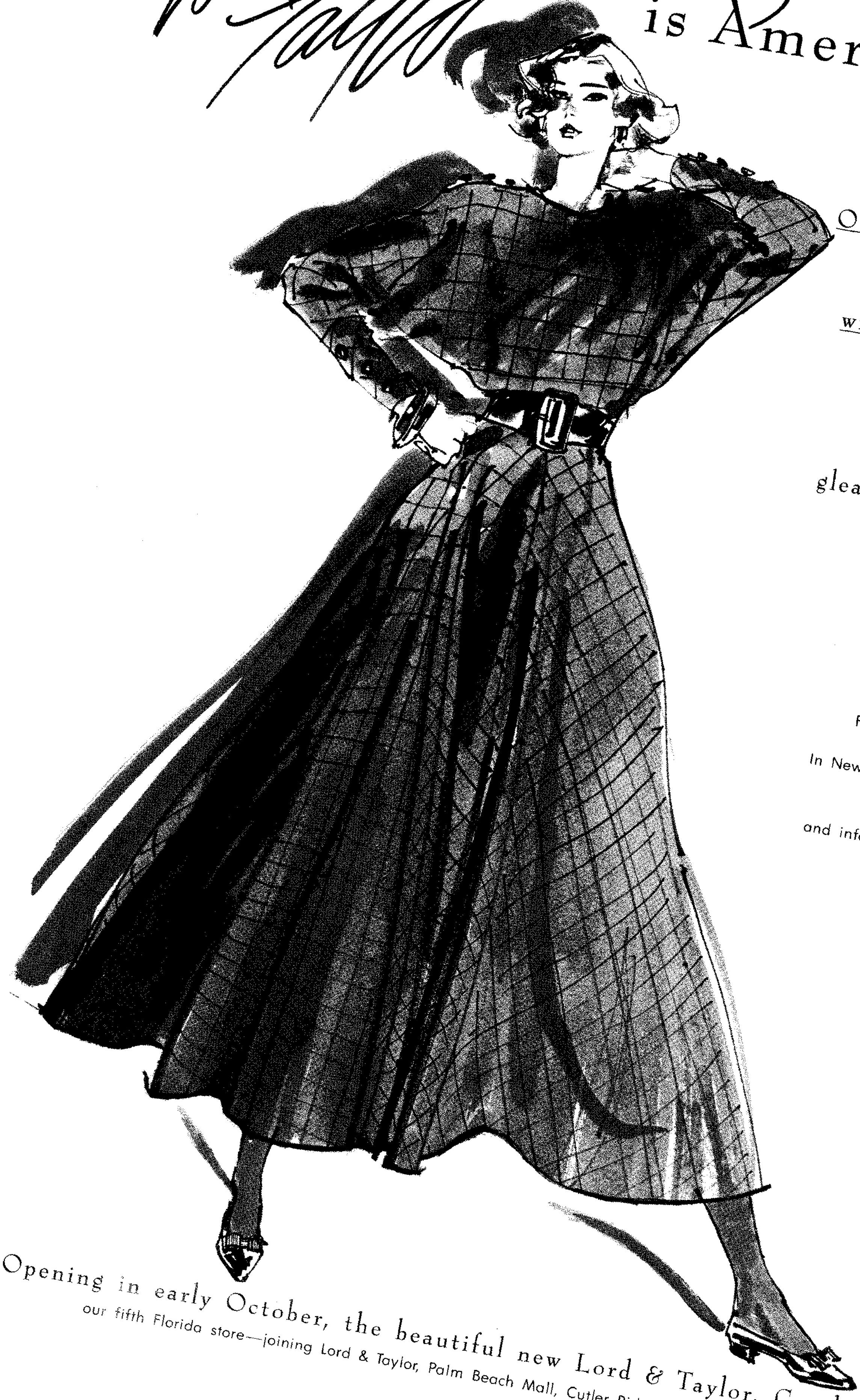

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is very well performed by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—A revival of a play by William Inge, with Shirley Knight, Philip Bosco, and Kate Hopkins. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played in by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Anne Swift, Raul Julia, and Frank Converse. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 2:30 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 30-31, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 1, at 2:30 and 8. Moves on Tuesday, Sept. 4, to the Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St., 989-2020, where performances will be given Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30, with matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author—and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Marge Kotlisky, Alan Rosenberg, Nicholas Hormann, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 9: Rudolf Friml's **rose marie.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 16.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LX, No. 29, September 3, 1984. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1984 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

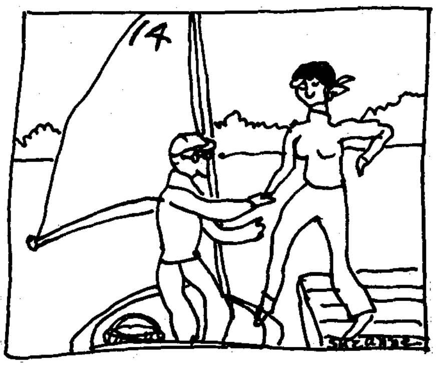
Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Mandy Patinkin is Seurat to the life and Bernadette Peters is lovable as Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are George Hearn and Keith Michell. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,128 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Aidan Quinn and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinée Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursday, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, the **BARRY HARRIS** trio will occupy the tiny, four-foot-high bandstand, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, Daniella will be present. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Aug. 29, Nuvana, Rebel Angel, and Nervous Soldiers; Thursday, Aug. 30, Splurge, On the Edge, and Vinyl Virgin; Friday, Aug. 31, Holy War, the Toasters, and Foreign Legion; Saturday, Sept. 1, T.L. Courage, Accent on Travvel, and 4-Way Ping; Sunday, Sept. 2, the Dee Archer band; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 3-4, will be given over to comedy; Wednesday, Sept. 5, the Faction, Rockers Unlimited, and the Urge; Thursday, Sept. 6, Peter Bliss, the Secret Lovers, and the Quarks; Friday, Sept. 7, the Modulators, the Tapes, and Kidstuff; and Saturday, Sept. 8, Dressed to Kill, the David Roche band, and End to End. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**STEVE ALLEN** is here in the jazz zone at the piano through Sunday, Sept. 2; on Monday, Sept. 3, the Carla White–Manny Duran band will perform, along with Cindy Devereaux and Born to Bebop; and on Tuesday, Sept. 4, funk-jazz tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will arrive. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday, and flutist **HERBIE MANN** is here through Monday, Sept. 3, with a Latin-jazz ensemble at five and seven in the evening.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, Aug. 29, Johnny Maestro & the Brooklyn Bridge and the Tokens; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2, Tower of Power; Tuesday, Sept. 4, Brit-rock night with those oldies Gerry & the Pacemakers, Herman's Hermits, Billy J. Kramer & the Dakotas, the Troggs, and Badfinger; Wednesday, Sept. 5, **DE DANANN;** Thursday, Sept. 6, **BONNIE KOLOC** and Frank Christian; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, **NRBQ.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Sept. 1; Sunday, Sept. 2, **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS;** and starting Monday, Sept. 3, **JOHN HICKS** and his bass player. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, will begin performing here on Tuesday, Sept. 4. Shows begin at ten and midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Thursday, Aug. 30, Field of You and the Infidels; Friday, Aug. 31, the Backbones and L.E.S.R.; Saturday, Sept. 1, Crossfire Choir, Ata-tat, and the Eastern Block; and Sunday, Sept. 2, the Youth Brigade. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Aug. 29, the Waydown Treaders; Thursday, Aug. 30, Mark Sims; Saturday, Sept. 1, Out to Lunch; Wednesday, Sept. 5, Naire Ni Chathasaigh; and Saturday, Sept. 8, Holland-America Line and the Juggernaut String Band. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Mondays and Tuesdays are Ed Polcer nights; Wednesdays belong to the Hot Club of 54th Street; Thursdays through Saturdays, the tradition-minded house sextet cuts loose; and on Sunday, Sept. 2, the Ali Ryerson quintet will drop by. Music from eight-thirty to two. The Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ILLINOIS JACQUET**, a flamethrower of a tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, leads his **JAZZ LEGENDS BIG BAND** through Sunday, Sept. 2. On Tuesday, Sept. 4, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN**, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS**, and drummer **BILLY HART** will come in. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and recording-studio innovator **LES PAUL** and a trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Aug. 29, Elodie Lauten and Arthur Russell, at nine and eleven; Thursday, Aug. 30, Kinvara, at nine and eleven; Sunday, Sept. 2, Terry Radigan, Pamela Cook, Kirk Kelly, and Kenny & Tzipora; Wednesday, Sept. 5, Topper Lilien and Michael Fracasso; Thursday, Sept. 6, Ferron, at eight and eleven; Friday, Sept. 7, **MARY MC CASLIN & JIM RINGER**, at eight and eleven; and Saturday, Sept. 8, Elizabeth Barraclough and Paul Geramia, at eight and eleven. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: pianist **JOHN HICKS** through Thursday, Aug. 30; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, pianist **HUGH LAWSON**; Monday, Sept. 3, Mike Gerber and Curtis Lundy; Tuesday through Thursday Sept. 4-6, pianist **DANNY MIXON**; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and his trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays pianist Judd Woldin works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. All these groups begin after ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Most of the time—Tuesdays through Saturdays—the pianist is stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD**. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 2-3, **BEN ARONOV** will be present. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Aug. 29, rock singer and songwriter **MARTY BALIN**; Thursday, Aug. 30, the harmonious Jamaican trio the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS**; Sunday, Sept. 2, singer John Hall; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 4-5, Poco; and Thursday, Sept. 6, ex-members of the Band, bassist and singer **RICK DANKO** and fireball drummer, singer, and astute observer **LEVON HELM**, who, when recently asked about the significance of the Woodstock festival, said, "It proved that show business was alive and well." Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Pianist **MC COY TYNER**, intense and rhythmic as ever, heads up his quintet Tuesdays through Sundays. On Monday, Sept. 3, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, featuring saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN**, will take over the bandstand. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing, occasionally uttering bird calls, and sort of pop-scat singing—using *chi, chi, chi*s instead of *oop-bop-sh'bams* on "I Can't Give You Anything but Chi, Chi, Chi" or "Button Up Your Chi, Chi, Chi." Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of *gelàti* overflow in the seventies and eighties, the hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday, Aug. 29, Myno Jackson; Thursday, Aug. 30, Jey Montreal; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, electric violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, Sept. 3, **JUMP STREET**, an adept rhythm-and-blues group; Tuesday, Sept. 4, Nelson Rangell; Wednesday, Sept. 5, Ron Granger; Thursday, Sept. 6, guitarist **GEORGE WADENIUS**; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, pop-jazz crooner **JON LUCIEN**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

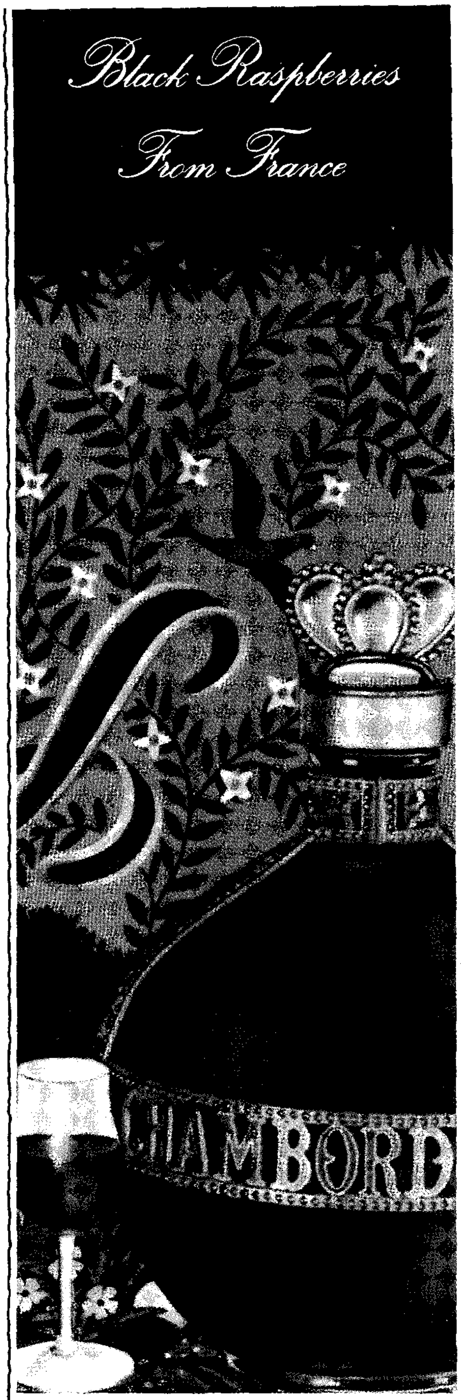
Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, Aug. 31, the **LYRES**, a promising-sounding Boston band in the wavering-rhythms tradition of Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs, early Yardbirds, and ? & the Mysterians; Friday, Sept. 7, **ALAN VEGA**; and Saturday, Sept. 8, Illustrated Man. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Bob January and the Satin Swing Orchestra provide music to dine, dance, or gawk out the windows to through Sunday, Sept. 2. Then, on Tuesday, Sept. 4, Lee Castle & the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra will take charge. The music hours run Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Aug. 29, Kick Axe and TNT; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 4-5, Fela Anikulapo Kuti; Saturday, Sept. 8, the **GUN CLUB**. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 29, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS**, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS**, and drummer **RONNIE BURRAGE**; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 30-31, Marcus Miller; Saturday through Monday, Sept. 1-3, electric bassist **JACO PASTORIUS**; Tuesday, Sept. 4, Southern Exposure; Wednesday, Sept. 5, **JUMP STREET**; Thursday, Sept. 6, Batacada; and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 7-9, violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK**. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. African trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** through Thursday, Aug. 30; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday, Sept. 2, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; Wednesday, Sept. 5, the **MIGHTY SPARROW**, a calypsonian; Thursday, Sept. 6, Mikata; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, the Sweet Talks. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist and sometime singer **PHAROAH SANDERS** leads his quintet through Sunday, Sept. 2; on Monday, Sept. 3, twelve hours of jazz will commence at two in the afternoon, with the **JAY HOGGARD** quintet, the **JOHN BLAKE** quintet, the **PAUL MOTIAN** quintet, the **STEVE COHN** trio, the **JIMMY LYONS** quartet, and the **BAIKIDA CARROLL** sextet; and on Tuesday, Sept. 4, saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN** will bring in a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues and Irish-music hangout. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Sept. 3, Papo Lucca y la Soñora Poncena, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ**, and guest soloist, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** will be on hand. On Friday, Aug. 31, a jazz and dance concert will get under way after ten-thirty and feature bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, singer **JEANNE LEE**, saxophonists **SONNY FORTUNE** and **KEN MC INTYRE**, pianist **STANLEY COWELL**, drummer **BILLY HART**, and other real fine musicians. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, one will find pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** through Sunday, Sept. 2, and on Tuesday, Sept. 4, pianist **JAKI BYARD** and bassist Ralph Hamperian will commence a three-week stand. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Trumpeter and flugelhornist **ART FARMER** heads up a quintet that features **CLIFFORD JORDAN** on tenor sax, through Sunday, Sept. 2; on Tuesday, Sept. 4, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and pianist **ELIANI ELIAS** will arrive with their quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music after ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz musicians, mostly pianists. Wednesday, Aug. 29, George Cotton; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2, Leslie Pintchik; Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 3-5, Kevin Hays; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 6-9, Ted Chavis. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University *is* just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. A group calling itself the Dizzy Gillespie All-Stars, with*out* Mr. Gillespie in its ranks but *with* saxophonist, flutist, and humorist **JAMES MOODY**, will perform until Saturday, Sept. 1. The rest of the lineup: pianist Ram Ramirez Sunday, Sept. 2; Percy France Monday, Sept. 3; **LOU DONALDSON**, on alto sax, Tuesday, Sept. 4; Latin-jazz star **TITO PUENTE** Wednesday, Sept, 5; and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 6-9. Music from about nine.

UMBRELLAS
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ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and musicians in it. Pianist Bill Mays works with bassist Tony DeCapri through Saturday, Sept. 1, and on Tuesday, Sept. 4, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will start in on a week of performing their own comfortable, *highly satisfying brand of chamber jazz*—a mixture of jazz improvisations, twinges of rock, and brief excursions into the classical arena. Music from eight. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 29-31, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 1, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, Sept. 2, at 3 and 7:30.

BOBBY & THE MIDNITES—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 8.

THOMPSON TWINS—With Berlin. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8 and midnight.)

LINK WRAY—With Kristi Rose and the Midnight Walkers. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, Aug. 31, at 11:30.

SALSA FESTIVAL—Celia Cruz, Johnny Pacheco, Adalberto Santiago, Tito Puente, Papo Lucca y la Soñora Poncena, Wilfrido Vargas y sus Beduinos, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 1, at 8.)

JULIO IGLESIAS—With Michael Davis. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday through Wednesday, Sept. 6-12, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

JOSEPH GOLINKIN (1896-1977)—Watercolors and drawings of sports, as well as lithographs which won the artist an Olympic Gold Medal in the 1932 Olympic Fine Arts Competition. Through Thursday, Aug. 30. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER AND FRIENDS—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Sundays.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, an architect, and a performer and all appropriate in concept to this acre of sand (the environmental part) tended by Creative Time. Through Sept. 16. Performances are held Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 6:30 (Peter Gordon on Wednesday, Aug. 29; Ned Sublette on Sunday, Sept. 2, and Wednesday, Sept. 5); exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. For information, call 571-2206.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 20 W. 57th St.: Among this year's highlights in the annual Old Master print show are ten etchings by Rembrandt and engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figurative drawings in various mediums by more than sixty American artists of the twentieth century. Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER**, 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings of women, including Thomas Sully's "Mother and Child" and Carmen Cicero's "Golden Dreams." Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **SPANIERMAN**, 50 E. 78th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by American expatriates, including Theodore Robinson, John Singer Sargent, and Elihu Vedder. Through Sept. 17. (Closes at 3 on Fridays.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER**, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Models, architects' drawings, and photographs chronicling the current restoration work on the Statue of Liberty, and including the design for a double-decker hydraulic glass elevator, which will be in place when the work is completed, in 1986. Through Sept. 14.

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, most of them with changing exhibitions of works by gallery members: **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St. . . . **HERSTAND**, 24 W. 57th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Sept. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Prints by gallery artists Harry Callahan, Nancy Hellebrand, Richard Avedon, Jim Goldberg, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sunday, Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A recently acquired collection of color photographs, mostly done since the late seventies, has been installed in the Edward Steichen Photography Center. Young photographers such as John Harding, David Graham, and Lorie Novak, together with established ones—Jan Groover, William Eggleston, Lucas Samaras, and others. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays. 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In a group of sculptures taken from the collection, twenty artists whose works date from late in the past century to the nineteen-fifties are represented by a number of pieces as well as by related works on paper; Calder, for example, is represented by fourteen works. Also Degas, González, Brancusi, others. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A second selection from the collection, this one of drawings by twentieth-century European artists, including Chagall, Klimt, and Kirchner. Through Oct. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than two hundred prints acquired by the museum over the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); non-objective and hard-edge styles typify these works by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A show of Viola Frey's giant, gaudily painted clay figures. Also, three ceramic plates, a small sculpture, and two large paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Monday, Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Monday, Sept. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Contemporary color prints. Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Damask fabrics, including Arabic woven silk from the fourteenth century, white linen napkins made for Napoleon Bonaparte and Czar Nicholas II, and red silk designed for French embassies early in this century. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ A display of tea services which pays homage to the variety of designs over the centuries, ranging from the standard appliances used, say, by readers of "Bunting's Breakfast Beverages" to unusual teapots by such contemporary designers as Matteo Thun, Arne Jacobsen, and Mario Bellini. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 setback zoning law on the city's skyline. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade: scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sunday, Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through Sunday, Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—Twenty wood sculptures by Martin Puryear, including painted circular works executed recently and reconstructed pieces whose original versions were lost in a fire at his studio. . . . ¶ David Ireland's environmental installation, designed as an extension of the gallery space, is in part a three-tiered structure that wraps around the gallery's columns. Both shows through Sept. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8, when there is no admission fee after 5; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

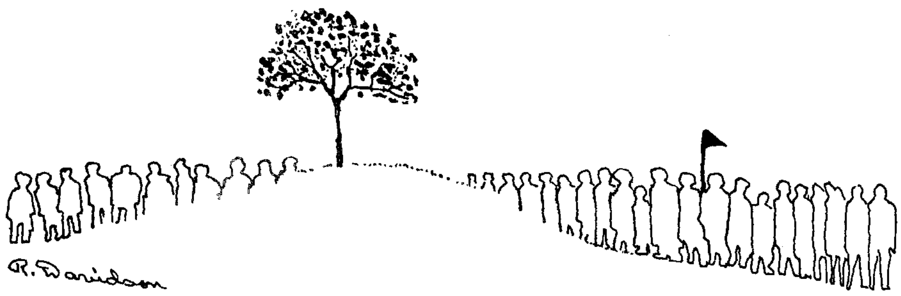
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Sundays and Labor Day, 10 to 6.)

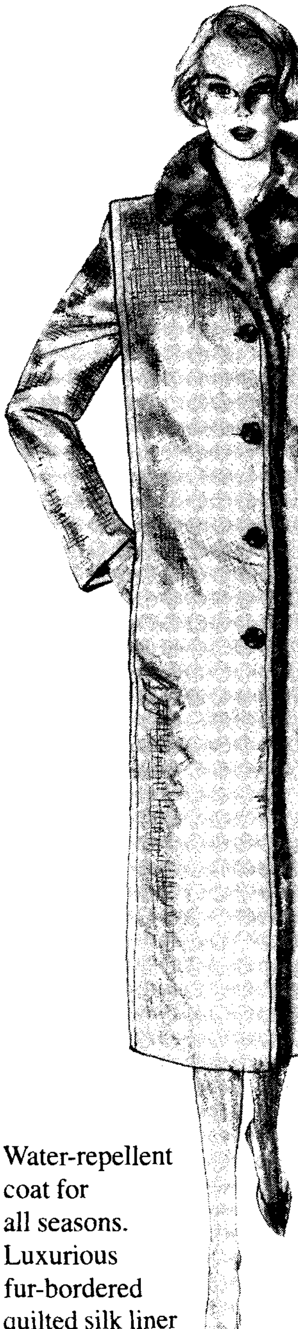
STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sunday, Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, prints, and drawings done over the past ten years by New Yorker Ray Grist, whose work reflects the influences of Cubism and Abstract Expressionism, as well as other styles. Through Sept. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Maria Spacagna, Alteouise DeVaughn, Jerry Hadley, and Brent Ellis; conducted by Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 31, at 8: "La Bohème," with Pamela South, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1, at 2: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Barry McCauley, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Stephanie Sundine, Cynthia Rose, George Gray, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2, at 1: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2, at 7: "Rigoletto," with Maria Spacagna, Alteouise DeVaughn, Jerry Hadley, and Brent Ellis; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 6, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2: "The Mikado," with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Bruce Reed, and William Wildermann; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, at 8: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and William Wildermann; David Stahl. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

CONCERT ROYAL AND THE NEW YORK BAROQUE DANCE COMPANY—James Richman directing the final performance of Gluck's 1762 opera-ballet "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Julianne Baird and Joyce Andrews, sopranos; Drew Minter, countertenor; and the Stonewall Chorale. The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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production has eighteenth-century staging and choreography, and the music will be performed on original instruments. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season. Wednesday, Aug. 29: Rod Stewart. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 31: Herbie Hancock & the Rockit Band and Steel Pulse. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1: Frank Zappa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2: Jefferson Starship. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 3: Willie Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 7: Rick Springfield and Corey Hart. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 9: Billy Squire and Ratt. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Flying Karamazov Brothers. (Becket, Mass. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 29-30, at 8; Friday, Aug. 31, at 8:30; and Saturday, Sept. 1, at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheaders), and Sunday, Sept. 2, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 7, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 8, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Monday, Sept. 3, at 4, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 4-5, at 8.

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 8: Fordham vs. Fitchburg State, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Boston University, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 4.

Professional Football—**sunday, sept. 2:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Colts, at Indianapolis. . . . **thursday, sept. 6:** Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Giants Stadium, at 9.

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 29, through Monday, Oct. 22. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 29; the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 1; the Jerome Handicap, Monday, Sept. 3; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Sept. 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day between 11 and 1:19.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturday at 11:30.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . **meadowlands:** Racing begins Saturday, Sept. 1, and will run through Monday, Dec. 31. Post time will be Saturday, Sept. 1, at 8, and Labor Day at 1:30; thereafter, weeknights, except Thursday, Sept. 6, at 8. The Violet, Saturday, Sept. 1, and the Meadowlands Cup, Monday, Sept. 3.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Vancouver, Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Toronto, Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday, Aug. 29, through Thursday, Sept. 6, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 9, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, except Labor Day, when post time will be 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of H. Leivick's "The Golem," with F. Murray Abraham and Randy Quaid. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 29-Sept. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concert series. Wednesday, Aug. 29: Jean-Luc Ponty and Stanley Clarke. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30: Herbie Hancock & the Rockit Band and Steel Pulse. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 5: Cyndi Lauper. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8: King Sunny Ade and Black Uhuru. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Final performances of a festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **lincoln center plaza:** Wednesday, Aug. 29, jazz, with Wind & Thunder at 12:15 and Michiyo Tanaka & Dancers at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30, theatre companies from the South at 10:30 (for children), 5, and 6, and a program of country music at 12:15. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 31, Valery Ponomarev & the Universal Language at 12:15, the Gail Conrad Tapdance Theatre at 5, and the Manhattan String Quartet at 6:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1, Mini-Events at noon, a program of Chinese theatre at 2:30, and Joan Miller's Dance Players at 5. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2, Mini-Events at noon and Racca: Singers' Satellite at 2. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 3, clown day, with programs at noon, 1, 2, 4, and 6:15. . . . **damrosch park:** Thursday, Aug. 30, the William Carter Dance Ensemble at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1, Pilobolus Dance Theatre at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2, Catherine Comet conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with Ben Holt, baritone, at 4 (rehearsal) and 8:15. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 3, a clown show at 8:15. (For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, Sept. 1-3; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15-16, from noon until sundown.

COMING EVENTS

Automobile Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sept. 29-30.

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Sept. 9 (day). St. Louis, Sept. 10-11 (night). Pittsburgh, Sept. 12 (n) and Sept. 13 (d). Montreal, Sept. 21 (n) and Sept. 22-23 (d). Philadelphia, Sept. 24-25 (n) and Sept. 26 (d). . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Sept. 14 (night) and Sept. 15-16 (day). Baltimore, Sept. 17-19 (n). Detroit, Sept. 27-28 (n) and Sept. 29-30 (d). . . . **american league championship playoffs:** Start Oct. 2. . . . **national league championship playoffs:** Start Oct. 3. . . . **world series:** Starts Oct. 9 in the home park of the National League champion.

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FRANKFURTERS
EAT George's
HOT DOGS
Hot SAUSAGE
ICE COLD

College Football—**saturday, sept. 15:** Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, and Rutgers vs. Temple, at Piscataway. . . . **saturday, sept. 22:** Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; Fordham vs. the United States Merchant Marine Academy, at Fordham; and Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse. . . . **saturday, sept. 29:** Army vs. Duke, at West Point; Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Manhattan vs. the New York Maritime Academy, at John F. Kennedy Field; Penn State vs. Texas, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands; Princeton vs. Bucknell, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Cincinnati, at Piscataway; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, oct. 6:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point; Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Morgan State, at New Haven.

Professional Football—**sunday, sept. 9:** Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . **sunday, sept. 16:** Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Giants Stadium, and Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington. . . . **sunday, sept. 23:** Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo. . . . **sunday, sept. 30:** Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Giants Stadium, and Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Los Angeles. . . . **sunday, oct. 7:** Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City. . . . **monday, oct. 8:** Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at Giants Stadium.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Oct. 2. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Oct. 7. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Oct. 3.

Racing—At Laurel, Md.: Sept. 12-Dec. 8.

Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season will open on Sept. 24, with Wagner's "Lohengrin," and will run through April 20. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta conducting, Sept. 25 (a nonsubscription benefit concert) and Sept. 28 (first concert of the regular season). . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7459): Jorma Hynninen, baritone, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Oct. 9. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Sept. 9, 11, 12, 14, and 15. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Y Chamber Symphony, Sept. 29-30. . . . ¶ Group for Contemporary Music, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Abbey Simon, piano, Oct. 7. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Mozartean Players, Oct. 4.

Dance—Merce Cunningham Dance Company, at the Joyce Theatre, Sept. 21-30. . . . ¶ Dance Theatre of Harlem, at the City Center, Sept. 25-Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Erick Hawkins Dance Company, at the Joyce Theatre, Oct. 10-21.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 17. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 22. . . . ¶ The New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 28 at Avery Fisher Hall and Alice Tully Hall and then continues at Alice Tully Hall, Sept. 29-Oct. 13. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 8.

Next time you give her a diamond, round it off to the nearest carat.

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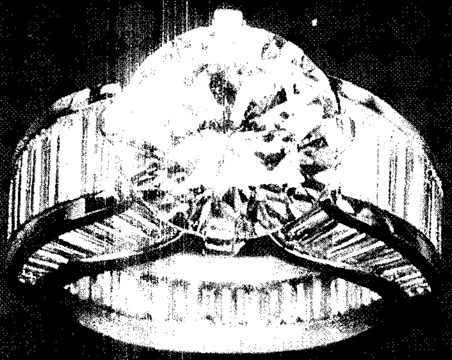

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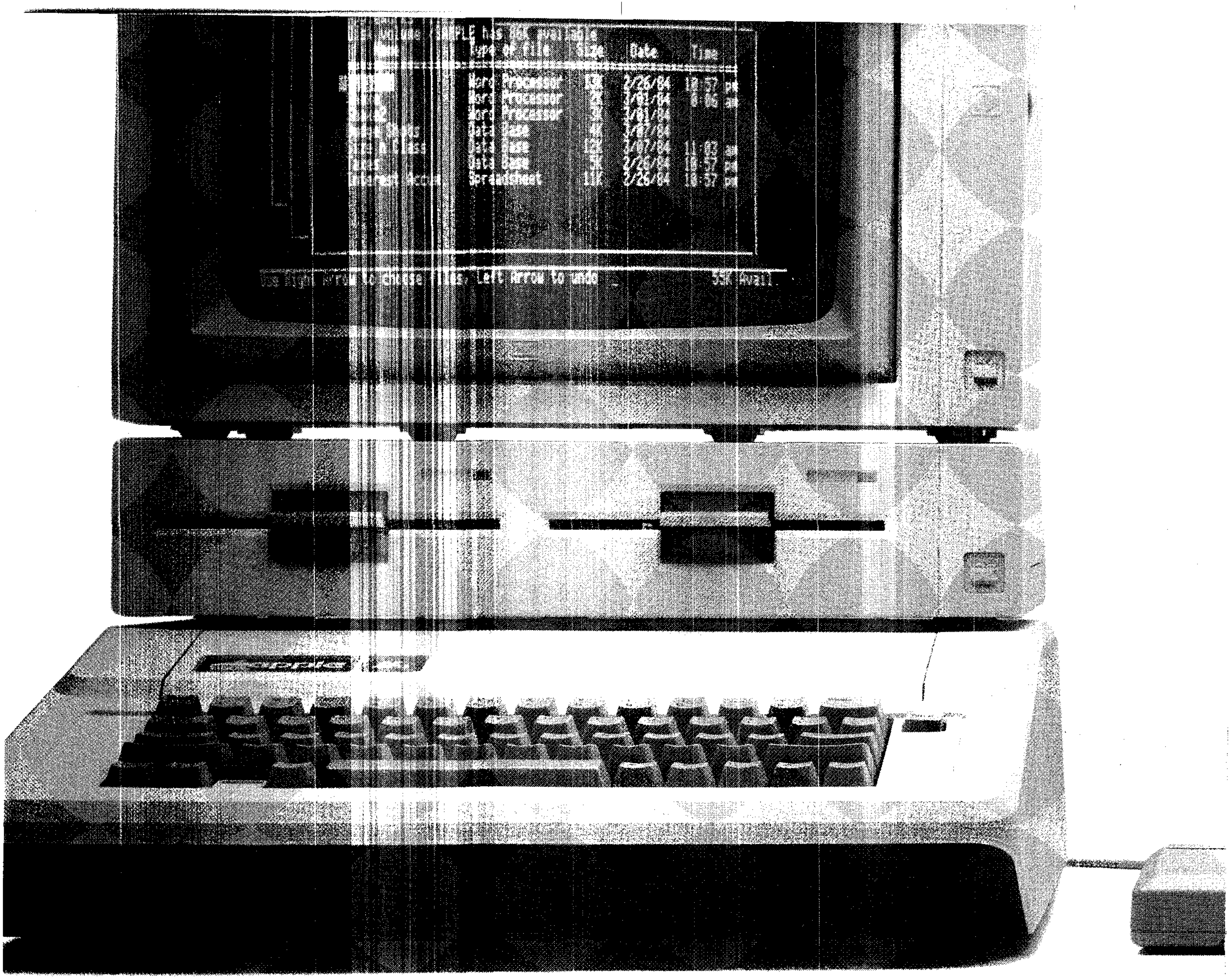


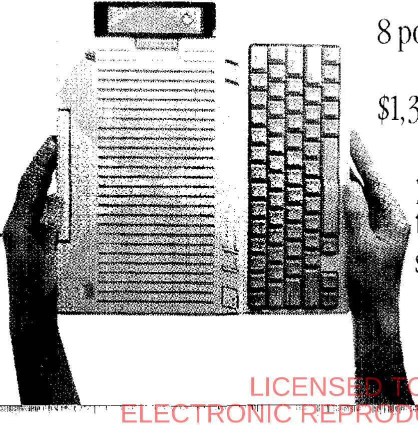
A little competitic

Ever since we invented it, people have been trying to top the Apple® IIe Personal Computer.

In their exuberance, some competitors have resorted to kidnapping, espionage and patent theft trying to imitate the world's most popular and versatile personal computer.

But we're willing to let bygones be bygones. Being good corporate citizens, we thrive on competition. Even if we have to create it ourselves.

A breakthrough of incredible proportions: 12" x 11½" x 2¼"



Hence, we'd like you to meet the new Apple IIc.

The first genuine imitation of the original Apple IIe.

As you can see, it's quite a bit smaller—about the size of a three-ring binder.

It weighs less than 8 pounds.*

It costs less than $1,300.**

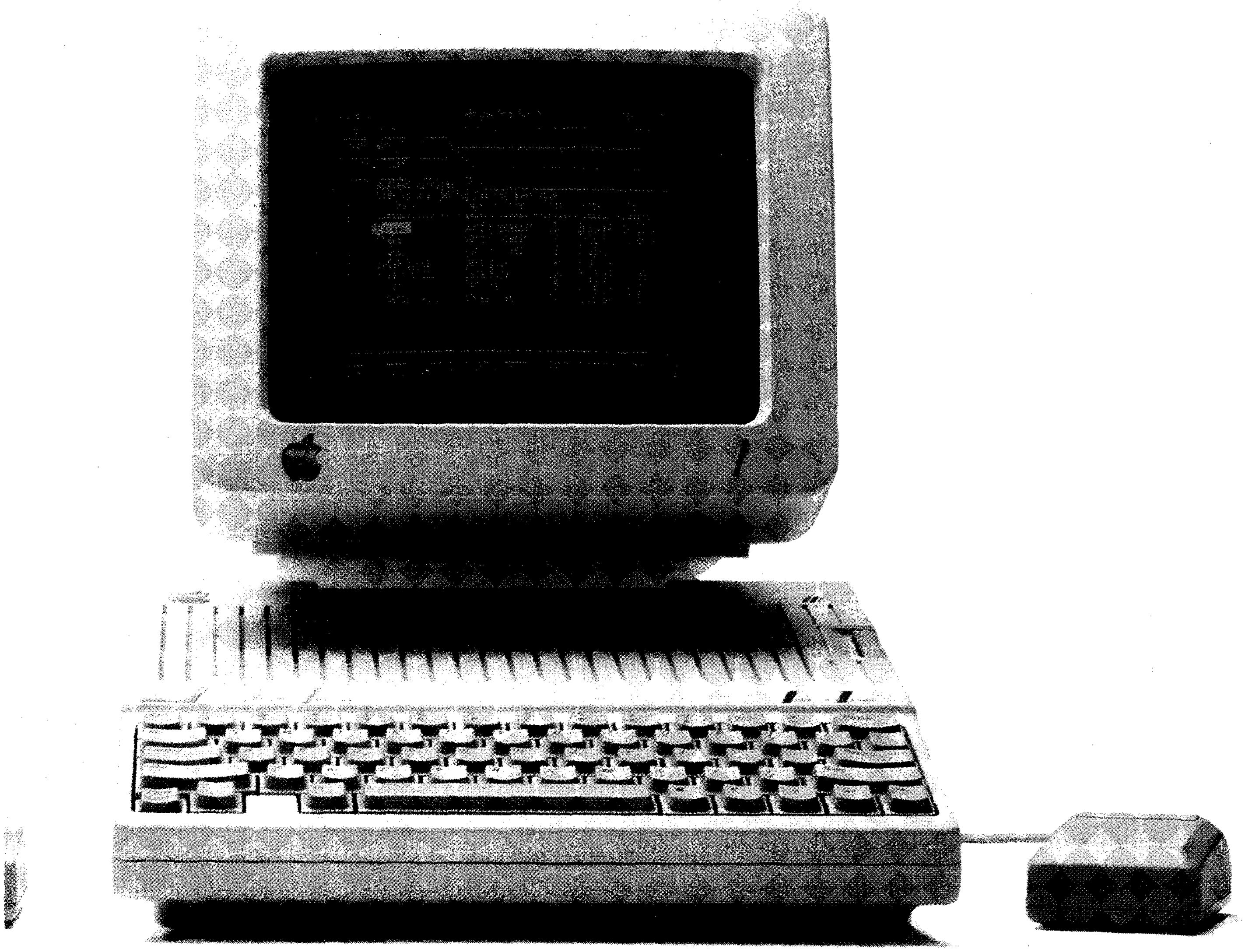
It comes complete with everything you need to start computing. Including a free 4-diskette course to teach you how. An RF modulator that turns your TV into a monitor. And a gaggle of built-in features.

128K of memory—twice the power of computers twice its size.

A built-in disk drive that could cost $400 if it weren't.

And built-in connections that let you add printers, modems and another disk drive without adding $150 goodies called “interface cards.”

Since it's an Apple II, the IIc can run over 10,000 programs. Including the software that's made the IIe the most popular computer in education.



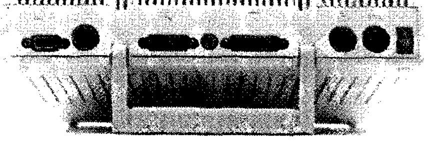
for the Apple IIe.

And advanced business software like AppleWorks, a three-in-one program that integrates word processing, electronic filing and spreadsheets.

The IIc is also on speaking terms with the whole family of Apple II computers and accessories. You can even add an AppleMouse—that clever little device that lets you tell a computer what you want simply by pointing.

Of course, the Apple IIe isn't going to take this kind of blatant competition sitting down.

It can offer you up to four times more internal memory. And the option of a ProFile™ hard disk with external storage for up to 2,400 pages of anything you'd like to remember.



The IIc has built-in ports for making all the right connections.

And the IIe's still the most expandable computer there is. So it can run a lab-full of test equipment. Or a basement-full of mainframes. Or a small family business.

Like Saudi Arabia.

So the only question is which II you need more.

An expandable Apple. As in IIe.

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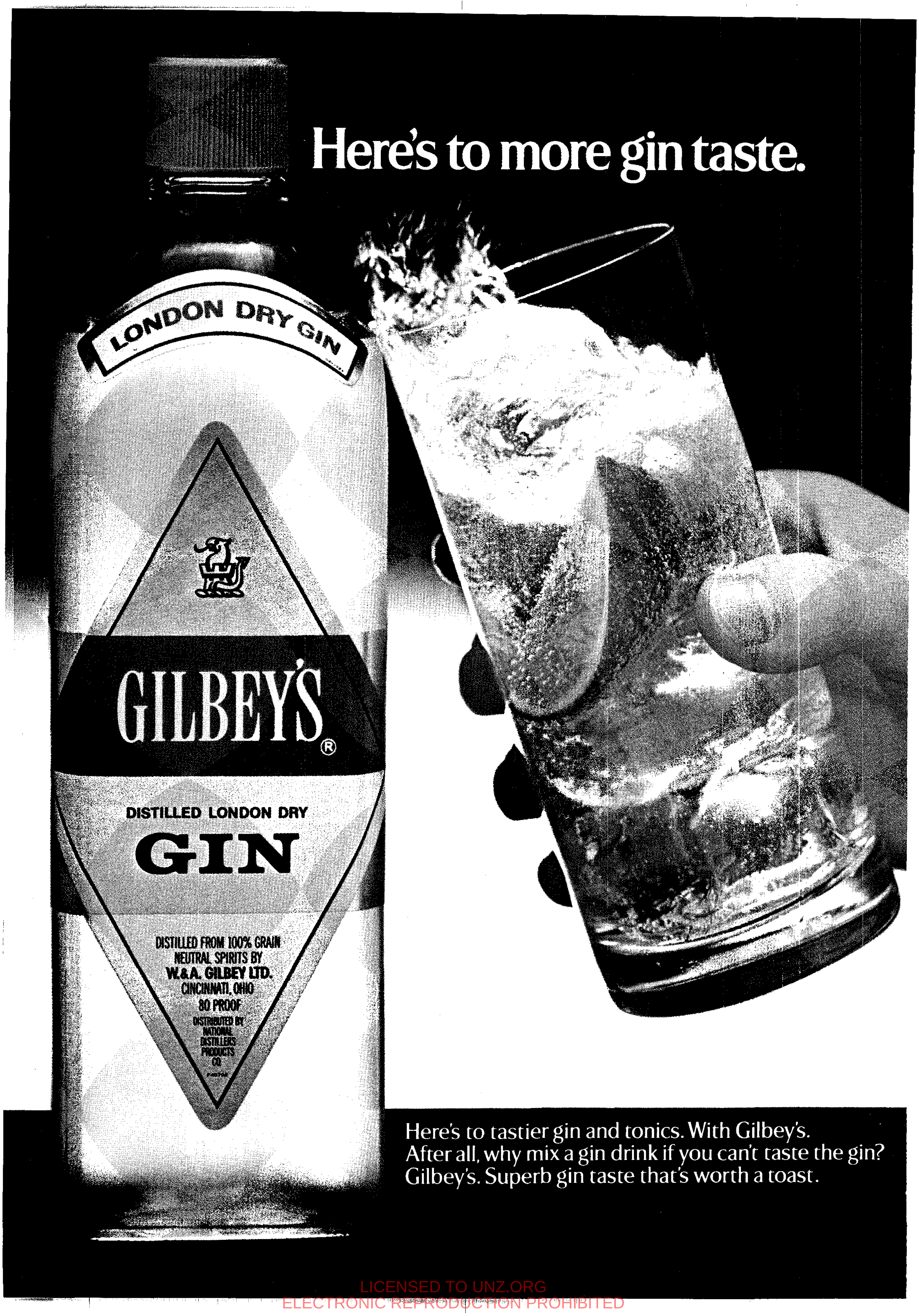
Just visit your friendly authorized Apple dealer.

And tell them the competition sent you.

**Don't asterisks make you suspicious as all get-out? Well, all this one means is that the IIc alone weighs 7.5 pounds. The power pack, monitor, an extra disk drive, a printer and several bricks will make the IIc weigh more. Our lawyers were concerned that you might not be able to figure this out for yourself. ** The FTC is concerned about price-fixing. So this is only a Suggested Retail Price. You can pay more if you really want to. Or less.* *© 1984 Apple Computer, Inc. Apple, the Apple logo and ProFile are trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc.* *For an authorized Apple dealer nearest you, call (800) 538-9696. In Canada, call (800) 268-7796 or (800) 268-7637.*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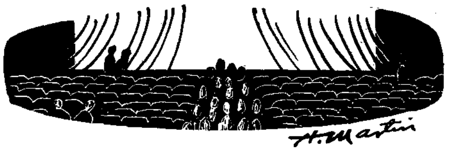
THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 30: Five short films made by Charlie Chaplin in 1914—"Tillie's Punctured Romance" (six reels), "Dough and Dynamite," "His New Profession," "The New Janitor," and "Those Love Pangs."
Aug. 31-Sept. 2: "The Gold Rush" (†); and four short films made by Chaplin in 1914—"Mabel's Busy Day," "Between Showers," "The Star Boarder," and "A Hot Finish."
Sept. 4-6: "The Gentleman Tramp" (1978; directed by Richard Patterson), a documentary on Charlie Chaplin; and three short films made by Chaplin in 1914—"Tango Tangles," "His Favorite Pastime," and "The Knockout."
From Sept. 7: "Scarface" (1932 †).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Purple Rain" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 6: "Gremlins" (†) and "Sudden Impact" (†).
From Sept. 7: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 30: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.
From Aug. 31: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 30: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.
From Aug. 31: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 30: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe. From Aug. 31: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 30: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
From Aug. 31: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 30: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.
From Aug. 31: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Purple Rain" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The 4th Man" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe. From Aug. 31: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "Love Streams" (John Cassavetes), with Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 6: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
From Sept. 7: "The Last Winter" (Riki Shelach), with Kathleen Quinlan.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Bostonians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. From Aug. 31: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch. From Aug. 31: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters"(†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 30: "Phar Lap" (Simon Wincer), with Tom Burlinson.
From Aug. 31: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 30: (matinées only) "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz); (evenings only) "Meatballs Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).
From Aug. 31: (matinées only) "The Muppets Take Manhattan;" (evenings only) "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 30: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
From Aug. 31: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell. From Aug. 31: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts. From Aug. 31: "Ninja Mission."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 30: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe.
From Aug. 31: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "Gremlins" (†). From Aug. 31: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 4: "Phoenix Bird" (directed by Jon Bang Carlsen); and "Your Neighbor's Son: The Making of a Torturer" (1982; Joergen Flint Pedersen and Erik Stephensen; in Greek). From Sept. 5: "American Pictures, Part I" (1981; Jacob Holdt).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 6: "Pauline at the Beach" (†). From Sept. 7: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Question of Silence" (Marleen Gorris; in Dutch).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani. From Aug. 31: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzjan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: "Eréndira" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 30: "Under the Volcano" (†). From Aug. 31: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 30: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe.
From Aug. 31: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Sept. 6: "Under the Volcano" (†).
From Sept. 7: "The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Metropolis" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Aug. 30: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
From Aug. 31: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "First Name: Carmen" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 6: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan. From Sept. 7: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 3: "Life Is a Bed of Roses" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Vittorio Gassman.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "In the White City" (Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Old Enough" (Marisa Silver).
Theatre 2: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe. From Aug. 31: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts. From Aug. 31: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "Under the Vol-

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cano" (†). From Aug. 31: "Gremlins" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 30: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe. From Aug. 31: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (directed by Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).

Theatre 3: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Theatre 4: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Theatre 5: Through Aug. 30: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From Aug. 31: "Cloak & Dagger" (Richard Franklin), *with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.*

Theatre 6: Matinées only: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz); Evenings only: "Bachelor Party."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Aug. 30: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe.

From Aug. 31: "Footloose" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer. From Aug. 31: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 30: "Meatballs Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn). From Aug. 31: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 30: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy. From Aug. 31: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts. From *Aug. 31: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek),* with John Heard and Daniel Stern.

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen. From Aug. 31: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. From Aug. 31: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 30: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell. From Aug. 31: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 30: "Cloak & Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman. From Aug. 31: "Ninja Mission."

Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Aug. 29: "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; directed by René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.

Aug. 30: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Marken.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Sept. 2-3: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (1949; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, and Renée Cosima.

Sept. 4: "Muriel" (†); and "La Jette" (1963; Chris Marker; in French).

Sept. 5: "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French).

Sept. 6: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

Sept. 7-8: "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), *with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and* Léa Massari.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 4: A twelve-day program of jazz films.

From Sept. 5: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 29: "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian); and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.

Aug. 30: "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

Sept. 2-3: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).

Sept. 4: "Z" (†) and "State of Siege" (†).

Sept. 5: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (†).

Sept. 6: "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian); and "A Slave of Love" (†).

Sept. 7: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian); and "The Lady with the Dog" (1960; Josef Heifitz; in Russian).

Sept. 8: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 30: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972; Woody Allen), with Allen.

Aug. 31-Sept. 4: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Sept. 5-6: "Bananas" (1971) and "Sleeper" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Sept. 7-8: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Taxi Driver" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Aug. 29: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman; and "The Anderson Tapes" (1971; Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon.

Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Sept. 2-3: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Sept. 4-5: "The Battle of Algiers" (†) and "Z" (†).

Sept. 6-8: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 30: "Against All Odds" (1984; Taylor Hackford), with Rachel Ward, Jeff Bridges, and James Woods; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg).

Sept. 2: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†); "The Three Musketeers" (1948; George Sidney), with Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, Vincent Price, Angela Lansbury, and June Allyson; and "Knights of the Round Table" (1954; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, and Mel Ferrer.

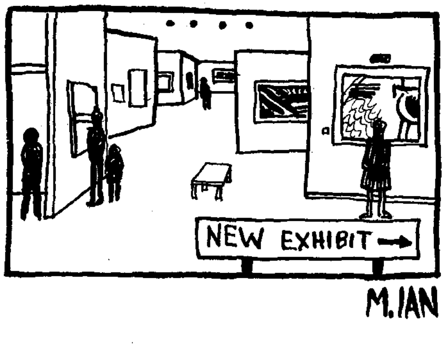
Sept. 3-4: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Flashdance" (1983; Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

Sept. 5-6: "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, Denholm Elliott, and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Sept. 7-8: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Aug. 29: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lom-



bard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.

Aug. 30: "L'Argent" (1984; Robert Bresson; in French); and "Une Femme Douce" (1969; Robert Bresson; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin.

Aug. 31-Sept. 6: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.

Sept. 7: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and four short films made by Chaplin in 1916—"The Vagabond," "The Fireman," "The Count," and "Behind the Screen."

Sept. 8: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and four short films made by Chaplin in 1916—"One A.M.," "The Pawnshop," "The Floorwalker," and "The Rink."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 29: "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "My Dear Miss Aldrich" (1937; George B. Seitz), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Edna May Oliver.

Aug. 30: "The Keys of the Kingdom" (1944; John M. Stahl), with Gregory Peck and Thomas Mitchell.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Honey Pot" (1967; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Rex Harrison and Susan Hayward.

Sept. 2-4: "It's a Wonderful World" (†) and "The Philadelphia Story" (†).

Sept. 5-6: "Dragonwyck" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan; and "House of Strangers" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson and Susan Hayward.

Sept. 7-8: "Cleopatra" (1963; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 29: "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden); and "Personal Best" (1982; Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, and Kenny Moore.

Aug. 30: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne and Arthur Shields.

Aug. 31: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983); and two Firesign Theatre short films.

Sept. 1: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

Sept. 2-4: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). Parts 1 and 2 will be showing.

Sept. 5: "Shack Out on 101" (1956; Ed Dein), with Terry Moore, Frank Lovejoy, Keenan Wynn, and Lee Marvin; and "The Whip Hand" (1952; William Cameron Menzies), with Carla Balenda and Elliott Reid.

Sept. 6: "Tales of Ordinary Madness" (†) and "Coming Apart" (†).

Sept. 7: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.

Sept. 8: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Breathless" (1983; Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 29: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

Aug. 30: "Summer Stock" (1950; Charles Walters), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, and Eddie Bracken; and "On the Town" (Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly; 1949), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Vera-Ellen, and Ann Miller.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Sept. 2: "The Prince and the Showgirl" (†); and "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

Sept. 3: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944; Jean Negulesco), with Peter Lorre, Faye Emerson, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "Three Strangers" (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet.

Sept. 4: "Inherit the Wind" (†) and "In the Heat of the Night" (†).

Sept. 5: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929; Millard Webb), with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall; and "Folies-Bergère" (†).

Sept. 6: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.

Sept. 7-8: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke) and "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Aug. 30 at 2:30: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1967; directed by Warren Sonbert) and "Divided Loyalties" (1975-78; Warren Sonbert; a silent film). . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 2:30: "Black Five" (1968; Paul Barnes) and "Loving Memory" (1969; Tony Scott). . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6: A program of five short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 2:30: A program of four short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 5: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 2:30: A program of five silent films. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 5: "Gala Day" (1963; John Irwin) and "Poteen" (1978; Bob Quinn; in Gaelic, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 2:30: "Night Mail" (1936; Harry Watt) and "Heart of Spain" (1937). . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 5: "Blinkity Blank" (1955; Norman McLaren; an animated film), "Very Nice, Very Nice" (1961; Arthur Lipsett; an animated film), and "Bethune" (1964; John Kemeny and Donald Brittain; a documentary). . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 2:30: "Angel in the House" (1979; Jane Jackson) and "The Life Story of Baal" (1978; Edward Bennett). . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 6: "Gala Day" and "Poteen." . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2:30: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "L'Étoile de Mer" (1928; Man Ray), "The Cage" (1947; Sidney Peterson), and "Anticipation of the Night" (1958; Stan Brakhage), all silent films. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 2:30: "Land Without Bread" (1933; Luis Buñuel; a documentary), "Nazi Propaganda Films: 1933-37" (in German, with no English subtitles), and "Granton Trawler" (1934; John Grierson). . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 6: "Night Mail" and "Heart of Spain." . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: "Les Raquetteurs" (1958; Gilles Groulx and Michel Brault), "The Back-Breaking Leaf" (1959; Terence Macartney-Filgate), and "Lonely Boy" (1961; Roman Kroitor and Wolf Koenig). . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 5: A program of six short films. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films—stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery, like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. The film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains, and Herbert Mundin, Patric Knowles, Melville Cooper, Una O'Connor, Montague Love, and Robert Warwick. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. The marvellous score was done by Erich Wolfgang Korngold; the script is by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 2.)

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (1965)—Like "Potemkin," it's an epic in the form of a "created documentary;" it's a reconstruction of the events of 1954 to 1957 in the guerrilla war waged by the National Liberation Front against the French authorities, with the oppressed, angry masses as the hero. The enemy of the Algerian N.L.F.—the hyperintelligent French colonel played by Jean Martin—isn't really a character; he represents the cool, inhuman manipulative power of imperialism versus the animal heat of the multitudes rushing toward us as they rise against their oppressors. The director, Gillo Pontecorvo, and his co-writer, Franco Solinas, are almost too clever in their use of this device of the colonel—yet it works, and brilliantly. The revolutionaries forming their pyramid of cells don't need to express revolutionary consciousness because the French colonel is given such a full counter-revolutionary consciousness that he says it all for them. He even expresses the knowledge that history is on the side of the oppressed colonial peoples, who will win; he himself is merely part of a holding action, preserving imperialism a little longer but bound to fail. To put it satirically but, in terms of the movie, accurately, the Algerian people are spontaneously turned into revolutionaries by historical events, and if they haven't studied Marx the counter-revolutionaries have, and know they are on the wrong side and are doomed by history. The movie hardly seems to be "saying" anything, yet the historical-determinist message seeps right into your bones. As a propaganda film, it ranks with Leni Riefenstahl's big-game rally, the 1935 "Triumph of the Will," and it's the one great revolutionary "sell" of modern times. It has a firebrand's fervor; it carries you with it and doesn't give you time to think. You may even accept the movie's implicit message that the N.L.F.'s violent methods are the only way to freedom. Pontecorvo's inflammatory passion works directly on your feelings. He's the most dangerous kind of Marxist, a Marxist poet. Cinematography by Marcello Gatti; music by Ennio Morricone and Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 4-5.)

THE BOSTONIANS—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that

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he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who grooms Verena to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy in the role of Verena's father. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/6/84.) (Cinema I.)

Coming Apart (1969)—A psychiatrist (Rip Torn) who has taken the name Glassman cracks up, and you get to see it all reflected in a mirror. This movie is fun, at first, when the idea just seems a put-on and an excuse for some amusing sexual encounters. But then the writer-director, Milton Moses Ginsberg, begins to take the theme seriously, and it all becomes a lot of whimpering and screaming and shattered glass. With Sally Kirkland and Viveca Lindfors. (Thalia; Sept. 6.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-film-maker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Quad Cinema.)

Folies-Bergère (1935)—Maurice Chevalier, in a dual role as a famous sporting baron who's a devil with the ladies and a Folies-Bergère entertainer whose most popular number is an impersonation of the baron. Inevitably, the baron hires the entertainer to take his place, and the entertainer winds up in the boudoir of the baroness (Merle Oberon). The baroness flirts with the false baron, allowing him to think she thinks he's the real baron, and then she succumbs to the real baron, allowing him to think she believes him to be the false baron. This elaborate coquetry may sound tedious but it's surprisingly effective as a framework for slightly risqué comedy, and the plot was used again for two more musicals—for Don Ameche and Alice Faye in the 1941 "That Night in Rio" and for Danny Kaye and Gene Tierney in the 1951 "On the Riviera." This first film version is a sumptuous entertainment, and it was very popular. It features some lovely songs, including "You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart," "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance with You," and "Rhythm of the Rain"—during this one, the chorus girls are loaded down with umbrellas and dance glumly in several inches of water. In the film's finale, those same poor girls wear straw hats, hide under large straw hats, and dance on straw hats of epic proportions. With Ann Sothern and Eric Blore. Roy Del Ruth directed. The choreography is by Dave Gould; the script, by Bess Meredyth and Hal Long, is based on the play "The Red Cat," by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 5.)

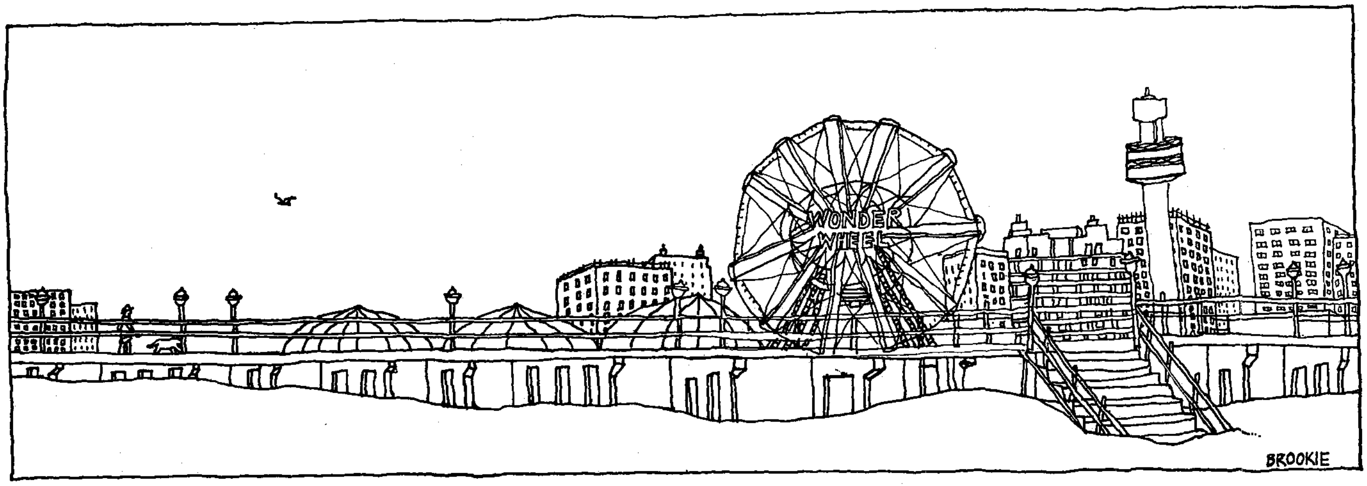
Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing—a piece of neo-Andy Hardyism, with plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." (Footloose is what they're not.) The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown: you don't get the climactic dance you expect. This will probably be the only rock musical ever made in which every single character is white Protestant. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter, Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed, and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. There's an exhilarating title sequence, a good brief scene with a little boy asleep in church, and an entertaining passage in which Bacon teaches Penn to dance. And despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Embassy 1; starting Aug. 31.)

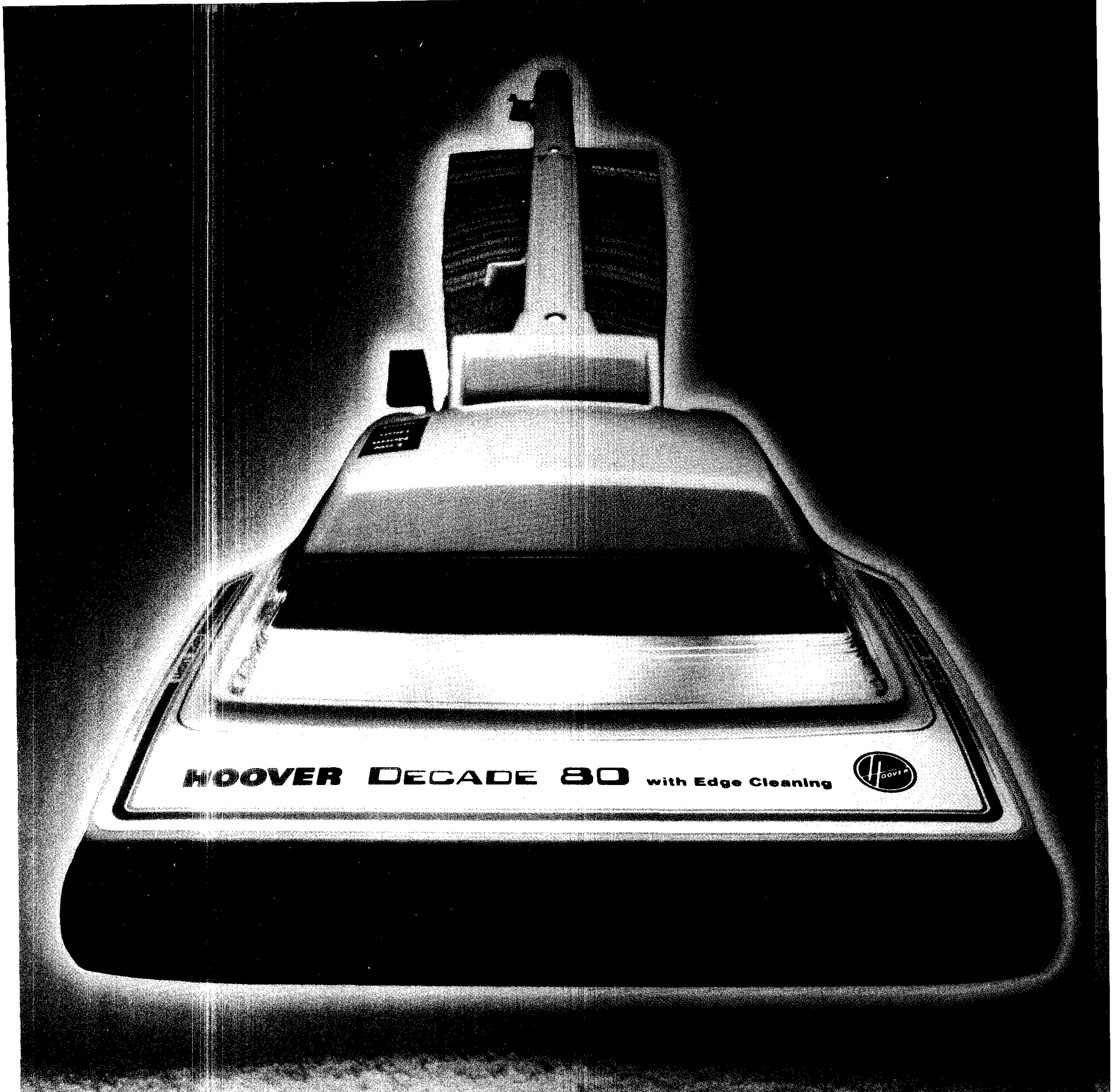
The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—He enters "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow": humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. In 1958, an international jury at Brussels selected this work as the second-greatest film of all time (after "Potemkin"). With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and with Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin; the assisting directors were Charles Riesner and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast; the cinematographer was Rollie Totheroh. (The snowy exteriors were filmed in Nevada.) Silent; Chaplin later added music and a narration. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a





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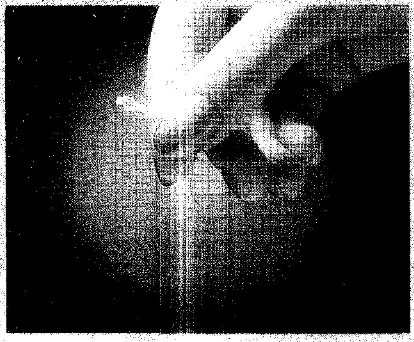

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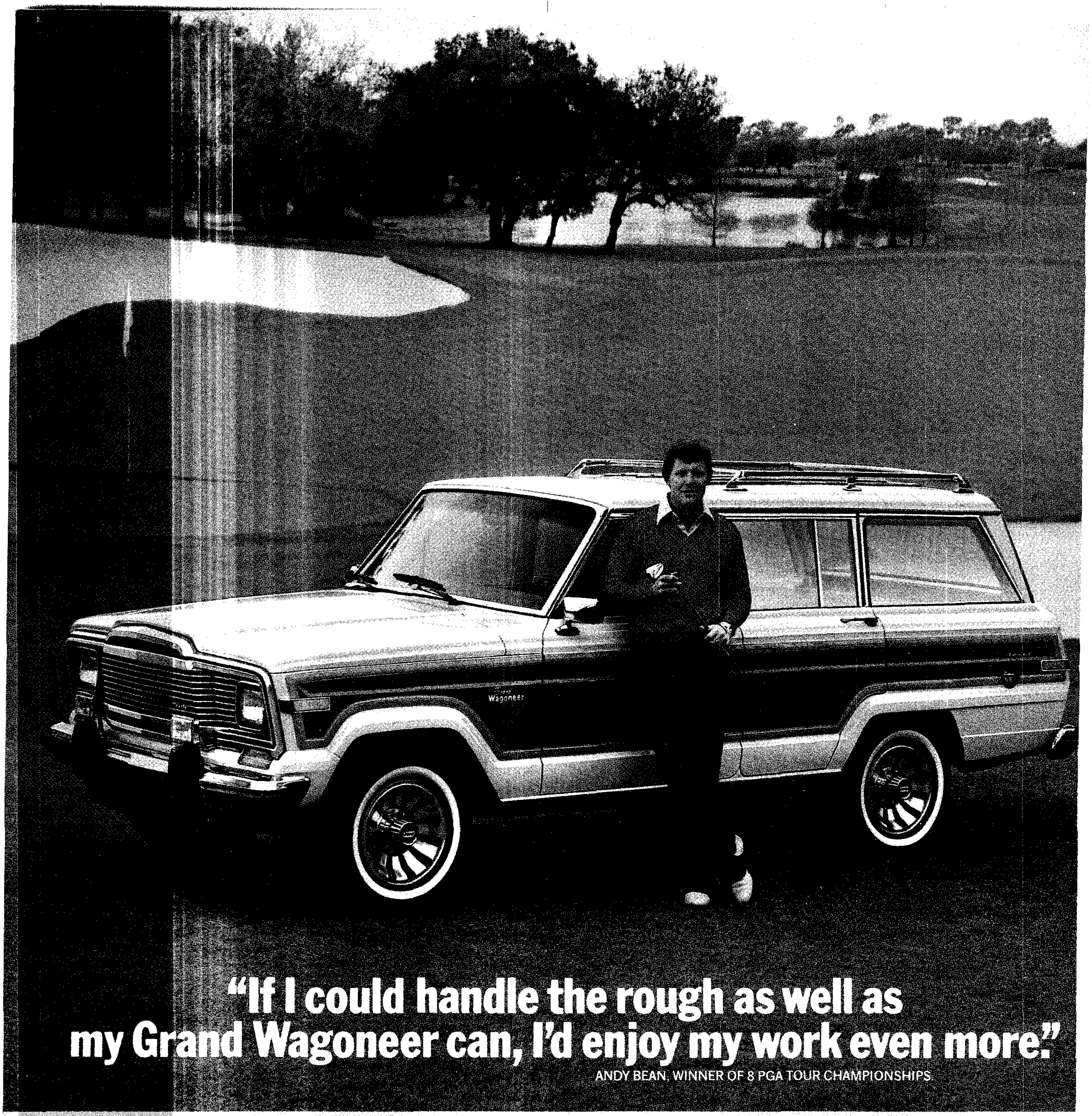
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box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas (6/25/84) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 31.)

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

INHERIT THE WIND (1960)—In 1925, in Dayton, Tennessee, John T. Scopes, a young high-school biology teacher, taught Darwin's theory of evolution to his class in order to test a state law forbidding such teaching. At his trial—the famous Monkey Trial—the great orator William Jennings Bryan, a Bible-thumping fundamentalist who had three times been a candidate for the U.S. Presidency, served as prosecutor; the famous criminal lawyer and agnostic Clarence Darrow represented the defense; H. L. Mencken reported the case. In 1960, Stanley Kramer produced and directed this semi-fictionalized version, based on the Broadway play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Padded and heavily made up, Fredric March does a rather embarrassing imitation of the portly Bryan; it's all externals. Spencer Tracy, whose girth made him the more likely candidate for the role, is cast instead as the lean Darrow; he plays the part in his patented wise, humane, meant-to-be-irresistible manner. The film diminishes the stature of both Bryan and Darrow; what is meant to be a courtroom drama of ideas comes out as a caricature of a drama of ideas. The fundamentalists are presented as foolish bigots, Scopes (Dick York) is presented as a man torn between his principles and his love for the local preacher's daughter (Donna Anderson), and Mencken (Gene Kelly) becomes a brash, hollow, lip-curling villain. The movie, it turns out, is against Mencken's satirical outlook (which is equated with cynicism), and he is denounced—"Where will your loneliness lead you? No one will come to your funeral!" With Florence Eldridge, Harry Morgan, and Norman Fell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4.)

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IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT (1967)—A comedy-thriller, with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with Poitier's color used for comedy. He's like a black Sherlock Holmes in a Tom-and-Jerry cartoon of reversals. For once it's funny (instead of embarrassing) that he's superior to everybody else. In the final joke, Steiger plays redcap to him. With Lee Grant, Warren Oates, Beah Richards, Scott Wilson, Peter Masterson, Matt Clark, Peter Whitney, James Patterson, and Larry Gates. The cinematography by Haskell Wexler has an exciting, alive quality, and the good Quincy Jones score includes a title song sung by Ray Charles. Directed by Norman Jewison, from a script by Sterling Silliphant based on a novel by John Ball. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Actor (Steiger), Screenplay, and Editing (Hal Ashby). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 4.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD (1939)—The title presses the point, and so does the lunatic comedy-mystery. In the role of a tough-minded, devil-may-care poet, Claudette Colbert is forced to strain for laughs; the gag-filled script, by Ben Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz, involves her with crooks, cops, amateur actors, and Boy Scouts, and requires her to knock a man out. James Stewart plays opposite her as a detective. With Guy Kibbee, who gets whacked a lot; Ernest Truex, who is almost electrocuted; and Nat Pendleton and Edgar Kennedy. W. S. Van Dyke directed. It's fast-paced but far from memorable. (Regency; Sept. 2-4.)

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN (1979)—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

METROPOLIS (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that attempts to follow Lang's original specifications, and with a modern pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse.)

MURIEL (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol; music by Hans Werner Henze, sung by Rita Streich. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1, Sept. 4.)

PAULINE AT THE BEACH (1982)—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with exquisite control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit has nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or

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creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. (She and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Film Forum; through Sept. 6.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. There's conventional Broadway shoddiness at its center: the material plays off her public personality, pulling her down from her pedestal. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony—which is how the movie public regarded Hepburn, according to the exhibitors who in 1938 had declared her "box-office poison"—she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of M-G-M professionalism. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. The cast includes James Stewart, who took the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as the journalist who has a sudden romantic fling with Tracy, and Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, Mary Nash, Henry Daniell, and Virginia Weidler. The additions by the adapter, Donald Ogden Stewart, are brief and witty; Hepburn's gowns are by Adrian. (Regency; Sept. 2-4.)

The Prince and the Showgirl (1957)—This Ruritanian romance, directed by Laurence Olivier, is slanted to show off the talents of Marilyn Monroe as an innocent abroad. Olivier, perhaps with excess gallantry, makes his prince something of a cold cod, but even in this uningratiating role he has a high gloss—an irony that shines. Monroe's breathy little-girl voice and polymorphous-perverse non-acting have a special mock-innocent charm that none of her imitators seems able to capture. With Sybil Thorndike, Richard Wattis, and Daphne Anderson. The drawback of the film is that Terence Rattigan's script, though it improves on his play "The Sleeping Prince," still lacks invention and wit. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 2.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. The son of a self-pitying black man who beats his white wife, because he blames her for his failure to achieve success as a composer, the moody Kid is a tortured soul. When he falls in love with Apollonia (the overpoweringly sultry Patty Apollonia Kotero), he begins to repeat the pattern, but, of course, the love that is the source of his torment is also the source of his redemption. It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this picture knows no restraint. It was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. And his instinct is right: if he had performed the role more realistically, the picture would be really sodden. This way, his impudent pranks make the audience laugh and his musical numbers keep giving the picture a lift. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. The film introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day, the lead singer of The Time, who suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. When the giggling Day and his handsome sidekick, Jerome Benton, dance to The Time's funk rock they have a loose, floppy grace. There's also a good straight performance by Clarence Williams III as the Kid's father. Cinematography by Donald Thorin; shot in Minneapolis. (8/20/84) (R.K.O. Century Art, Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonetta McGee, and Fox Harris. Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." Over all, it's a terrific movie, even though the pacing doesn't always seem quite right. The opening sequence is a beauty: the camera moves from a street lamp with stylized skyscrapers in the background and follows a milkman into a speakeasy, where we see the remnants of a gangland New Year's Eve party and finally pick up the shadow of Scarface, who kills the gangland leader. The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni, with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal, childlike, fixating way. Truffaut suggests that Hawks "deliberately directed Paul Muni to make him look like a monkey, his arms hanging loosely and slightly curved, his face caught in a perpetual grimace." The cast includes George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley, Boris Karloff, Vince Barnett, Edwin Maxwell, C. Henry Gordon, Tully Marshall, Henry Armetta, and Purnell Pratt. Here's Truffaut again: "The most striking scene in the movie is unquestionably Boris Karloff's death. He squats down to throw a ball in a game of ninepins and doesn't get up; a rifle shot prostrates him. The camera follows the ball he's thrown as it knocks down all the pins except one that keeps spinning until it finally falls over, the exact symbol of Karloff himself, the last survivor of a rival gang that's been wiped out by Muni. This isn't literature. It may be dance or poetry. It is certainly cinema." The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes and L. W. O'Connell. The film was ready for release in 1930, but was held up for two years by censorship problems; the scene in the publisher's office wasn't directed by Hawks—it was inserted to appease pressure groups. The title "Scarface" bore the subtitle "Shame of the Nation." (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Sept. 7.)

A Slave of Love (1978)—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei), whose alertness glimmers. She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 6.)

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Guild; starting Aug. 31.)

State of Siege (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the United States, worked for AID, and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them with his king-size custom-made "44 Auto Mag." The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The script, by Joseph C. Stinson, features lines such as the main sadistic, rotten villain's laying claim to Harriet with "The bitch is mine." The whole thing is so obvious that people in the audience applaud and hoot; it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 6.)

Tales of Ordinary Madness (1981)—Not for people who are disturbed by four-letter words or sexual acts performed with lewd gusto. Made in English by the Italian director Marco Ferreri, it's about many of the same themes as an Ingmar Bergman picture, but it isn't stark—it has the matter-of-fact, one-thing-after-another plainness of an Abbott and Costello movie. The script is based on the stories and the spirit of the American poet and novelist Charles Bukowski, a master of rut who writes about the gutbucket pain and elation of being human. The artist-bum hero, who is based in L.A., is played by Ben Gazzara, who gets to cut loose and do things that probably nobody has done onscreen before. Ferreri gets right down inside Bukowski's self-mocking lust and self-dramatizing temperament. As the convent-bred prostitute, Cass, "the most beautiful woman in town," Ornella Muti is as lithe as a cat, and has the soft radiance of the young Hedy Lamarr in the coital scenes of "Ecstasy." The early sequences don't have much impetus and the dialogue is often flatulent, but there's genuine audacity and risk-taking in this movie. It may not have the energy of great art, but its nakedness has an aesthetic force. With Susan Tyrrell as the gamiest and funniest of the women the hero has bouts with, and Judith Drake. (3/21/83) (Thalia; Sept. 6.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from the Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, Leonard Harris, Harry Northup, Joe Spinnell, Diahnne Abbott, and Scorsese himself. (Cinema Village; Sept. 7-8.)

Under the Volcano—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Festival; through Sept. 6.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller—one of the fastest, most exciting melodramas ever made—was based on contemporary events in Greece. The picture never loses emotional contact with the audience; it derives from the traditions of the American gangster movies and prison pictures and anti-Fascist melodramas of the forties. The young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras uses a searching, active camera style that's a little too self-consciously dynamic, and his staccato editing and the use of loud music to build up suspense for the violent sequences put a lot of pressure on you. He gets you in his grip and squeezes you to react the way he wants you to. The story is based on the Lambrakis affair, as it was presented in fictional form in the novel "Z," by the Greek exile Vassili Vassilikos. In 1965, Lambrakis, a professor of medicine, was struck down by a delivery truck as he left a peace meeting; the investigation of his death uncovered such a scandalous network of corruption and illegality in the police and in the government that the leader of the opposition party, George Papandreou, became Premier. But in 1967 a military coup d'état overturned the legal government. The movie reënacts the murder and the investigation in an attempt to show how the mechanics of Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. It was shot in Algeria, as a French-Algerian co-production, with a score by Mikis Theodorakis (who was under house arrest in Greece at the time), and a script by Jorge Semprun, an exile from Spain. When the picture is over and you've caught your breath, you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitation could as easily be used by a smart Fascist filmmaker. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas, François Périer, Renato Salvatori, Charles Denner, Pierre Dux, Marcel Bozzufi, Magali Noel, and Georges Geret. The cinematography is by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 4-5.)

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WOMAN we know writes:

My house is situated on the border between the village of East Hampton and the village of Amagansett. Every day except Sundays and holidays, the East Hampton noon whistle blows, and then, after an interval that seems to vary between a few seconds and a minute, depending on the wind on any given day, the Amagansett noon whistle blows. I like to imagine that each village has its own noon, and that each part of the universe runs on its own time. In any case, the whistles have identical voices. The sound begins with a low siren, which is almost immediately joined by a deep trumpeting, like a foghorn, and which swoops up the scale until it reaches a piercing soprano blast as the bass note of the horn is dying away, and then, solo, descends the scale and fades. Quiet follows, as if a hole had been made in the day. After a while, the birds resume their chatter. The volunteer fire departments of the two villages also use the whistles as alarms, so their call has to be loud enough to penetrate everywhere. But their sound at midday is not unpleasant. It is just the noon whistle, as familiar as the day. If I have been away for a time, occasionally upon my return I am briefly surprised by the low opening note from East Hampton, and a slight feeling of urgency passes over me: it's an alarm. Then I remember that it is just the noon whistle. Like a reassuring echo, the Amagansett whistle soon follows.

At noon in August, the sun is almost at its highest point in the smooth, pale sky. At that moment, the dome enclosing the day seems to open and dilate, with the sound of the whistles rising to make its escape. The call goes out to people working in the fields and nurseries, repaving the lanes, hammering nails into shingles, hauling in the fishing nets. I don't think the noon whistle speaks to the tennis players and the golfers and the ice-cream-devouring strollers and the vacationers sunning themselves on the beaches. Rather, the noon whistle is a reminder of work and its respite. When it sounds, the reaping and the mowing and the hammering and the shovelling stop, and there is silence for about half an hour.

I think of the noon whistle, too, as a wake-up call. You, weeding your tomato patch, wake up! You, carrying the sacks of groceries into the house from the car, you are alive! The top of the day is open at the center! Sometimes when I hear the whistles, I stop whatever I am doing for a moment. Often I notice my hands then, and it is as if I had never seen them before or felt the working of their muscles. They are usually in the midst of performing a task—hefting a trowel, shifting a bicycle gear, tearing a lettuce leaf, pulling up a weed—that my attention had all but abandoned. The whistle summons me back to myself, to witness my work and the life of my hands.

Unaccountably, on some days I do not hear the whistle at all. I am sure it sounds, but it is not present to me. On other days, when I am more alert than usual, I feel what it must be like to be the noon whistle: pure sound, all sound, unmuddled, the ultimate resolution always known, a predictable blending of tones, rising from the lowest to the highest register, penetrating everywhere, entering every ear, crossing the fields and woods, passing through the hedgerows, following the direction of the wind, floating along the beaches, making all things one thing, ordering the time, framing the silence.

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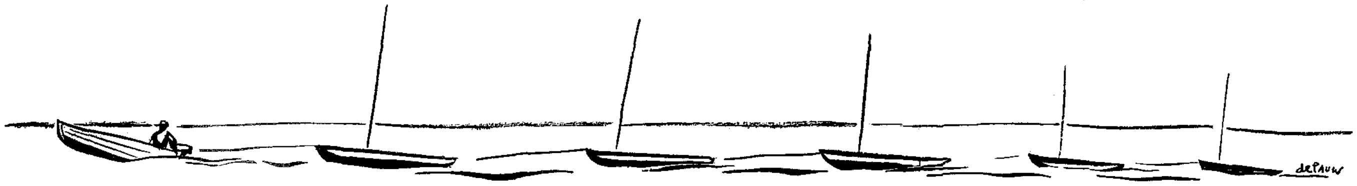
J. L. Carr

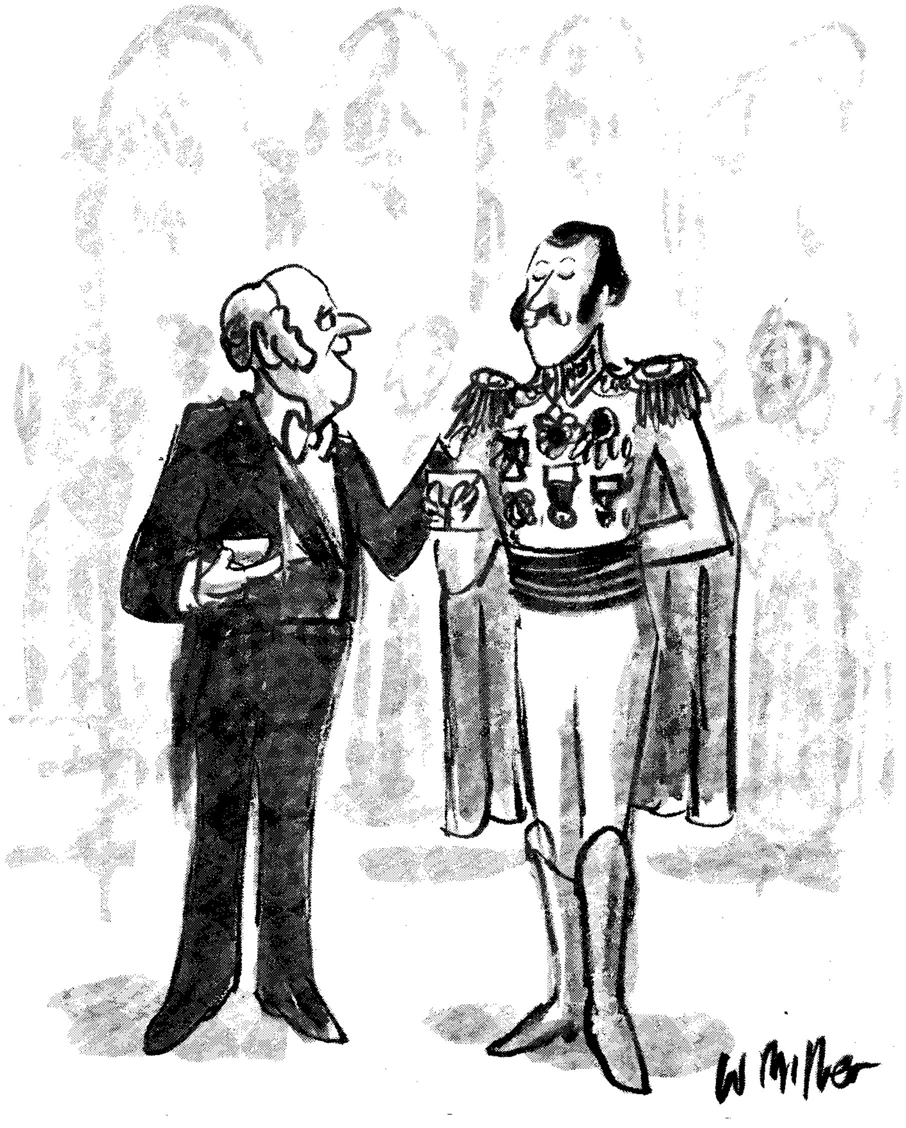
J. L. CARR, the English novelist, has two brass knockers on the door of his house, in Kettering, Northamptonshire: one for business, one for pleasure. He has made the knocks different by sticking on coins of the realm with Wonder Glue, and often finds schoolchildren trying to pry them off. His business occupies the back bedroom, from which he has published sixty-one three-by-five-inch booklets on favorite poets and writers, several improbable dictionaries, and forty idiosyncratic maps of the English counties, many of them illustrated—mostly by him. On the side, so to speak, he writes novels—often on the backs of things, to judge from the manuscript of "A Month in the Country," which he has presented to the Morgan Library. "A Month in the Country" won the *Guardian* Fiction Prize in 1980, is the most recent of five novels, and is the only one of the five to be published in this country.

We learned all this during a lunch of tuna-fish sandwiches one day not long ago, when Mr. Carr was in town

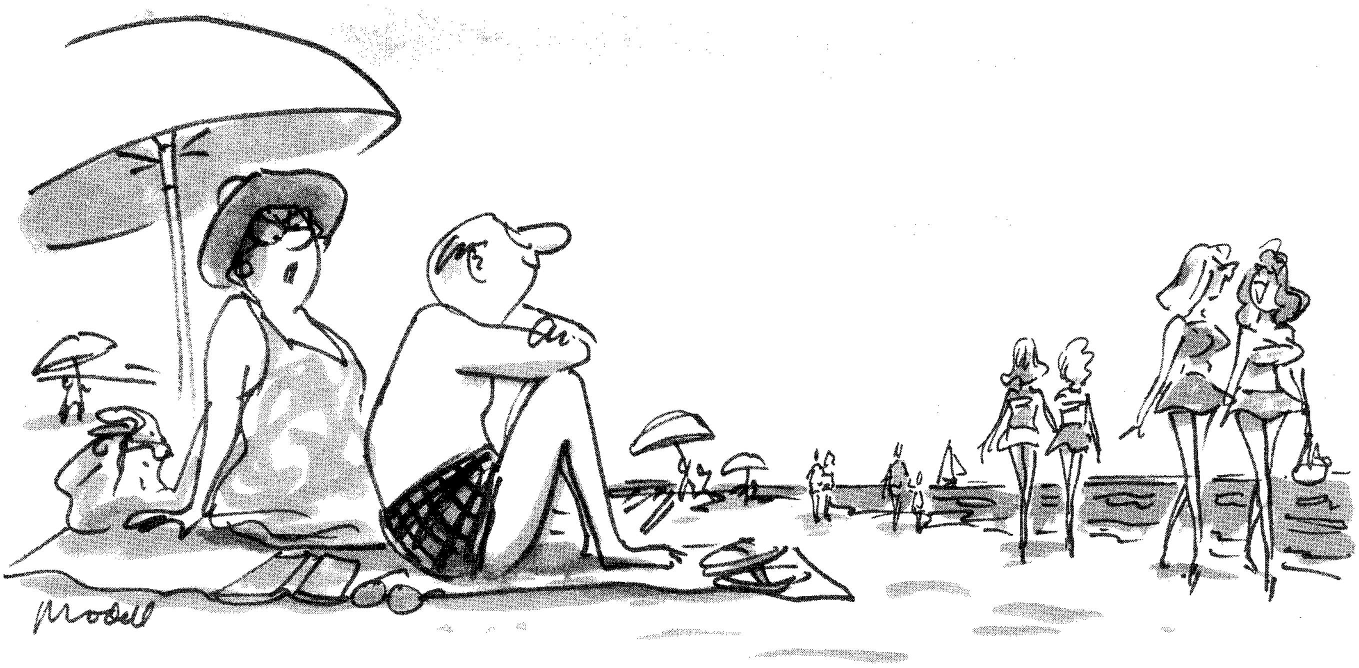


to hand the draft of "A Month in the Country" over to the library, where he also delivered a lecture on "How to Write a Novel." ("It's like putting sleeves onto a coat, hoping the seams don't show.") He is a slight man, at once self-contained and articulate, with a subcutaneous layer of humor in his face. When he laughs, he suppresses the laugh, like someone trying not to laugh in anticipation of what's coming. He speaks in rounded sentences, and sometimes in rounded paragraphs, with not a wasted word. In attempting to extract his curriculum vitae, we soon discovered that he would rather talk about Beadle County, South Dakota, than about himself, and that he has total recall of names. He was born and raised in Yorkshire, where his father was a stationmaster who sometimes wore his frock coat, but only for special occasions.

"I started teaching at the age of eighteen—there was a strong feeling around our house that I should not hesitate to go to work," Mr. Carr said. "I taught first in a rural school and then in Birmingham, in the Midlands, where I lived in bed-sitters, until 1938, when I got a job teaching in Huron, South Dakota, in Beadle County. The English-Speaking Union had established a teachers' exchange to cement friendships. I'd applied for several years, and finally I was interviewed, in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, by the Dean, who was from Yorkshire. Some poor young woman from Huron had been trying to get out of Beadle County for a number of years, but no one wanted to go there, so I was told that if I would go to Huron the job was mine. There was no choice—or, rather, Hobson's choice. When I arrived to take over the instruction of the eighth grade, Miss Wava Larsen presented me with two large volumes, 'A Treasury of American Literature' and 'A Study of American Grammar,' from the second of which I learned all about diagramming, keeping one step ahead of the class. I learned about adverbial clauses and adjectival clauses, but I never really got a hold on the dangling imperative, so you'll never find anyone giving orders to anyone else in my books. I was paid the equivalent of my English salary, which amounted to seventy-eight dollars a month. I lived in Mrs. Corley's rooming house for twelve dollars a month, room only. Mrs. Corley lived in the center of the house, from which everything radiated, including the stairs, and everyone had to pass through her room to reach other parts of the house. At night, she pulled down a Murphy bed and set up a screen around it. The house was full of people, and artificially divided, so the walls were very thin. I learned a lot about American life through those walls. Mrs. Corley's list of hates, in order, was: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Henry Wallace, Harold Ickes, Adolf Hitler, and Mussolini. One of my troubles was that I couldn't abandon a cooked midday meal. I should have hung on till evening, and then I could have eaten in the Delite Shop with the women teachers. But no. So I'd wander off to the Greek restaurant, kept by Angelo Photokos. About nine o'clock each night, Angelo would grind up all the leftovers (meat, veg, tuna fish, I suppose)—grind everything up together and put a dollop on a thick piece of unbuttered bread, for ten cents a plate. He was a kind man. Often, drifters would wander in—shrink into corners, hoping they wouldn't be thrown out—and he would always give them a free dollop. So in order to get the occasional square meal I became a good listener. There they all were, snowed in half the time, and no one to listen who hadn't heard it all before. I joined the Beadle County Historical Society, where for the most part people recounted what they remembered of the old days when the territory was opened up. W. Sherman Davis, a real-estate man, and Mrs. Margaret Walsh, the stenographer wife of the funeral director, recorded and preserved statements through the years, before death took the tellers, and kept them as a sort of history of homesteading. And I fell in love, but that was about the extent of it—there really wasn't any opportunity for much else. At the end of the school year, I returned to England and the war came and I was an Intelligence officer in the Air



"Max, you're a prince."



"Can't you enjoy the passing parade without gawking?"

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Force until I was demobbed in '46."

We hoped that Mr. Carr would amplify on his years in Air Force Intelligence, because we had been told that he flew in biplanes over the English Channel at night, was in the Middle East and also in West Africa, and was wounded. Not a word about any of that.

"I returned to Birmingham with my charming nurse bride, whom I married in 1945, and started teaching again. I taught everything from math to phys ed—even singing, although I can't really sing. We had a son, Robert Duane—I gave him an American middle name—and in 1952 I was made headmaster of a school in Kettering, where the influence of America shone radiantly upon me. In England, the use of the cane was widespread. It had mostly disappeared in America in the thirties, so I decided that if they could do without it in America we could do without it here. Also, it was the usual thing in England to call your teacher 'Sir.' I always thought this unnecessary—puts you on a different footing. If Mr. Bell, principal of the Huron High School, could live without 'Sir,' so could I. When F.D.R. died, the feeling against him was so intense that no minister could be found to address the subject, so Mr. Bell gave the eulogy."

In 1956, Mr. Carr returned for a year to Huron, this time with his wife and son. And this time he was paid an American salary, and they were given a small house, with a low rent, and everyone lent them furniture. He was promoted to teaching in the senior high school, and he launched his first publishing venture. "We all had a wonderful year. Bob liked school, and Sally got herself a little job, and was exposed to American merchants—the flower of America, I think. They make an effort to sell, and customers are given precedence. She was sucked into an active social life; people were always giving you things." He discovered that the Beadle County Historical Society had been dissolved but that the Reverend Hubert Ketelle had kept all of Sherman Davis's papers in a bundle in the basement. Carr typed, edited, and illustrated "The Old Timers," an account of the homesteading years. He then reproduced forty copies on what he called a "spirit duplicator" (Ditto machine), ending up with some sixty pages, plus a hundred and eighty drawings, of which a hundred and seventy are Carr originals. (Mr. Carr is unable not to embellish. His manuscripts are adorned with drawings, elaborate calligraphy, curlicues, and annotations, rather like the marginalia in a student's notebook, but of a much higher calibre.) Elmer Collins bound the copies. Thirty were given to the people who had lent the Carrs furniture, and ten went up for sale at two dollars apiece. Eight were sold, and he kept the remaining two, one of which he has given to the Morgan Library.

"We went back to England, loaded down with souvenir plates—numerous Dakota towns were celebrating their seventy-fifth anniversaries. I think if an Englishman stayed more than a year in America he could probably never live in England again. It would be hard to break out of the rut—even a rut with as small a diameter as Huron's. So back to my old school, and I got in my Kettering rut again. In 1964, I'd published a little booklet of ten poems by John Clare, to celebrate his centenary. It enjoyed some success, and in 1966 my wife and I decided to do something different—the decision was something else I got out of America. I was encouraged by encountering Americans who changed their jobs: 'Oh, I think I'll give up the grocery store and try something else.' They don't feel that you have to work in the same job from cradle to grave. So we'd saved some money, and figured even if I earned nothing we could live on eight hundred pounds a year. We decided to try it for two years, and I took a leave of absence (self-protection, really) 'to do research.' The research was to see if I could live without teaching, but no one ever asked. We started off"—suppressed laugh—"with a trip to Venice. Well, after eighteen months of doing maps and small books we had four hundred pounds left. Like everyone learning a new job, I wasn't very good at it. Then the old Micawber factor took over: annual income four hundred pounds, annual expenditure four hundred and one pounds, result misery; annual income four hundred and one pounds, annual expenditure three hundred and ninety-nine pounds, result happiness. In 1969, income reached four hundred and one pounds; the tide of prosperity swept in. We set up in the back bedroom, from which I'm still operating. It was slow at first—shops didn't know how to display the maps or how to keep the booklets from being stolen. But no one was doing large pictorial maps then, and no one was doing small books, and still no one is doing them. There will be more booklets but no more maps. I'm now working on 'The Battle of Pollock's Crossing,' the great Dakotan novel. It's the story of a young English teacher who inadvertently went to Palisades, South Dakota, in Teddy County."

Blimp

ANOTHER visitor from England: Though Goodyear still holds the gold medal for name recognition among blimps, a British firm called Airship Industries recently sent up a fleet of challengers, and one of them, named the Skyship 503, touched down near Washington, D.C., the other week. We were invited to go for a ride. The Skyship 503 is a hundred and sixty-four feet long and sixty-two feet high, and, according to Peter Buckley, her genial, trim pilot, she is shaped like an elongated rugby ball. Gliding in over a hangar at Andrews Air Force Base, the ship looked to us more like a great white porpoise, but what do we know? Mr. Buckley used to fly Royal Air Force jets and the Goodyear blimp, and before taking us up, with some United States Navy officers whose mission was to check on the new ship, he gave us a briefing in the cockpit.

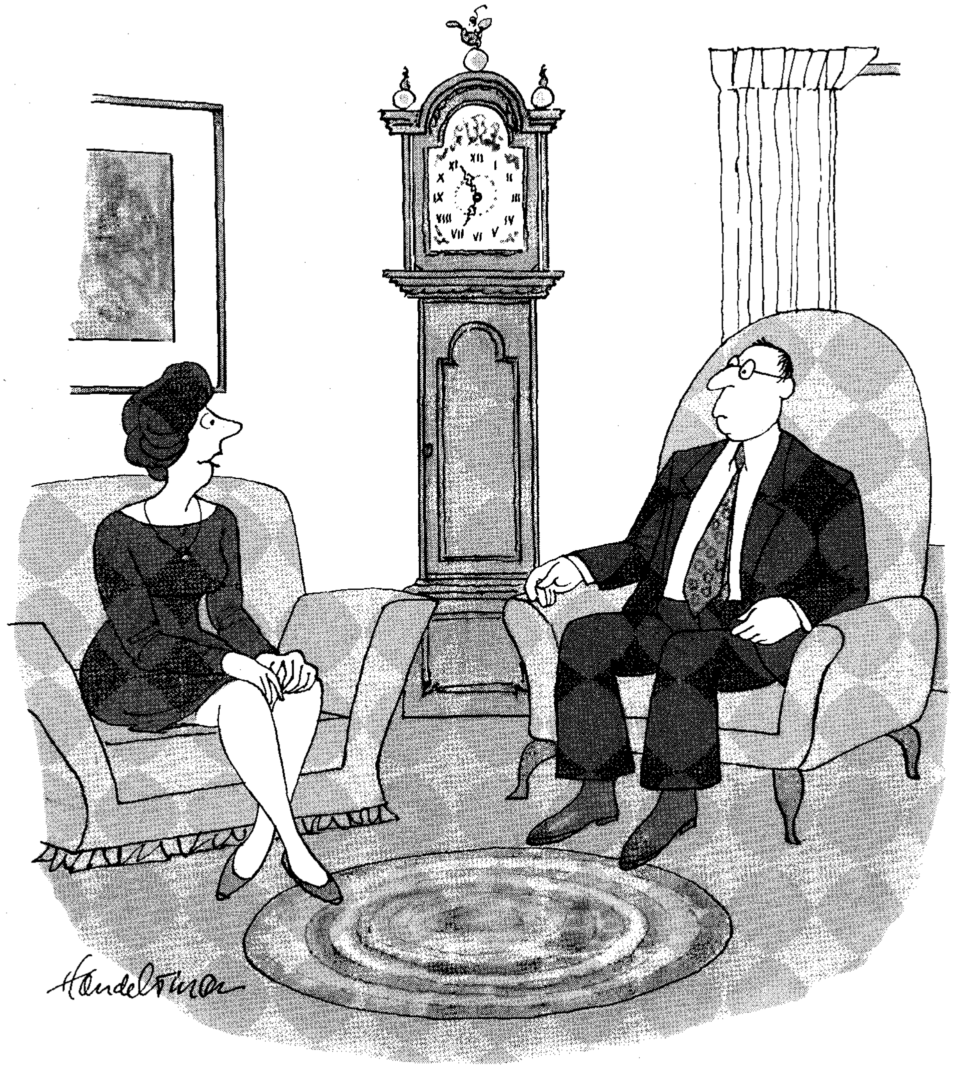
"Just being up in a jet at Mach 2 gets pretty boring," Mr. Buckley explained. "The blimp is another thing altogether. In an airship, you're not going to go dashing about. For this one, at least, from fifty to seventy knots is tops. It's basically an endurance machine. It's great for the kind of rescue work the Coast Guard and the Navy do, and for other kinds of stationary work, like televising a football match or carrying a radar dish. A helicopter beats away at the air just to stay up, and spends a lot of fuel doing it. A plane wastes fuel getting up and cruising, and if you turn off the engine it dives like a stone, and that does no one any good. With the airship, ninety per cent of the lift comes from the gas in the bag. The engine doesn't have to work very hard for a big payoff."

Mr. Buckley stuck a hand out the window of the airship car, a sleek gondola that hung beneath the anchored balloon. He held up his palm to gauge the wind, and said, "Six knots. Very nice." To prepare the ship for flight, he flipped about half of some three dozen switches on the console in front of him, and as he did so he went on, "'Blimp' is a strange term, isn't it? There are all sorts of tales about where it came from. One of them has it that during the First World War a lot of the ships were used in anti-submarine work, and to test whether they were full of gas someone would flick the skin, which made a sound like—well, *blimp*."

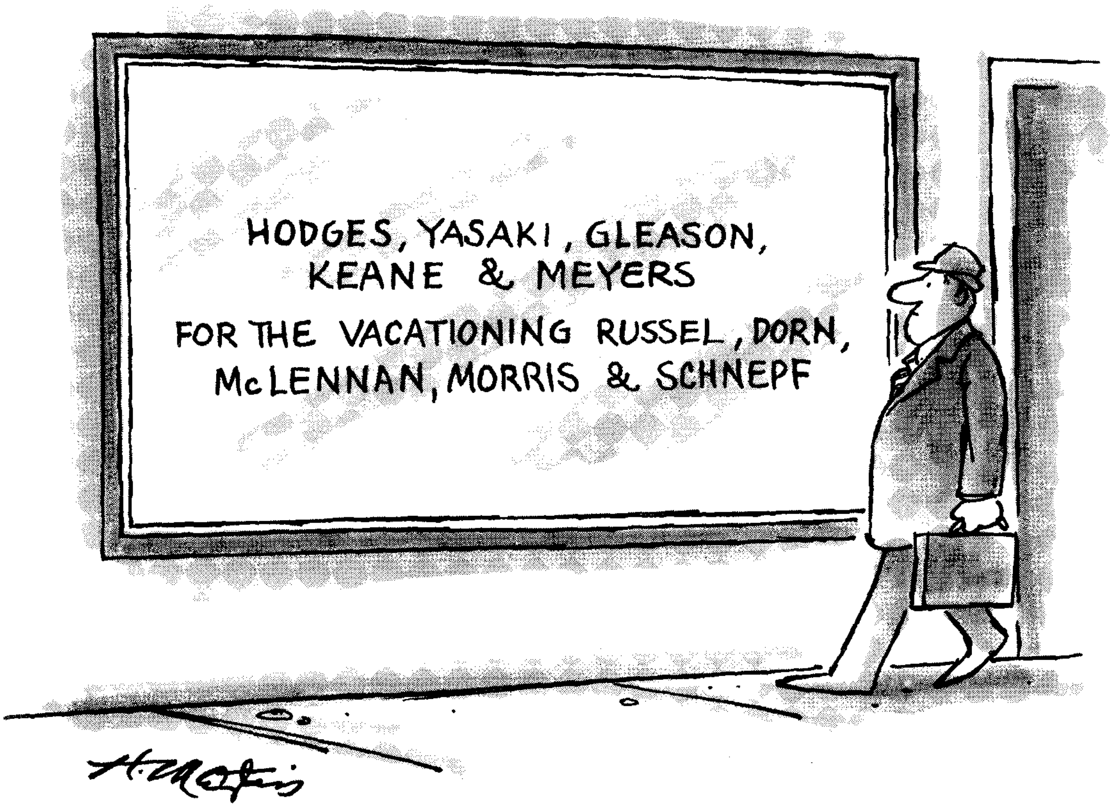
Since Mr. Buckley's mind was on history, we asked him about the differences between the old hydrogen blimps and the new helium ones.

"I should think they would sound about the same," he said, flicking a finger at nothing, "but the hydrogen dirigible is a dinosaur. Gone. These helium ships are much safer. Goodyear uses them now as well. They're giant fire extinguishers, really, because if flames burned through the skin the gas would snuff them out."

A few feet below us on the ground, crew members in red T-shirts and blue shorts, who looked as fit as oarsmen, prepared the blimp for flight. "You need more than a dozen men on the ground to take care of a blimp," Mr. Buckley said. "We travel like a circus troupe. The sendoff and return are one thing. It's the round-the-clock care and feeding that really make a difference. You can chock an airplane and walk away. You've got to have a



"I hope you won't take this amiss, Charles, but I don't think I've ever met a man who reminded me less of Jeremy Irons."



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twenty-four-hour pressure watch with a blimp, because if it cools down and the helium shrinks you've got to put more air in." Mounted on a landing wheel and tethered to the ladder of a service truck, which had been converted into a mobile mast, the blimp swung with the breeze. "The most expensive wind sock an airport ever had," Mr. Buckley said.

The crew released the blimp from the mast and, pulling the ship by two long ropes dangling from her nose, got her into position for takeoff. Strapped into one of ten passenger seats in the gondola, we put on a headset and heard Peter Buckley mention vectors. The vectors were a couple of propulsion ducts containing adjustable propellers. Driven by Porsche engines whirring at full throttle, and pointed at the ground, the propellers lifted the ship. It felt like a power-packed balloon, which it was.

The headset reported some reaction back at the base.

"What's that blimp blowing through?"

"That's Airship Industries."

"Say again? She doing touch and goes, or what?"

"She's taking up brass."

Heading east, toward Chesapeake Bay, the blimp passed low over stands of pine, tobacco fields, and a race track surrounded by paddocks. A man in a convertible with the top down pulled in next to the stables and took out a saddle from the back seat. Up in the air, with no wings to the sides and no blades flashing overhead, we were disconcerted, and then pleased, to realize that the sensation of staying aloft in a blimp was one that we couldn't compare with anything. When the blimp's shadow crossed the path of a horse, it whinnied, and we were close enough to see its teeth.

Peter Buckley lectured into his mouthpiece: "Unlike other vehicles, the airship is extraordinarily comfortable to operate at low levels. She's friendly and forgiving. She's also easy to turn on a dime. So. Right turn coming up."

As Mr. Buckley twisted the controls hard over, the blimp's speed gauge slipped from thirty-two knots to twenty-two, and the ship banked, then bobbed, like a cloud stopping short to let another one pass. The window next to us was open, and a summer thermal lifting from the field below eased gently through the cabin.

"What she does best is hover," Mr. Buckley continued. "Indefinitely. I give a burst of power to arrest our descent, and, if you'll notice, I lock her in. The mass of this ship is somewhere between four and a half and five tons, but her real weight—she's a lighter-than-air vehicle—is about three hundred pounds. We'd have no trouble staying here for days."

Real Estate

NOW that we've left the Pen-Top Ballroom of the New York Penta Hotel, and the most important ninety minutes of our entire life are behind us, what next? Shall we try one of the twenty-seven different ways to eliminate negative cash flow? Shall we use the equity in our home to buy an income-producing property without spending a dime of our own money? Shall we take a few moments out of our busy schedule to generate twenty-five thousand dollars a year in income, tax-free?

These beguiling possibilities were put into our head the other night by Dr. Albert Lowry, billed as "America's most interviewed real-estate educator," as he held forth in the Pen-Top. "My assumption is you have no knowledge of any kind," Dr. Lowry told us soon after one of several smiling aides had shown us to our seat. How right he was. We had not suspected that Section 1031 of the Internal Revenue Service Code entitled us to "make hundreds of thousands and virtually millions of dollars, by deferring payment of federal taxes," or that we could "get one-hundred-and-ten-per-cent financing time after time" if we only knew the right way to talk to our banker. Nor had we heard of "the Lowry Fifty-Fifty Rule" for deciding who pays the points and closing costs that traditionally accompany real-estate transactions. ("The seller should always pay when you're the buyer," Dr. Lowry explained, "and then when you're the seller you let the buyer have the same privilege.")

We would not even have heard of Dr. Lowry himself but for a newspaper advertisement inviting "every home owner, every renter, every investor, every person who ever wanted to break out of the financial doldrums" and "rich or poor, young or old" to a free introductory seminar that "could be the most important 90 minutes of

1973 DECEMBER
BOOTH

"The Macrocystis pyrifera of the great Pacific kelp forest is the world's fastest-growing plant. You may know it by its common name—the giant bladder kelp."

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your entire life." But on the evidence of the throng that filled up nearly a thousand densely packed folding chairs and much of the surrounding aisle space while he spoke it appears that Dr. Lowry's summons rang out loud and clear in the quarters to which it had been directed. And after his impassioned words on the twin perils of salaried employment ("You can't make it on a paycheck") and owning one's own business ("Instead of working forty hours a week, you can work seventy hours a week") it was evident that he had struck a powerful chord indeed.

Of course, not all Dr. Lowry's secrets—or "copyrighted techniques," as he calls them—could be contained in a mere ninety minutes. For further advice, we were urged to enroll in a "dynamic two-day seminar" that would cost us a mere four hundred and ninety-five dollars (a fee not mentioned in the original advertisement). Whatever the free session lacked in instructions, however, it made up in admonitions. "One of the biggest mistakes most people make is they fall in love with their buildings," Dr. Lowry said. "They marry their buildings and they stay married to them." He invoked his own example. "I own property from California to Pennsylvania," he said. "I do not manage any of it myself. I have other people to manage it. I just get the checks."

Dr. Lowry said that only fifteen years had passed since he himself broke out of the rut of trying to make a living by producing a good or providing a service. Yet he had already graduated into a financial league in which he could give away "two hundred and forty thousand dollars in water rights off the top of Lake Tahoe to the Forest Service and realize an eighty-thousand-dollar tax credit for each of the next three years." That very morning, he said, his wife, Darlene, had informed him that the property taxes on one of their holdings had been reduced by twelve thousand dollars. "Why? Because we did something about it." He recalled the time when he bought a house for two hundred and ten thousand dollars, invested seven thousand dollars in quick improvements, subdivided a parcel of adjoining land into two lots, and sold the resulting three properties for a cumulative profit of about a hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars. "The woman who had owned the property heard about what I had done, and she was shocked," Dr. Lowry added. "She said, 'I've got all these professional people advising me and then you come along and make all the money.' Her name? Phyllis Diller."

When it came to statistics, Dr. Lowry was a quick draw. Eighty, he said, is the percentage of Americans who suffer from "an inferiority complex about what they're doing." Fifty-two is the percentage of widows who deplete their cash within fifteen months. Ninety is the percentage of the material from his course not to be found in any of the books he has written on the subject, including his best-selling volume "How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate."

On the whole, however, Dr. Lowry shunned the lecture method in favor of asking questions. "How many of you could use an extra five hundred dollars a month which you could earn in your spare time?" he asked. "How many would like to have a guaranteed return of twenty-six per cent minimum? How many of you have a dream for your future? How many of you would like to live in a house and pay no payments? Raise your hands."

Hundreds of hands went up.

Real estate was by no means a foolproof field, Dr. Lowry said, but most of the financial failures in it could be traced to a tendency to forget the old maxim "Caveat emptor." "And what does that mean?" he asked.

"Let the buyer beware!" his listeners shouted back as one.

When the introductory session was over, Dr. Lowry's aides took up their stations at the registration table, and a goodly fraction of those in attendance swarmed up with checkbooks or credit cards at the ready. We, for our part, remained seated, transfixed by visions of an idyllic economy in which two hundred and thirty-five million Americans drop whatever they're doing, take up the Lowry method of buying and selling real estate with other people's money, and beat inflation to a pulp.

TRIBUTE

I'M not blaming the news media for this, because if their coverage of the XXIII Olympiad featured the athletes, the athletic events, and the Olympics per se, that's probably as it should be. It's right, yet in another way it's perhaps also wrong, to have overlooked certain small, unofficial things that people all over the country did to sustain the national and even international mood of Olympic pride and pain. One of these things was a thing Ed did right in our apartment. It was Sunday, August 12, 1984, about 10 P.M. New York time, during the closing ceremonies of the Olympics. Ed and I were half watching them on TV while we tried to cover our refrigerator with Con-Tact paper. It's the refrigerator Ed had for years when the apartment was his bachelor pad, and a cat he used to have had a habit of jumping on top of it and walking around and then clawing her way down the sides trying to get off, so the enamel finish had gotten all scratched and then the scratches had rusted; when I moved in a few months ago, we decided to cover the whole thing with black Con-Tact paper. Well, we were going nuts trying to cut the paper to fit around the handle and around the screws on the corners. There were scraps of Con-Tact paper all over the floor.

It must have been close to 11 P.M. New York time—at the Olympic ceremonies they were reprising all the national anthems—when I noticed that Ed, barefoot, was walking across the kitchen with one of the scraps of Con-Tact paper stuck to the bottom of his right foot. The paper was somewhat bigger than his foot—roughly the size of a piece of typing paper—and I want to emphasize this: the backing had not been removed to expose the sticky surface. (I know this, because that's the way I apply Con-Tact paper—cutting it to shape and only removing the backing when I get a perfect fit.) It was pretty hot in the apartment—we're way up on the twenty-third floor and we had the windows open, but it was August, remember, and we don't have air-conditioning—so I guess the perspiration on his foot helped it adhere to the rather glossy surface of the paper.

I didn't think too much about it, but I kept noticing it out of the corner of my eye, like a visual irritant, and finally—just for something to say, because it was getting a little tense in there, what with the heat and the frustration of this refrigerator project—I said jokingly, "When are you planning to take that piece of paper off your foot?"

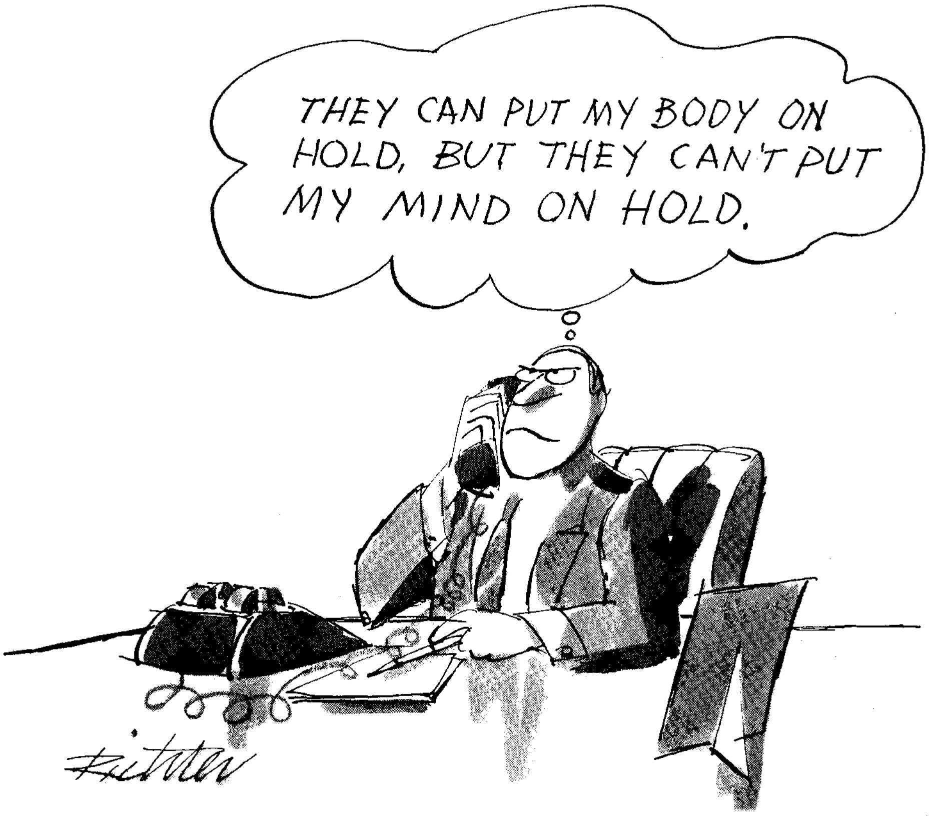
Quietly, Ed replied, "I think I'll keep it on until the official closing of the Olympic Games, as one man's tribute to the Olympic spirit."

I let out an audible gasp. Quite simply, the man is a genius. In that improvisational, or seemingly improvisational, moment, he proceeded to unveil a technique as powerfully controlled as if he'd trained for years. Altering his gait slightly, so as to press his foot firmly on the surface of the paper with each step, for several hours he walked a fragile tightrope between tragedy and comedy. I detected no signs of cramping.

I'm aware that in some quarters "technique" is a dirty word, and I realize that Ed might come under some criticism if I harp too much on the skillfulness of his performance. Suffice it to say that it was not despite but because of his skill that he was able to celebrate so lovingly not only the greatness but, more important, the *defects* of human beings. The perfection—one might say even the imperfection—of his performance was that although it caused him to suffer minor discomfort in the last hour, it was completely pointless, aspiring neither to goal nor to glory. But is it truly pointless when, say, a scientist who could be discovering a cure for cancer discovers, instead, an infinitesimally tiny molecule with no conceivable medical or athletic implications? Isn't what really counts that the task was done just for the sheer joy of the doing? What Ed did, he did with total love and commitment. By the end of his performance, as the ABC-TV closing credits rolled down the screen and a voice on the P.A. system at the Olympic stadium intoned the concluding words "Will the choir please leave the stage," I thought less of Ed as an athlete but a great deal more of him as a person.

Surprisingly, or maybe not so surprisingly, people want to applaud the accomplishment of something they know is "difficult." But what if a man is, God help us, an original, who does something completely new and makes it look easy? In this dog-eat-dog world, I find a man like that not just an inspiration but an antidote to post-Olympic letdown. Ed's achievement by no means devalues the medals won by the official Olympic athletes in competition, but when we threw all the scraps of Con-Tact paper out the window and watched them flutter down on the ticker-tape parade, we both felt on top of the world.

—VERONICA GENG


THEY CAN PUT MY BODY ON HOLD, BUT THEY CAN'T PUT MY MIND ON HOLD.

THE INDIAN GARDENS

I WAS leaving the Indian Gardens. Mosquitoes shone gray in the dusk, and the gravel exit path was scored by shadows. Tourists ahead of me were putting on golf sweaters—even in June, Vermont nights can have a bite—and loading up onto busliners.

A laggard in a fatigue jacket was taking flash pictures, triggering lightning on the banks of flower specimens—the mirabilis, dianthus, campanula. With him was a girl barbered like a boy. Her fine side-parted hair and her black satin jacket put me in mind of a Little League pitcher. Now and then, she'd blow up a gum balloon and hold the balloon just under her nose, which was a button nose, a daub, a very winning nose. She'd crack the balloon when the flash camera exploded.

Watching us was a gardener, who drank from a can of diet Dr Pepper. He watched the girl especially, and then he called to her and to me and to the photographer, "Let's go, folks!" We were slow because the girl was lollygagging, the photographer was photographing, and I was on crutches.

"Hey, hey, sorry. Let's go," the gardener said. He wore a spit-and-polish khaki uniform.

I was swinging on the crutches, making a bad job of it, because of the gravel and because crutches were still hard for me.

"Quittin' time," the gardener said, and the girl snarled a curse at him. It was a full-blown vile curse, and I laughed on my sticks.

"What's it to you personally?" she asked the gardener.

"Jessie," said the photographer, but he said his warning halfheartedly, as he was down on a knee and sighting through his camera, preparing to blind us all.

"I mean, give us a break," Jessie said to the gardener. "This guy with the wood can't *go* any faster!"

The gardener—a kid, really—hid from her by standing all tilted back, hand on hip, and chewing up diet Dr Pepper as if he were being paid to do it.

When we were at the front gates, the photographer said to me, "Where're you parked? Far?"

"Over by the music thing," I said. I didn't want to call it the Heath Musical Gazebo.

"We'll drive you over. We're right here," he said.

They owned one of those new vehicles that are part car and part van. It was two-toned: the color of sand and the color of wet sand. It was immaculate, and in the well behind the passenger seat there was leather luggage and there was camera equipment in cases of different shapes.

Now the Jessie girl was wide open and cheerful. "You look exhausted. We're from Iowa," she said. "You an injured skier?"

Their van smelled of new acrylic carpet. I sat legs up, in the back seat, the damaged left leg bent by thick Ace wraps.

"Are you a flower fan?" he asked me.

"Never planted anything. I just read the engraved plaques at the garden. And I've never been on skis," I said.

"Dump him out," Jessie said.

"Iowa City. That's Gibbs with two 'b's. Joe and Jessie," the photographer said. He had sloping shoulders and the flattened seat some guys get around forty, but he could have been any age, and so could his lank Jessie.

"I went to high school in Cedar Rapids twenty years ago," I told them.

"No baloney?" Joe Gibbs said.

"Give him chicken," Jessie said.

They had fried chicken in a cooler, and we ate and talked about Iowa and farm country, how a summer park there, with the plains so flat, was a much more eventful thing than it was here in the hill-crowded East. Then Gibbs drove me over to the music stand.

I said, "My car is that beauty with the caved-in doors. The accordion."

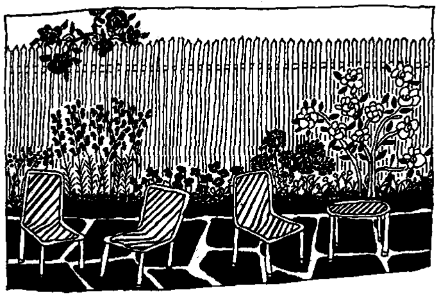
"That what happened to the leg? A wreck?" he asked.

"Stupid jogging. I jumped off a rock."

Jessie said, "Now you can't run and you're depressed because you were addicted to it and your body is going through endorphin withdrawal. I read this."

"Explains a lot," I said.

Actually I had been happy lately, and for no reason sourceless elation visited me in my waking hours, as if in compensation for my hurt leg.


d. ehrenberg

WHEN Joe and Jessie had dropped me, I waited until they cleared the lot to get into my car, because usually to get into my car I had to grasp the ridged sill over the driver's window and heave myself up and fit my legs through, or dive through the window and then sort myself out once I was in. But for either method I had to be healthy, and my way *now* was more humiliating: back up, sit down on top of the jammed door, jackknife body, topple into the bucket seat.

I took Route 2, which followed a gorge and a booming river. The water in the river was milky and loud, and it suited me well.

I went through Little Rudney, then up onto a notch in the mountains where my friend Livy was summering. She was a poet, working in a barn studio behind her husband's mother's house. It was a Green Mountain house, lit up this night.

The driveway was planks of concrete on grass. There were low lamps staked out like runway lights leading to the barn. My friend Livy was in the yard. She kindly looked away while I disentangled myself from the car and lined myself up on my sticks.

"Aren't the gardens bliss? You don't look blissful."

"Bliss," I said.

Livy was in a leotard and bib overalls, and her clothes and her lovely dark hair were drizzled with green paint. She had spent her afternoon painting her barn-corner studio.

When I was settled into an aluminum chaise and drinking wine with her, I told Livy about our fellow-Iowans. She and I had been friends, and then closer than friends, way back in Cedar Rapids, way back in tenth grade.

We sat on the aluminum summer furniture and drank dandelion wine, and we ate some cheese that was studded with black pepper. As we talked we heard the grumble of a plane, or maybe thunder, rolling across, over our heads, like a heavy ball on hard wood.

"How did your work go?" I asked, and Livy looked uncomfortable.

I never asked about or read her poetry, and if she had ever seen one of my films she had never said so. I produced and directed films. I was here to make one now, working out of a motel room, but had so far done nothing more than scout location sites. Two months.

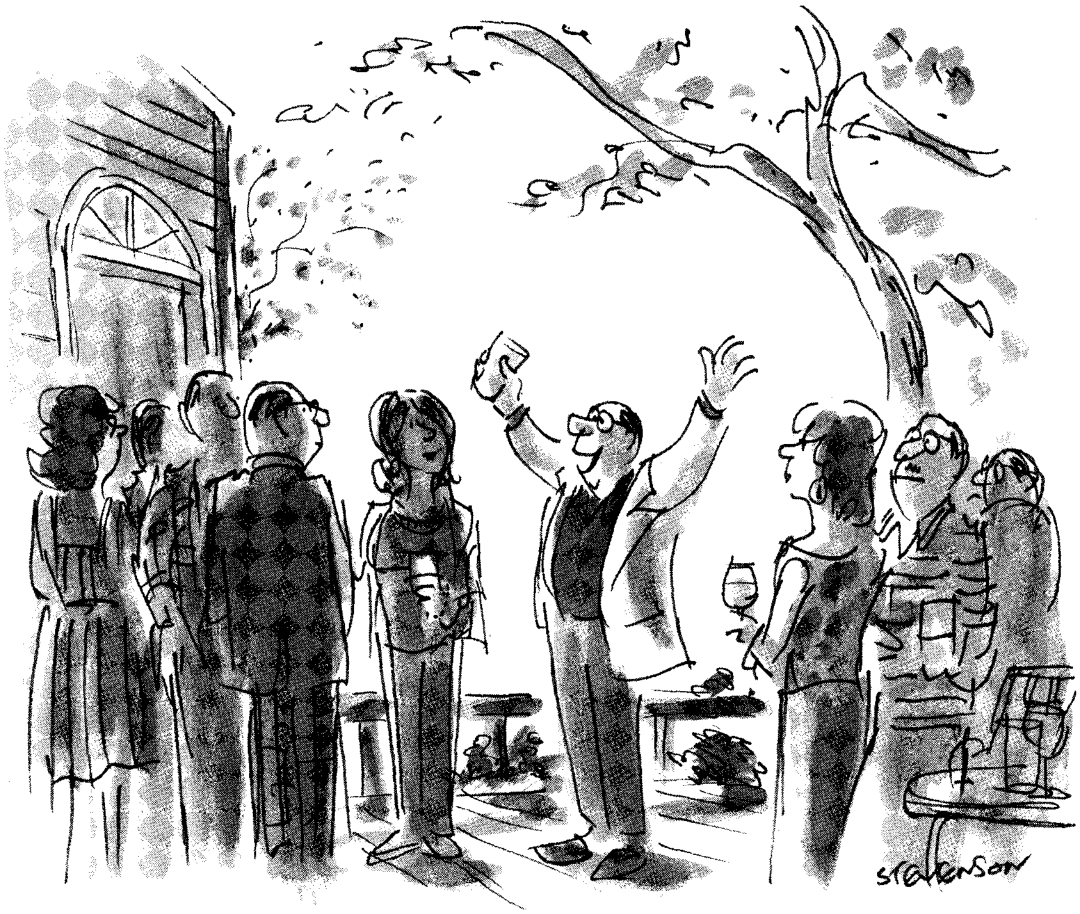
"I meant the painting. How did *that* go?" I said.

"Oh, great!" she said.

Her husband came now from the lighted kitchen of the house and rambled over to us. Conyers. Conyers had a lot of happy energy, a grizzled cinnamon beard, and poodle-curly cinnamon hair. He, too, was a poet, but he looked like a poor interne in his rumpled lab coat.

"Hey, Dad," he said to me. "Didn't the gardens cheer you up? Aren't they bliss? Just breathing there is better, I think."

Conyers was younger than Livy and I, and the only problem with him was how much I wanted to talk to Livy about our old chemistry teacher, or Hartford Street, where the baseball diamond was, or about Jeff Lingeman's Buick Wildcat, with the top that once flew off and in which Jeff went after all sorts of land-speed records.



"Enough small talk! Let's discuss money!"

Conyers sat with his back against the barn's side and his large red poodle head resting on slats, and he groaned. "I made steakburgers, but I ate them myself," he said. He groaned again and cradled his belly in his palms, and Livy laughed at him.

"Two burgers!" he said.

The floodlights bolted to the barn eaves showed the lawn. It looked brushed with wet green paint, as if it were the grass Livy had been painting.

I loaded myself back into the car after a while. The split muffler rang out like an air drill. The night was moist enough and cold enough now to show the spray of my headlights on vapor. The left light, crazily askew, aimed at treetops.

"That's great! You can spot snipers!" Conyers yelled. He and Livy, laced up in each other's arms, facing me, seemed to love my car and its big noise and its creased metal.

• •

THEN I went to see Richard Cream. My first Little Rudney acquaintance was Richard, whom I went to for tax help back in April. Richard was a C.P.A. He lived over a hardware store in a long and shallow apartment with a slanting ceiling. His tall windows watched Thorn Street—the main street of Little Rudney.

Richard had six or seven suits, on varnished wooden hangers and in sleeves of cleaner's cellophane, hanging up like old tapestries. His shirts were out, too: shirts with pastel weaves, all buttoned from the throat down, and on wire hangers that were slung from nails in the walls. The clothes were like a crowd of observers, an audience for his chess tournaments. He played a video chess game—Richard versus the computer—on his television screen.

"Sit down," he said. "Or, in your case, fall down."

Probably, Richard had some fear of drawers. He kept out a lot of his clients' files, stacked on his worn furniture.

"I'll get you yet! Bitch!" he said to the television. "I'll show you!" His computer chess opponent, Richard insisted, was feminine.

The chessboard glowed back: blue and white and gold, serene.

"She's besting me," Richard said.

He was in a tartan robe, and he was all pushed forward on his sofa. He twisted the joy-stick handle. One of his knights clicked from its place into an L-shaped knight's move.

"Grab a mug or something," Richard told me.

I was in pain, as usual, now that the sun was gone. I found an iced-tea glass and splashed into it some of Richard's Scotch.

"Check! I'm in check!" he said. He used language on the machine that was a match for Jessie's back at the Indian Gardens. He flung himself into the cushions of the sofa.

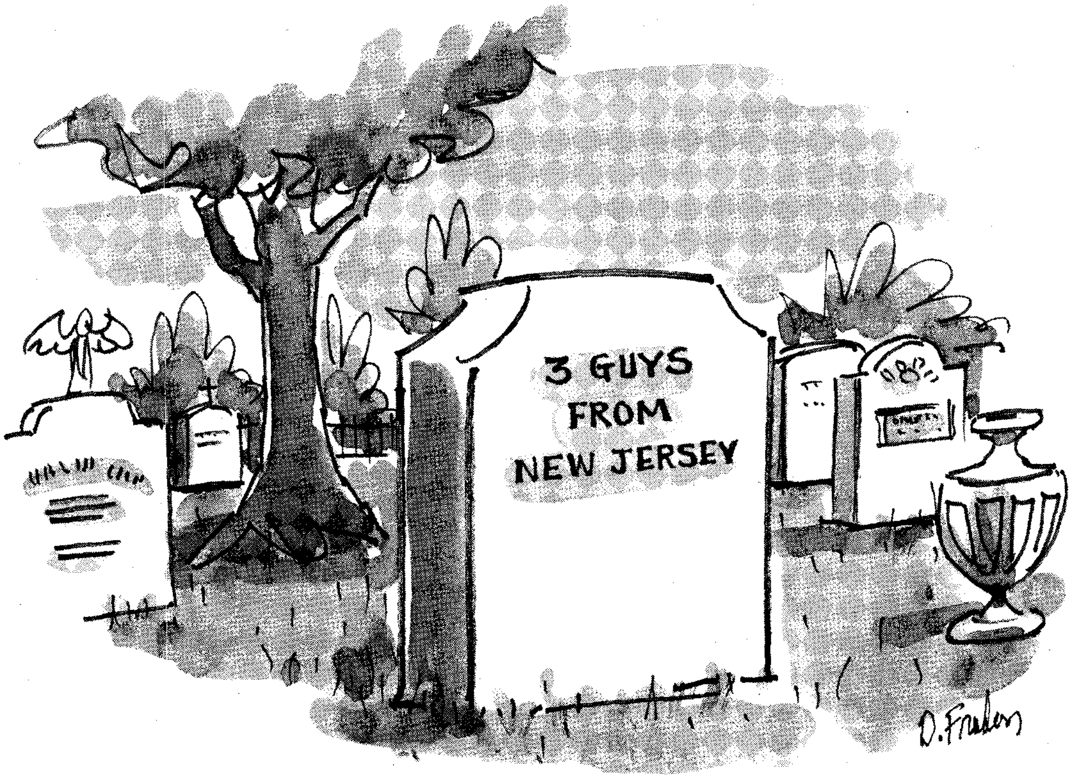
"You ever heard this ad? The one that says, 'Four out of five dentists surveyed recommend sugarless gum for their patients who chew gum'?"

I said it sounded familiar.

"I want to know, who is that fifth dentist!" Richard said.

"Someone to avoid."

Richard had a long swerving face. His nose swerved, too. His mustache and hair were white, and his gaze was already silvery with the effects of Scotch. He said, "You've just had a five-hundred-dollar root-canal job,



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and your dentist tells you, 'By the way, if you're going to chew gum right now, I recommend Bazooka'!"

RICHARD'S cleaning person brought us around the next morning; me in my chair, Richard on his sofa. His cleaning person was a schoolgirl—no more than fifteen, and plain as noodles.

"There's some coffee on the gas ring," she said.

Richard thanked her and introduced us. He said, "Kim, do you know this man? He can put you into the movies."

"I just wish you would have your coffee and go so that I can clean," Kim said.

She had about her an adolescent's flustered air—all shame and vanity. And I was sympathetic but glad to leave her in peace.

Behind the hardware store, like an annex, was a tiny wooden house—a tailor's shop. Richard and I went there first, so that he could have a pair of summer trousers snugged up.

Sally, the tailor, was hairless and petite as his shop, and there was a measuring ribbon draped over his shoulders. With my crutches, I felt much too big for the space there, which was made to seem smaller by a wallpaper of tacked-up postcards. These were views of Italy or the Mediterranean or the Azores, and some were holy cards, and all of them had lost their original colors to sunlight or just age.

Out on the sidewalk, Richard said, "A great thing for a hangover is a haircut."

The barber's scissors chided me with *tsk, tsk* noises. I let myself be shaved. I was content under the pinstriped sheet. His paper choker made Richard look beatific—like a priest, or at least a chastened man.

It was a shadowless Saturday. The sky was pearly. We had a late breakfast in the Thorn Street Grille. My mowed, combed, and oiled head, the scraped feeling on my jaws, the high-voltage coffee, the neat wedges of buttered toast all conspired to give me an illusion of control over my own ways and means. It was a big illusion, just a new brand of intoxication I had been feeling lately. I bought a paper from a kid who was peddling them out of a canvas apron.

Richard used a wooden match—the kind that comes in the slide-out drawer of a small paper box—to light a grand cigar. The bartender was just reporting for the lunch hour, in front of the grill. We watched him setting up his register, arranging his serving place, cleaning his varnished plank in the manner of all bartenders everywhere: swipe with a cloth rag, flop over the rag, re-swipe.

Then the leg pain switched itself on, and I recalled how I had hopped around Richard's apartment the night before and how I had thought, after one week, that I was well on the way to being healed. I remembered with a shudder how I had talked away my idea for a Vermont film, a film about my friend Livy, the poet. How I had told it all to Richard.

Today, of course, I did not want to make the film anymore. I thought how it was a stupid idea for a film anyway. And maybe, I thought, it was a stupid idea to come to Vermont at all, and to take a crackerbox fleapit motel room in Little Rudney, and to leave the city, even if it did mean being around Livy for two whole months.

"Now I'll have a little eyewash with my eggs and bacon," Richard said.

"So you're the fifth dentist," I said.

Richard dusted his palms and straightened the knot in his already perfect tie. "The Devil himself," he said.

My leg was throbbing and I told myself a Bloody Mary at eleven-thirty in the morning was for the pain, and was acceptable.

"Whoever thinks a guy on crutches would get a girl's sympathy is surely wrong," I said.

"I'd have women hanging on me if that were true," Richard said and he toasted me with his water glass.

I went back to the Indian Gardens after that breakfast, in the huge clatter of my car. I was banking on Joe Gibbs' enthusiasm for the place, hoping he would return to take more pictures and bring his daughter or child bride, whatever she was, with him. I had no designs on her or anything. I only wanted to see her in the green, dappled, pretty light. I wanted to see her being insouciant and bored and snapping her gum at my idea of Eden.

—JAMES ROBISON

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Nestle S.A., a Swiss conglomerate, said it dropped its $513 million bid to acquire CooperVision Inc., a Palo Alto, Calif., maker of last-minute antitrust objections raised by the U.S. Federal Trade Commission.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Still, it's a thriving business.

FLOTSAM

THE other evening, I was having a drink with a friend, when the sight of two women at the next table caused me to stop speaking in midsentence. Both of the women were very young, and fashionable to an almost painful degree. They were drinking beer straight from the bottle, and they radiated a self-conscious, helpless daring, as if they had been made to enter some baffling contest and all eyes were upon them.

"Earth to Charlotte," my friend said. "Everything all right?"

"Fine," I said, and it was, but for a moment that seemed endless I had been pulled down into a forgotten period of my life when I, too, had strained to adhere to the slippery requirements of distant authorities.

I had just come to New York then, after breaking up with a man named Robert. At first, with Robert everything had gone well. We lived in Buffalo, on the ground floor of a large house, and while he taught at a local university and read and worked on his dissertation in the study, I tried to make things grow in our little patch of a garden and did some part-time research for a professor of political science. At night, we cooked dinner together or with other couples from Robert's department, or once in a while went dancing or to a movie, and I thought Robert was happy.

But after a while Robert seemed to lose interest in me, and part of what I had been was torn from me as he pulled away. And the farther he pulled away from me, increasingly the only thing for me was that he love me, and there was nothing I would not have done to be right for him. But although I tried and tried to figure out how I ought to be, my means for judging such a thing seemed to have split off with him. So while Robert seemed to grow finer and more fastidious—easily annoyed by things I said or did—I seemed to grow coarser and more unfocussed, and even my athletic tallness, which Robert had admired when we met, with the dissolving of his affection came to feel like an untended sprawl, and my long blond hair, which I'd been proud of at one time, seemed insipid and childish—just another manifestation of how unequal to Robert I had proved to be. And after a time I was overtaken by a paralysis that spread through every area of my life, rapidly, like an illness.

One day, Robert and I had been sitting in the living room reading when I noticed that he had put down his book and was just staring out with a little frown. "What are you thinking about?" I said before I could stop myself.

"Nothing," he said.

"Sorry," I said. "I'm sorry."

"Then why did you ask, Charlotte?"

"Sorry," I said.

"Then why do you always ask? Always," he said.

I didn't say anything.

"You know what?" he said. "You're like the Blob. You remember that movie 'The Blob'? You're sentient protoplasm, but you're as undifferentiated as sentient protoplasm can get. You're devoid of even taxonomic attributes."

"Robert," I said.

"Have you ever had an intention?" he said. "Have you ever had a desire? Have you ever even had what could be accurately described as a reaction?"

My ears went strange, and I heard my voice say, "You always want me to be different. You want me to be some other person, but if you don't tell me what you want, how can I know what to do?"

"Jesus," Robert said. He looked at me, his eyes narrowed.

The moment locked, and I felt a harsh tingling across the bridge of my nose, and I knew that if I didn't turn away fast Robert would hit me.

I went out carefully, as if trying not to startle something from a hedge, and drove to a drugstore where there was a telephone, and eventually I got ahold of my friend Fran.

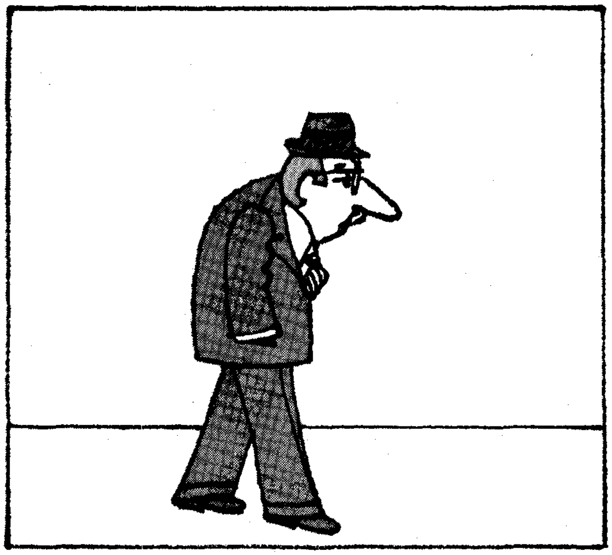
"Sit right there," she said. "Don't move. I'll make some calls and get back to you."

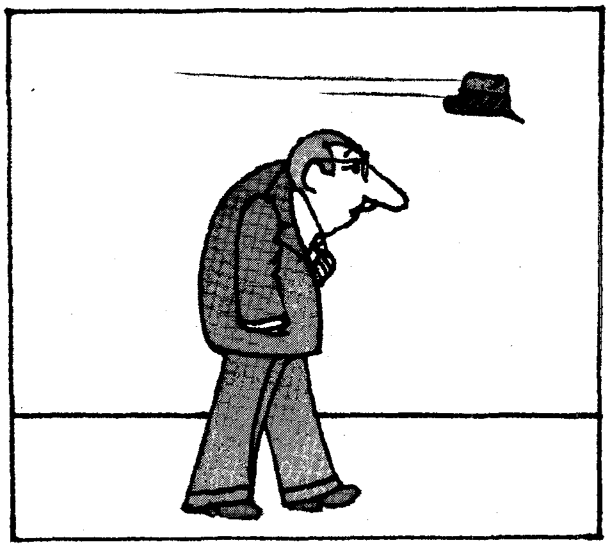
So then I sat on the little wooden seat and waited. A pretty girl with dark hair came into the store, and I watched as she chose a lipstick at the counter, looking very pleased with herself. What was going to happen to me, I wondered. After a while, Fran called with the number of someone named Cinder, who lived in New York and was looking for a roommate.

"Great," Cinder said when I reached her. "I'm desperate. The girl who was living here disappeared a few weeks ago with about half my stuff. Ex-stuff now. I had to get myself a live-in junkie, right? And of course she stuck me for all of last month's rent. I know it's a sign that you called today, because I was just about to advertise, which I really hate to do, because you get these guys saying their name is Shirley and can they come over and eat your baby pictures or sit on your toothbrush kind of thing."

"Well, I got your name from Franny Straub," I said. "Her friend

Was It the Butler?





Lauren took a design class with you.”

“Whatever,” Cinder said.

“Listen,” I said. I felt ill with apprehension. “Could I move in tonight?”

“Sure,” Cinder said. “You wouldn’t be able to bring the rent in cash, would you?”

I’d never been to New York before, and I remember so clearly how the subway looked to me that night. How gaudy and festive it was, like a huge Chinese dragon, clanking and huffling through its glimmering cavern. Even though it was very late, the cars were full of people. They sat there, all together, and their expressions were eased in that subterranean lull between their different points of embarkation and destination. It seemed to me that I was the only newcomer.

Cinder came down and helped me lug my suitcase upstairs. She moved with brisk precision, and her blond hair was cut like a Teddy bear’s. “Cinder,” I said. “It’s an interesting name.”

“Lucinda, actually,” she said. “But—you know.” She opened two bottles of beer and handed one to me. “So, hey, welcome to your new home, which is what my seventh-grade teacher said to our class the first day of junior high, scaring us all out of our *wits*. So you’re just coming down from a bad thing, huh?”

“Yes,” I said, looking around unsuccessfully for a glass. “Well, not exactly.” I didn’t know how to put into words to this able person my failure with Robert.

“Anyhow,” she said, “tomorrow we’ll talk and talk and talk, but there’s some stuff I have to take care of now, and, besides, you probably want to sleep. If you go out before I’m up, just leave the rent on the kitchen table.”

Cinder gave me a tiny room to myself, but I spent most of my time in the kitchen with her and men she was seeing and her friend Mitchell. Most of my belongings were in the kitchen, too, which had shelves and a closet and a bathtub in which things could be kept, and Cinder had told me to put anything I wanted on the walls. In a place of honor, looking down over the kitchen table, I tacked a snapshot I’d taken of Robert one day in our garden. He was smiling—a free, simple, lifted instant of a smile that I never saw again.

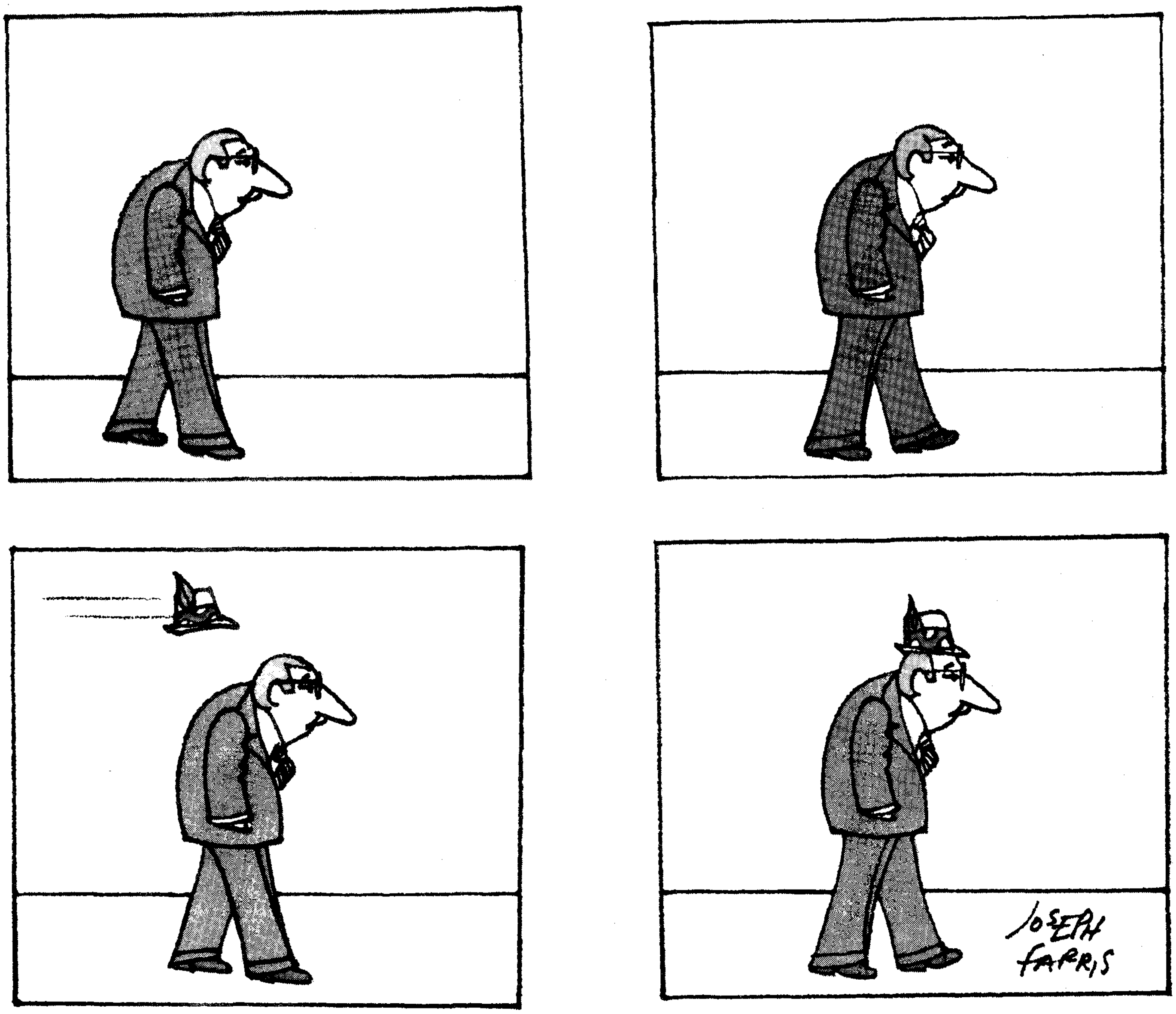
The apartment was in the East Village, and although the neighborhood had long since lost its notoriety, it glittered to me. Cinder and Mitchell seemed so comfortable there. Mitchell moved with an underwater languor that was due to a happy combination of grace and drugs, and his black hair was marvellously glossed. But even though he and Cinder were so different in appearance, they both dressed in meticulously calculated assemblages that reached from past decades far into the future. Together their individual impact was increased exponentially, like that of twins, owing to a similarity I now understand to be stylistic, in addition, of course, to whatever similarity underlies all acute and self-conscious beauty.

Next to them, I felt clumsy and hideous, but it seemed to me, I suppose, that I would be protected by their authority, that my own face and body would learn from it, and that soon things and people would alter in my path, as they did for Cinder and Mitchell. It seemed, in short, that I would become fit for Robert.

But nearly five months passed, during which I sat around Cinder’s kitchen table under Robert’s picture, and my face and body remained the same. And then I found, one day, that what I’d become fit for was, in fact, something quite other than Robert.

Everything seemed to change on that one day, but really, I think, things had been changing and changing over the course of many previous days, and perhaps what eventually appears to be information always appears at first to be just flotsam, meaningless fragments, until enough flotsam accretes to manifest, when one notices it, a construction. In any case, there was a day when I started out as usual by going uptown to the office where I’d gotten a job as a secretary, and around lunchtime Cinder called. She was at her store, a tiny place, around the corner from the apartment, where she sold clothes, some of which were used and some of which she designed and made herself, and she was in a terrible rage, having just had a big set-to with John Paul, a man she was going out with. “Can you come down?” she said. “I need you.”

I was always gratified and astonished that it was I in whom Cinder confided and whose help she asked for, but when I arrived at the store that day Mitchell was already there, lying on the couch, and Cinder was laughing. “Charlotte!” Cinder said. “I know what this looks like, but I was an absolute wreck when Mitchell got here—wasn’t I, Mitchell?—and he literally glued me back together. You



know what we should do, though. I'm absolutely starving. We should get some pirogi. Hey, I've learned this interesting new fact about men. The more weight they make you gain, the more attractive it means they are. God. Why can't I be one of those little twitching things who shred their food when something goes wrong? I wish I were willowy and thin like you, Charlie."

"You are willowy and thin," I said. "I'm bony and big, like a dinosaur skeleton in a museum."

"Dinosaur skeleton." Mitchell centered me slowly in his gaze, and I faltered. "It's been a long, long time since I thought about one of those," he said.

"Mitchell, darling," Cinder said, straddling him to massage his shoulders, "how could I get you to go next door and get us some pirogi? Like three orders, with extra sour cream. I am *ravenous*."

"That stuff I glued you together with sort of absorbed my liquid assets," he said.

"I have money," I said, handing him a ten.

After Mitchell left, Cinder told me about her fight with John Paul. "He called and said he wouldn't be able to go to the concert tomorrow night, and I said why, and he said it was work, but I mean, how could I believe him, after all, Charlie? So he said, right, there was this girl, and then, stupid me, I got just incredibly enraged, and naturally he ended up saying he didn't think we should see each other anymore. I mean, Charles, I really don't care, you know, about his *girls*. Heaven help us, I'm hardly in a position to complain about that sort of thing. It's just that he makes me feel like some . . . doddering nagging haggy old *wife*. And the worst thing is, though, I think a lot of it has to do, unconsciously, I mean, with revenge. I mean, I bet that what this is really about is Arthur."

"Arthur?" I said.

"Oh, you remember," she said. "That guy I met at that party John Paul and I went to last week. Oh, fabulous," she said to Mitchell, who was walking in with an immense load of pirogi. "But I really don't see how he can get so upset about a thing like Arthur. The guy was boring, he was stupid, and he wasn't particularly attractive, either. In fact, I really don't know why I did it. Just to assert myself, I suppose. Have some pirogi, Charlie." She held one out to me, speared on a plastic fork.

"No, thanks," I said.

"Really?" Cinder said. "Hmm. Mitchell?"

"*No food*," Mitchell said.

"Wow. Well, what are we going to do with all this stuff?" She looked helplessly at the pirogi. "Anyhow, I don't mind that John Paul

VENICE REVISITED

While the Frenchmen and Flemings abandoned themselves in a frenzy of wholesale destruction, the Venetians kept their heads. They knew beauty when they saw it.
—*John Julius Norwich, "A History of Venice."*

I

Guise and disguise, the mirrorings and masquerades:
brocaded wallowings, ascensions, levitations:
glimmering interiors, beaked motley, the hide-
and-seek of Tintoretto and Carpaccio. From within
walled gardens' green enclave, a blackbird's warble—
gypsy non sequitur out of root-cumbered
terra firma, a mainland stepped from
to this shored-up barge, this Bucintoro
of mirage, of artifice. Outside the noon-dim
dining room, the all-these-years-uninterrupted
sloshing of canals; bagged refuse, ungathered
filth; the unfed cats, still waiting.
To breathe again
the faint stink of this place I had not thought to
revisit in this life; to catch, through shutters
half-latched for the siesta, the same glimpse
of a young girl's laundry—a glimpse half-
preternatural, like an encounter with some
evidence of resurrection—reëntering, to swim
above the mild tumuli of San Marco,
that last surreal upwelling of Byzantium,
is also to disinter the vertigo
of the homesteader's wife who, numb
in the face of the undisguised
prospect of the place she'd come to, drove
a post into the yard outside the sodhouse
to have something, she said, to look at.

II

The place they'd come to—treeless, its sole prospect
the watery skin-scurf of reedbeds, of mudflats
cowering shivering in the dark or sweltering
at noon, no place to hide from vertigo—was no
less desolate. They lived at first
dispersed, in dens of osier and wattle,
hemmed by no familiar dolomite, no tree-blurred
watershed to lift the eyes to—the lagoon
a wan presentiment of the great basin's
vastness: a place for a homesteader's wife
to drift and drown, or else to settle and
grow stolid as a driven post in.
Postpiles driven
into the muck of the lagoon—a million-plus of them,
a thousand-plus times over—would one day undergird
the multiplicity of domes, arcades, façades
of variegated marble, stilts for the stupendous
masquerade of history: the Bucintoro
with the Doge afloat, rowed to the cheering
of lubricious throngs, the whimpering
of lutes: a stage set above the windings
of these onetime sloughs, the hidden
thoroughfares obscure and treacherous
as the dim wagon tracks the homesteaders
would inevitably follow into the disguiseless
grassland, the desolation of
the place they'd come to.

III

Magnificence of guise and disguise, of the given
and the taken: that a body thought to be
that of St. Mark—Evangelist, witness to
the crime that had then given birth to faith,
subscriber to the possibility of resurrection—
had been brought here from somewhere, is
believed to be historical. Whether the box
they brought it in—the filched cadaver,
the purported-to-be sacred relic—in fact contained
merely another masquerade, has long since
ceased to matter. Maskers, lovers of shows,
of music, looters who knew beauty when
they saw it, who (while others rampaged,
raped, or merely smashed) made off with
the famous four bronze horses, and much else,
they did know beauty: give them
at least that credit.
What stolen relics,
sacred or bogus, what odor of sanctity
or of corruption, would the descendants
of the homesteader's wife who drove
that post to keep herself from going
mad, bring home, may yet bring home to
the likewise unhandsomely acquired
terrain she'd come to? What mainland—
if there is a mainland anymore for any
émigré's descendants to return to—
can they claim? What's to be said for
their, for our own faltering empire,
our most unserene republic, other
than that while crusaders of our own
rampaged in Asia, one set foot also
on the maskless, indubitable
wasteland of the moon?

—Amy Clampitt

• •

likes women. I know he likes women."

"Likes women," I felt, was an inexact description. Something happened, even I could see, between John Paul and women, that didn't have all that much to do with what he thought about them. One evening recently, while he and Cinder and I were standing around in the kitchen talking, he rested his hand on my arm, high up, where a slave bracelet goes. Later, in my room, when I got undressed for bed, I looked at the place in a mirror, before I remembered what had caused it to burn like that.

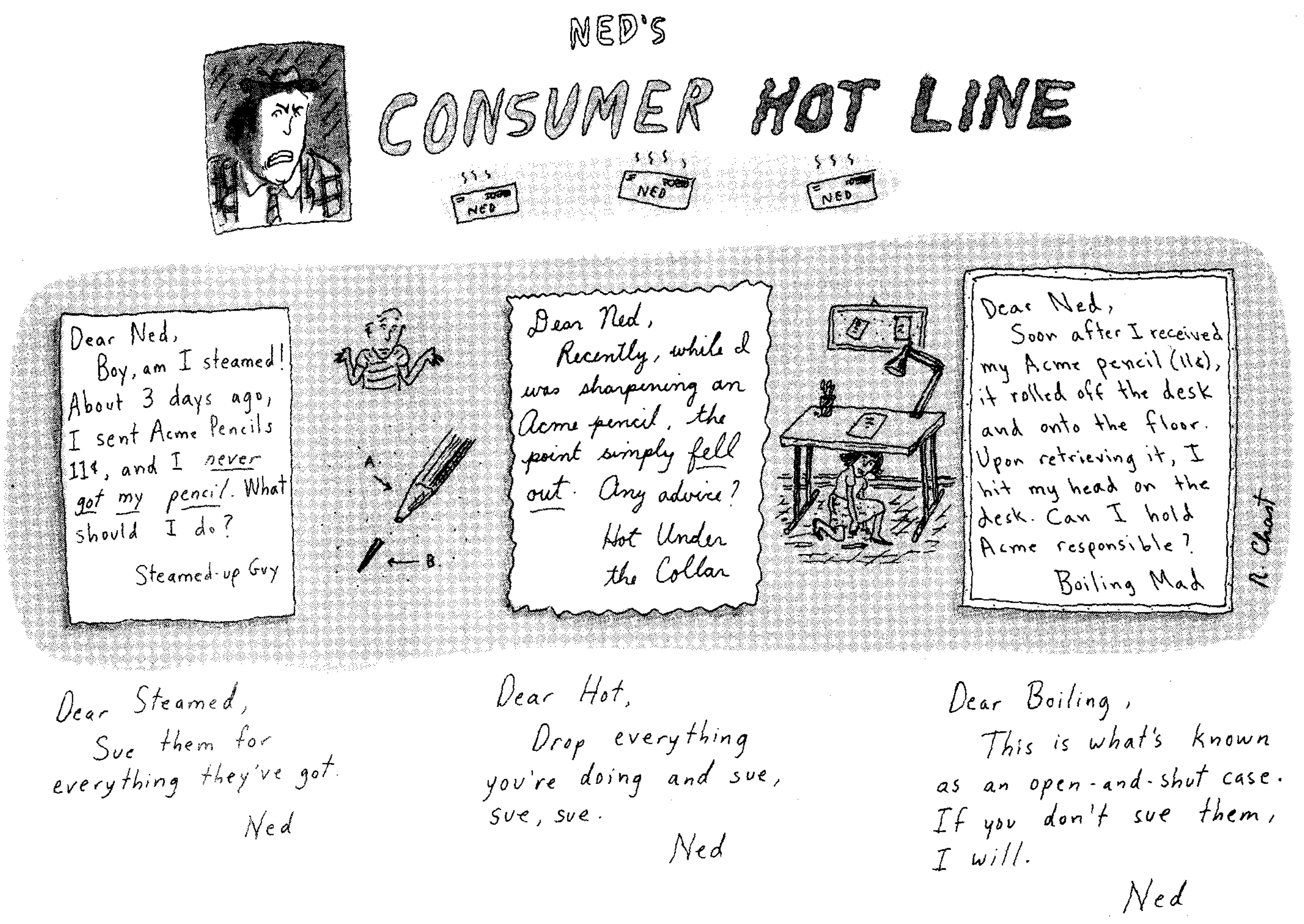
"Oh, get real," Cinder said to a roach that was sauntering across the pirogi. "God. This place is such an ashtray."

"Oh—are you open?" said a girl in a very short skirt, hesitating at the door.

"Definitely," Cinder said. "Come in. Look around. Have some pirogi."

"Well, I don't think I will, really." The girl looked at the plate sidelong. "I'm on a diet. Goodness," she said, drawing nearer, "they're awfully pale. What exactly are they?"

"An acquired taste," Mitchell said,


NED'S
CONSUMER HOT LINE
NED
NED
NED
Dear Ned,
Boy, am I steamed! About 3 days ago, I sent Acme Pencils 11¢, and I never got my pencil. What should I do?
Steamed-up Guy
A.
B.
Dear Ned,
Recently, while I was sharpening an Acme pencil, the point simply fell out. Any advice?
Hot Under the Collar
Dear Ned,
Soon after I received my Acme pencil (11¢), it rolled off the desk and onto the floor. Upon retrieving it, I hit my head on the desk. Can I hold Acme responsible?
Boiling Mad
R. Chast
Dear Steamed,
Sue them for everything they've got.
Ned
Dear Hot,
Drop everything you're doing and sue, sue, sue.
Ned
Dear Boiling,
This is what's known as an open-and-shut case. If you don't sue them, I will.
Ned

• •

lying back and shutting his eyes again.

The girl looked from one of us to another.

"Well, I suppose all tastes must be acquired, really, mustn't they?" I said nervously. "It's a confusing term. To me, at least."

"I've never encountered a taste I haven't acquired in about one microsecond," Cinder said, staring flatly at the girl, who shifted under the scrutiny. "Besides, why are you on a diet? You don't need to lose any weight, does she, Mitchell?"

The girl looked over at Mitchell. He unlidded his green, stranger's eyes and stared at her for a moment before the suggestion of a smile appeared on his face. She began to smile then, too, but bit her lip instead and looked down.

"Everything's half price today," Cinder said.

"Great," the girl said neutrally. She glanced at Mitchell again and then turned her back to us and moved the hangers along the rack with a rhythmic precision. Why were we watching her like that, I wondered. I felt terribly uneasy.

"That peacock-blue one would look really sensational on you," Cinder said.

"Really?" the girl said. "This one?"

"Are you kidding?" Cinder said. "With those legs of yours? The light in the dressing room's broken, but you can just slip it on over there."

"See? That's great," Cinder said. Next to the brilliant blue of the dress, the girl's legs gave off a candied gleam, as if they had never been exposed to the light before.

"It is good," the girl said, watching herself approach the mirror. "But it's very— I don't know if I could really carry it off."

"What you need is something like these with it," Cinder said, putting one of her own earrings to the girl's ear.

"Hmm," the girl agreed to the mirror, with which she had established a private understanding.

"You know what, Cinder," Mitchell said. "You should wear that color yourself." The reflection of Cinder's face floated behind the mirrored girl.

"I really like this dress," the girl said. "It's really good. The only trouble is, I'm looking for something to wear to dinner with my boyfriend's parents."

"I used to have a boyfriend," Cinder said. "Up until about an hour ago."

"Really?" the girl said. "You just broke up with some guy?"

"Broke up," Cinder said. "Fantastic." She related her story to the girl with as much relish as if it were the first time she'd told it. "He says he doesn't even care about me," Cinder said.

"He said he didn't care about you?" I asked.

"Well, that's what he meant," Cinder said.

"But maybe he meant something else," I said.

"I know what he meant, Charlotte. I know the guy. When you're in love with someone, you know what they're saying to you."

"That's terrible," the girl said, looking at Cinder round-eyed. "That happened to *me* once."

"So you understand," Cinder said.

"Oh, God," the girl said. "I really do."

Cinder stepped back and looked at her for a long moment. "I'd really like you to get that dress,” she said finally. “You’d be a fantastic advertisement for my stuff. But let’s face it. I mean, your boyfriend’s parents! They’d have you out the back door in a couple of seconds, bound and gagged.”

“Well,” the girl said, looking into the mirror.

“Look.” Cinder turned to me. “Would you wear that dress to your boyfriend’s parents’, Charlie?”

“What about you?” the girl said to Mitchell. “How would you react if I showed up in this dress?”

“I’d run amok,” Mitchell said, lying immobile on the couch, his eyes closed. “I’d go totally out of control.”

“See, I might as well, though,” the girl said, examining the mirror again. “Jeff wouldn’t care. Actually, his parents are fairly nauseating people anyway. In fact, his sister just cracked up. She tried to stab her husband with her nail scissors, and they had her put away. Anyhow, if I don’t use it for dinner I can always wear it someplace else.”

“Oh, hey, though,” Cinder said. “I just remembered. “That’s the one with the crooked seam.”

“Where?” the girl said. “I don’t see it.”

“Well, I wouldn’t want anybody wearing it around. Listen, come back next week. I’ll be making up some more, and I’ve got this incredible bronzy-brown that would be really good on you.”

“Well, I really like this blue, though,” the girl said.

“Yeah, but I’m out of that, unfortunately,” Cinder said.

“What a sweet kid,” Cinder said after the girl left. “And wasn’t she pretty? I really hope she doesn’t get hurt.”

“Sweet!” Mitchell said, and snorted. “No!” he shrieked, twisting, as Cinder leapt onto the couch to tickle him. “Much too stoned!”

“You are such a cynic!” Cinder said. “Isn’t he, Charlie?”

“Yes,” I said. “Cinder—how did you know that girl would look good in that dress?” I asked.

“Well, that’s interesting,” she said, releasing Mitchell to devote her full attention to this question. “See, I always know. I’m always right about how people look, and how they’re going to look in different things. That is, if they’re worth looking at in the first place. And the horrible truth is, I can do that because I’m such a jealous person!”

“What do you mean?” I said.

“No, it’s true,” she said. “Really. My jealousy is a tool for looking at other people, and now John Paul is my special, sort of, lens. I look at other women through his eyes, and I know what it is in them that he would find attractive. It’s awful. I’m completely subjugated to his vision.”

“But, Cinder,” I said. “It’s a wonderful talent!”

“It’s not a talent, Charlotte,” she said, “it’s an *affliction*.” She looked furious.

“Cinder,” I said after a moment. “Could we—do me up sometime? Make me look—I don’t know, like that girl?”

“Oh, you don’t want to look like that girl, Charlie, honey. Mitchell’s right. She was a boring little thing. You don’t want to look like everybody else anyhow. You’ve got your own looks.”

“I know,” I said. “But could we fix them?”

“You’ve got incredible potential, you know, Charlie,” Cinder said. “I could spend hours on you. Sure, O.K., we’ll do the whole thing—clothes, face, hair—”

“Don’t do anything to her hair.” Mitchell’s voice floated into our conversation with an otherworldly pallor. “It’s soft.”

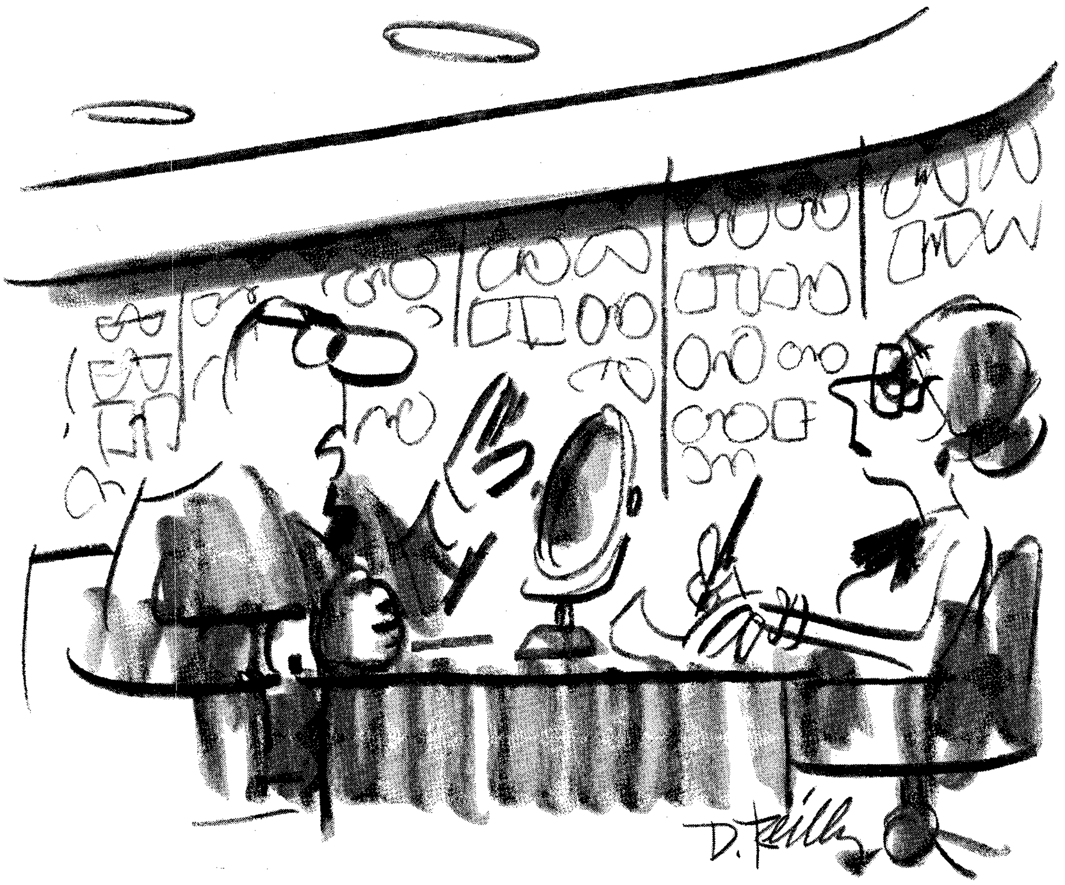
“Soft, yeah, but it’s got to get cut or something,” Cinder said.

“Like Big Bird,” Mitchell added faintly.

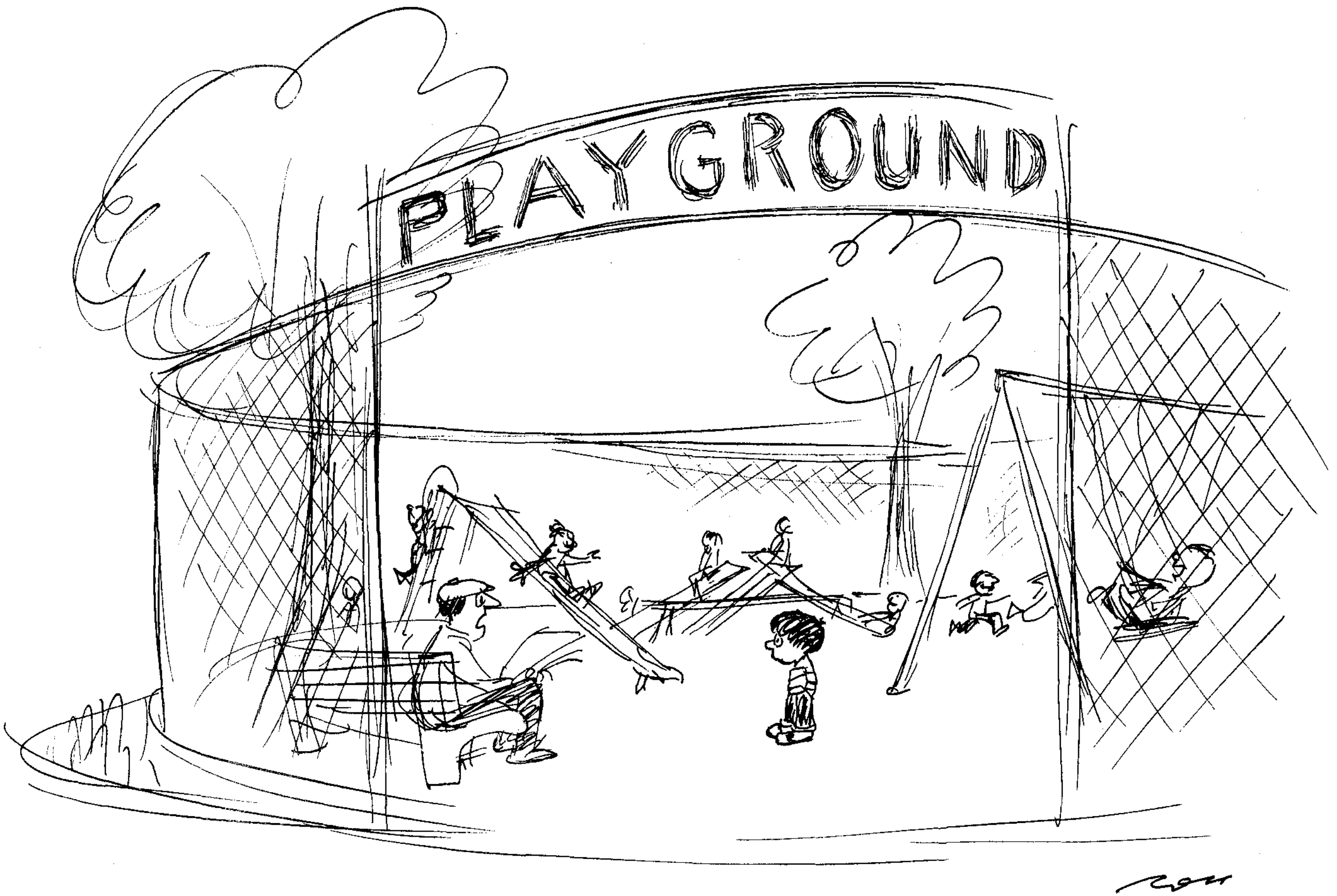
“He’s asleep,” Cinder said.

“Cinder,” I said, “could I try on that blue dress?”

“Oh, let’s not get into it today, Charlie,” she said. “I’m so destroyed. You must be exhausted yourself—I’ve kept you for hours. Mitchell, would you take me out to get drunk and disgusting? Then maybe you could take advantage of me, if you could stand it.” Mitchell’s eyes remained closed. “Oh, never mind,” Cinder said. “That was a joke.”



“I want a frame that will bring my face up to date but not a damned bit more.”



"*Play!*"

• •

"Well, goodbye." I stood up. "See you at home later."

"They need any extra roaches at your office?" Cinder asked. At our feet, the plate of pirogi swarmed.

WHEN I got back to the office, I just sat and sat and my mind kept wandering back to the store. Why was I so sad? After all, Cinder had said I was more interesting than that gleaming girl.

"Hands off!" a voice said suddenly from behind me.

"Oh, hi, Mr. Bunder," I said, noticing that my hands were in my hair. Well, it *was* soft.

"You look to be, say, in orbit." As Mr. Bunder sat down on a corner of my desk, the fabric of his trousers pulled against his thigh. It looked extremely uncomfortable, but I couldn't stop staring at it.

"Not concentrating, I guess," I said.

"Listen." He leaned in toward me. "Want to get something to drink?"

"Right now?" I asked. He had a pinkish, stippled look, as if he'd just gotten something to drink.

We settled down side by side in a booth near the bar. "So you're worried about your roommate, huh," he said.

"Yes," I said. "Well, not exactly." How hard it was to figure out how to say anything to anyone! "Well, actually, though," I said, "she does get these terrible headaches, but I think they're from tension in her back. She's upset about a man she's been going out with."

"Well, maybe I'll come over and check it out. I give a bad back rub." Mr. Bunder poked me on the arm. "But seriously," he said. "There are a lot of hard-noses out there. They get some poor little girl going—it gives them a big boost in the ego department. Then they see something maybe a bit better. Some knockout just sitting at the bar licking her chops. Beautiful women going begging in this city. Dime a dozen." He kept looking around the room. I wondered if I was sitting too far away from him and he was feeling insulted. On the other hand, perhaps I was sitting too close to him and he was feeling embarrassed.

"I'll get us a couple more of these," he said. "You like the olives, huh?" He held his olive in front of my mouth and I ate it, like a seal. For a moment, I was terribly hungry, but then I thought of the roach-capped pirogi, and I lost my appetite.

"So what brought you to New York?" he asked.

"Well . . ." I said. What had brought me to New York? "I split up with someone in Buffalo."

"Busted marriage, huh?" Mr. Bunder said. "Too bad."

"Oh, no. It wasn't a marriage. We were just trying it out." I searched my mind for something that would be interesting to Mr. Bunder. "He was an assistant professor." Mr. Bunder blinked. "Well, not that that has anything to do with it," I said. "But we weren't very compatible."

"Guess not," Mr. Bunder said. He sighed, looking around, and tapped with his glass on the table.

"Have you ever been married?" I asked, to be polite.

"Have I?" Mr. Bunder said. "Yeah. I have. I'm married right now." I wondered if I should leave. Mr. Bunder didn't seem to be having a very good time.

"You know," he said, perking up. "You look a little like that What's-Her-Name—Meryl Streep. You know that? Around the—the—mouth, or something. Olive! Olive!" He held his olive in front of me, but I was committed just then to pushing a little globule of water on the table from one side of my glass around to the other without breaking it up.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Need another drink?"

"No, thank you, I'm already drunk," I said, surprised. "I'm sweating."

"Terrific," Mr. Bunder said. "Well, maybe you want to go sweat at home. Check up on that little roommate of yours. I'll get you into a taxi before you fall over."

"Thank you, Mr. Bunder," I said outside.

"Call me Dickie, would you?" he said. "When you girls say 'Mr. Bunder,' I think you're talking to my father."

I had trouble getting past Mr. Bunder to climb into the taxi he'd hailed for me. Or perhaps he was planning to get into it, too. "Did you want to share this someplace?" I asked.

"Thanks, honey," he said, "but I think I'll hang around here for a while. See if any of the ladies at the bar is interested in an evening of hog-tying."

It had been nice of Mr. Bunder to ask me to join him. He must have seen that I was lonely, too. I felt sorry for him as I watched him go back into the restaurant by himself. He looked so pink and tender in his bristly little suit, and from behind he seemed to move choppily, as if propelled by warring impulses, like a truffle hound going back to work after a noon break.

"WHERE have you been, Charles?" Cinder said to me. "I've been desperate."

"I was having a drink with Mr. Bunder," I said.

"Mr. Bunder!" she said. "Do people still name their kids Mister? Oh, right. He's one of those cowpats you work for, isn't he?"

"Yes," I said. "Well, I mean . . . Oh—Cinder, does 'hog-tying' mean something?"

"What? How should I know?" she said. "Christ, where do you hear this weird stuff? Anyhow, listen. I really need your help. If you'd come half an hour later, you probably would have found me in a pool of blood with a machete between my ribs." She looked at me blankly for a moment. "Between my ribs? Is that what people say? It sounds wrong. 'Between my ribs,' 'among my ribs'—doesn't 'between my ribs' make it sound like you've only got two ribs? It's like people say 'between my teeth'—'I've got something caught between my teeth'—and it sounds like they've only got two teeth. I think you should say, 'I've got something caught *among* my teeth.' Well, no, that doesn't work, either, does it, because you can really only get something caught—oh, weird—*between two teeth!*"

"Cinder," I said, "what happened?"

"What?" she said. "Oh."

It seemed she had called John Paul back, and he'd agreed to come over, but then she'd remembered she already had a date with someone else.

"Oh," I said, and looked at her. "So why don't you call John Paul and say you made a mistake—tell him you can't see him tonight?"

"Charlotte," Cinder said. "We're talking John Paul here."

"Well . . ." I said. "What about the other guy? Could you call him?"

"Hmm. I didn't think of that," she said. "But anyhow I don't know how to reach him. I don't even know his name."

"You don't know his name?"

"He's just some guy I met on the street," she said. "Some Puerto Rican or something."

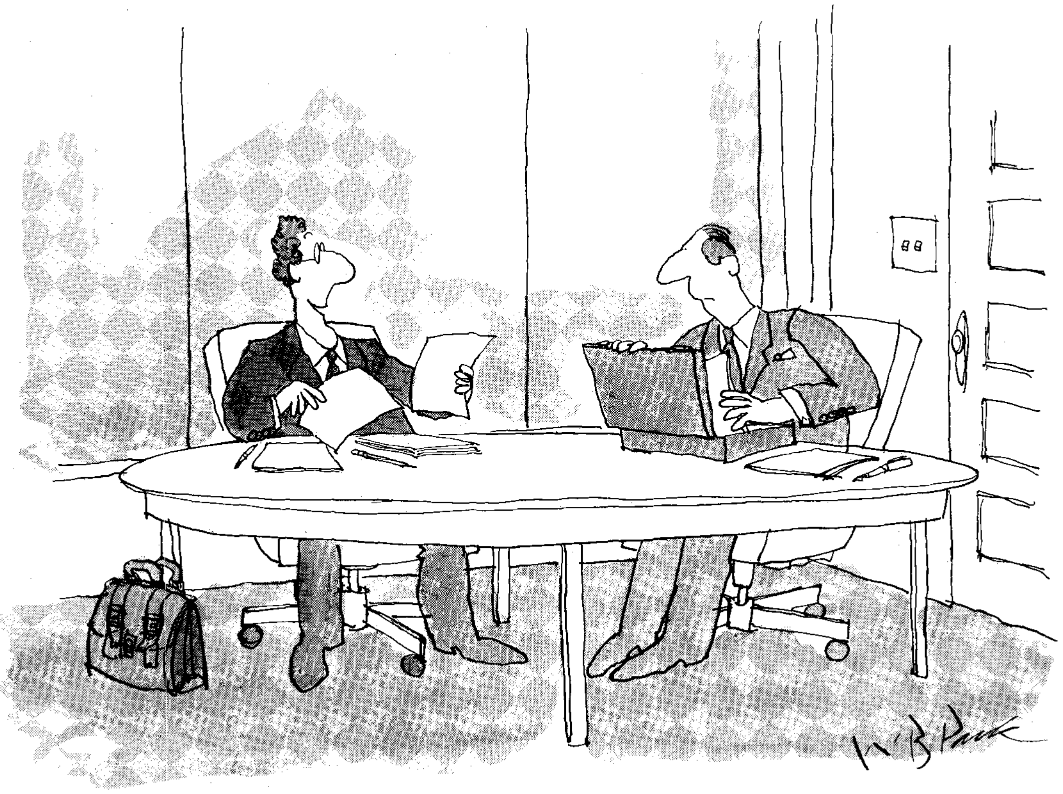
As we looked at each other, concentrating hard, the doorbell rang.

I crouched next to Cinder at the door, where she was peering through a crack. She plucked me back, but I'd seen a very young man, dark and graceful, in a crisp shirt.

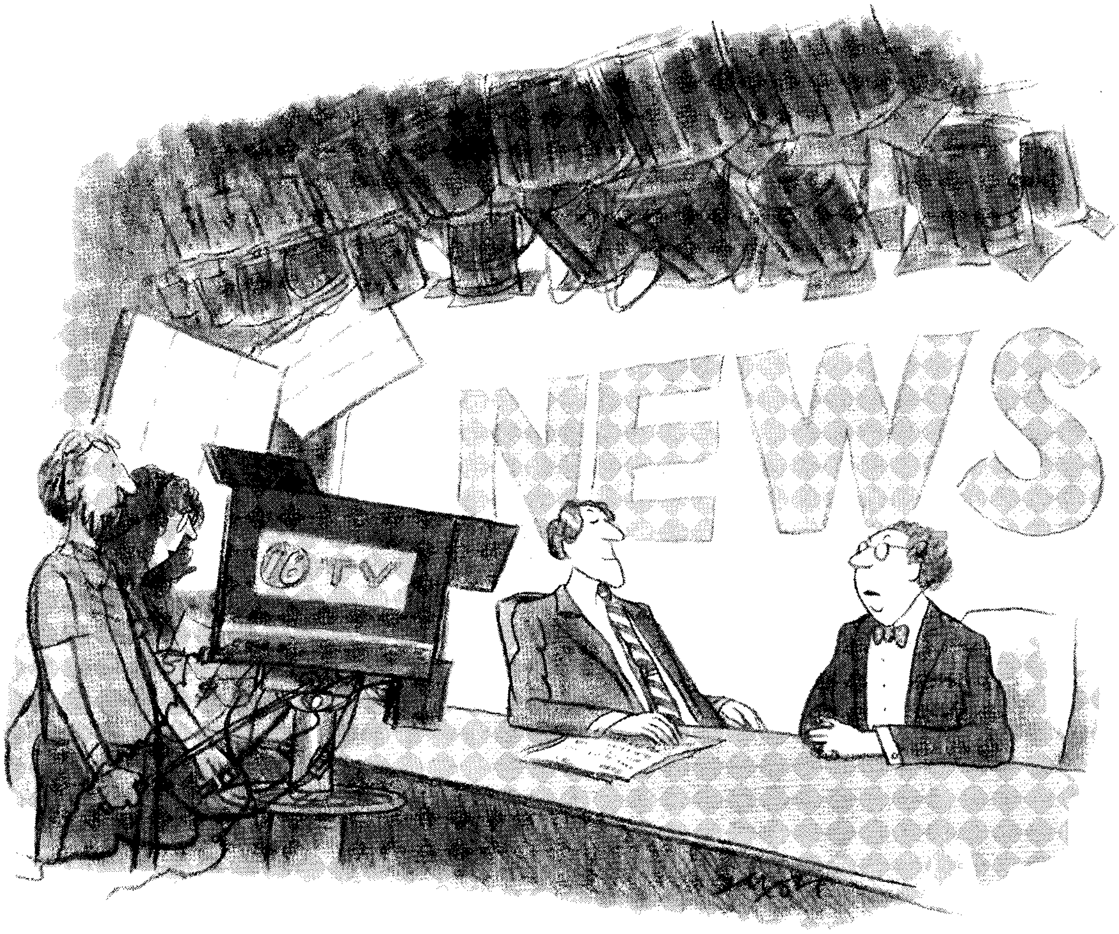
"How many years before someone is older than someone else?" I wrote on a little pad of paper we kept for lists.

"4 if yr a man 2 if yr a wman," Cinder wrote back. "But so wht?"

We sat absolutely still under Robert's photographed happiness while the footsteps outside the door continued back and forth and the doorbell rang again, and then, as Cinder and I stared at each other in horror, a second



"Two lone corporate lawyers sitting down to do battle. Don't you find something rather thrilling about that?"



"Glad you brought that up, Jim. The latest research on polls has turned up some interesting variables. It turns out, for example, that people will tell you any old thing that pops into their heads."

set of footsteps mounted the stairs. But it was Mitchell who spoke, not John Paul, and Cinder and I both let out our breath.

"Hey," Mitchell said. "Something I can help you with?"

"I'm a friend of Cinder's," the stranger said. "I was supposed to see her tonight, but she doesn't seem to be home."

"That's weird," Mitchell said, as Cinder put her hands over her mouth. "She said she'd be in all evening."

"Well, if you see her," the other voice said, "tell her Hector was here."

I peeked out and watched the men walk together toward the stairs. How nice men were with each other, how frail and trusting, I was thinking, and just then an explosion of hilarity escaped from behind Cinder's hands, and the two men halted and turned back toward the door in perfect synchronization. "What was that?" Hector said.

After a moment of utter motionlessness on both sides of the door, the two men began to discuss the possibilities of marauders, gas leaks, and overdoses, and Mitchell decided to climb over the roof and down the fire escape into Cinder's room. "If I don't open the door for you in about fifteen minutes," he said to Hector, "just chop it down, I guess, or something."

Cinder and I scrambled silently back to her room. "This is a catastrophe," she said.

"Yes," I said. "It is."

"Mitchell is so sweet, isn't he, though," she said, "to go up over the roof like that. It's pretty hard. He did it once before, when I flushed my keys down the toilet at some ridiculous party."

"How did you do that?" I asked.

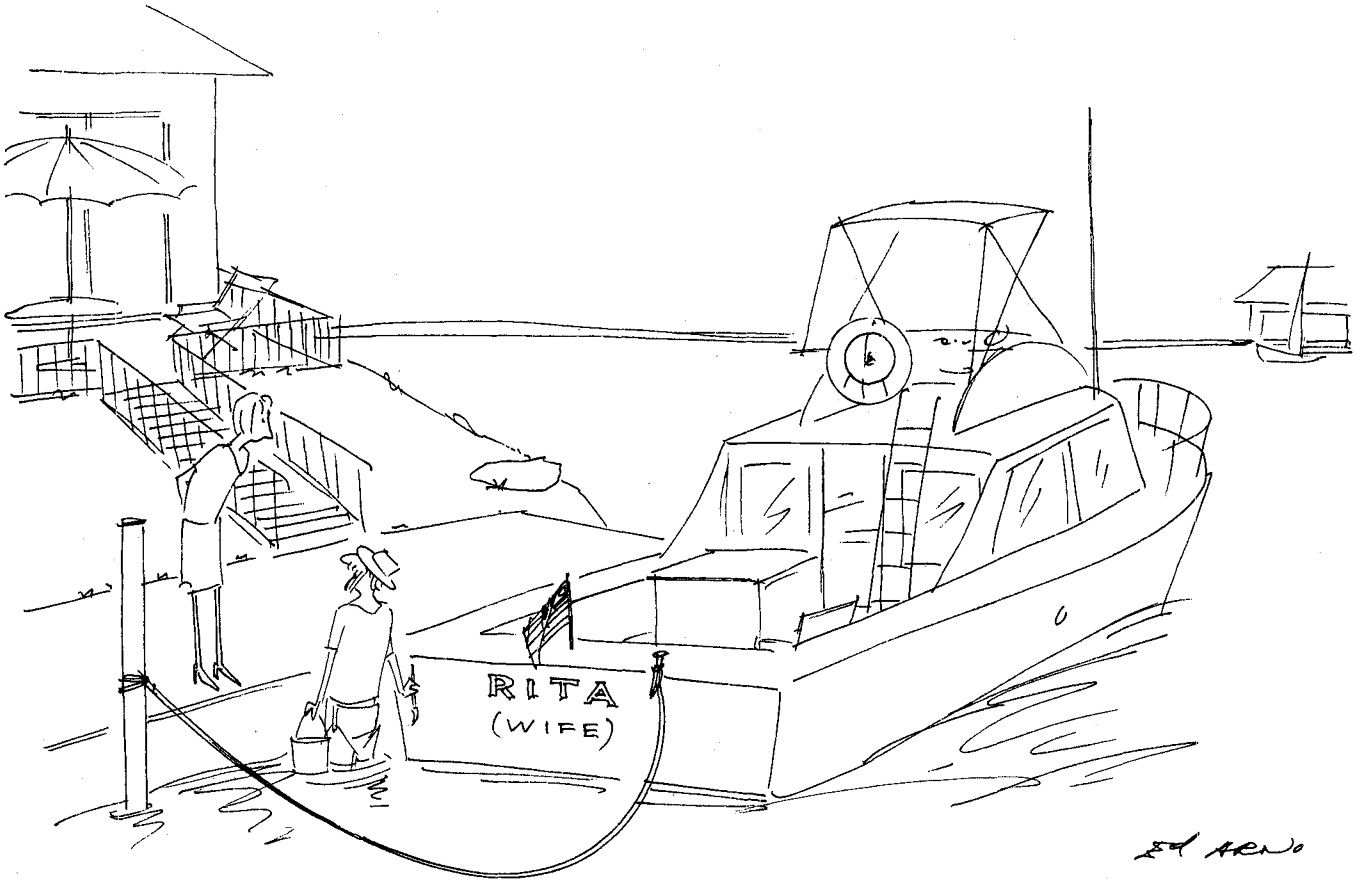
"Well," she said, "I mean, it wasn't on purpose. But he's the sort of person that would do that sort of thing."

"I don't think he'd climb over any roofs for me," I said.

"Mitchell isn't nice to you?" she said. "God. If I ever saw him not being nice to you, I'd beat him senseless. Oh, I mean, I know he can be sort of a snot sometimes," she said, "like a lot of those really great-looking men. It's not like women, you know. We're brought up to be able to handle being beautiful, but those really beautiful guys are brought up like hothouse flowers, and they're not taught what to do with all that stuff. They just get super aware of all that potential for, you know, damage, and they get sort of wooden. A lot of them can't even speak to a woman who isn't absolutely gorgeous herself. It's sort of like rich people, or people who are famous—they like their friends to be rich or famous, too, so that everyone understands everyone else on a certain level and no one has to worry about anyone else's motives."

Usually I enjoyed learning things from Cinder, but today everything she said made me feel worse. It wasn't fair of her, I thought, to call Mr. Bunder a cowpat without knowing him. Of course, she would have called him a cowpat even if she did know him. Robert would have called him a cowpat, too. Well, except that Robert would think that "cowpat" was a stupid thing to call someone. And actually, come to think of it, Robert wouldn't like Cinder one bit, either. And Cinder wouldn't like Robert. Well, Mr. Bunder was always nice to me.

"And men like Mitchell just worry and worry, you know?" Cinder was saying. "They're afraid they'll either be contaminated or unmasked if they get too near a woman who isn't beautiful. They're afraid their own beauty is all they have, and that it isn't really worth anything anyhow, and that it misrepresents their real inner disgustingness, and that they're going to lose it—all that stuff. Thank God John



"Satisfied?"

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Paul isn't like that! He just loves being beautiful. He thinks he *deserves* to be beautiful, and it's like he's got this big present for anyone who happens to be around—drunks on the corner, women with baby carriages, the grocer."

The little claim John Paul had staked on my arm asserted itself again, just as, with a huge thud, Mitchell climbed in the window. "Oh, don't get up," he said. "I was just passing by."

"I'm really sorry, Mitchell," Cinder said. "I'll explain all of this later, but right now please, please get out there immediately and grab that kid before he does something really dumb."

"When is John Paul supposed to get here?" I asked when Cinder had dispatched Mitchell.

"Pretty soon. Now, to be precise. But he's always late," she said. "Actually, he probably won't come at all."

"Oh, I'm sure he will," I said. I would have liked to put an arm around Cinder, as she so easily did with me when I talked about Robert, but I could only sit there next to her with my hands in my lap.

"You know," she said, "I think I've just figured out why men treat me so badly. It's karma. I really think it is."

I could figure out a few things about men myself, I thought. I could figure out, for instance, that men who said you looked a little like Meryl Streep meant that they didn't find you attractive but they thought someone else might. And I could figure out that men who said you looked like Big Bird or a dinosaur skeleton didn't think anyone would find you attractive.

"You're lucky that you're so nice," Cinder said. "Men are going to treat you really well in your next life."

"You know what?" I said after a moment. "I think Mitchell and Hector are in the kitchen."

"Jesus," Cinder said. "You're right! What on earth is Mitchell doing, that maniac!"

"Does he know that John Paul's supposed to come over?" I asked.

"Good point. I guess I didn't get a chance to mention it." She sucked air in through her teeth. "Well, Charles," she said. "It's up to you now."

"No!" I said. "What do you mean? I can't!"

"You've got to, Charlotte," Cinder said.

I shut Cinder's door carefully behind me and explained to the two men who were sitting comfortably at the table drinking beer that Cinder needed to be left utterly alone. "She says she feels like—like—there's a machete in her head."

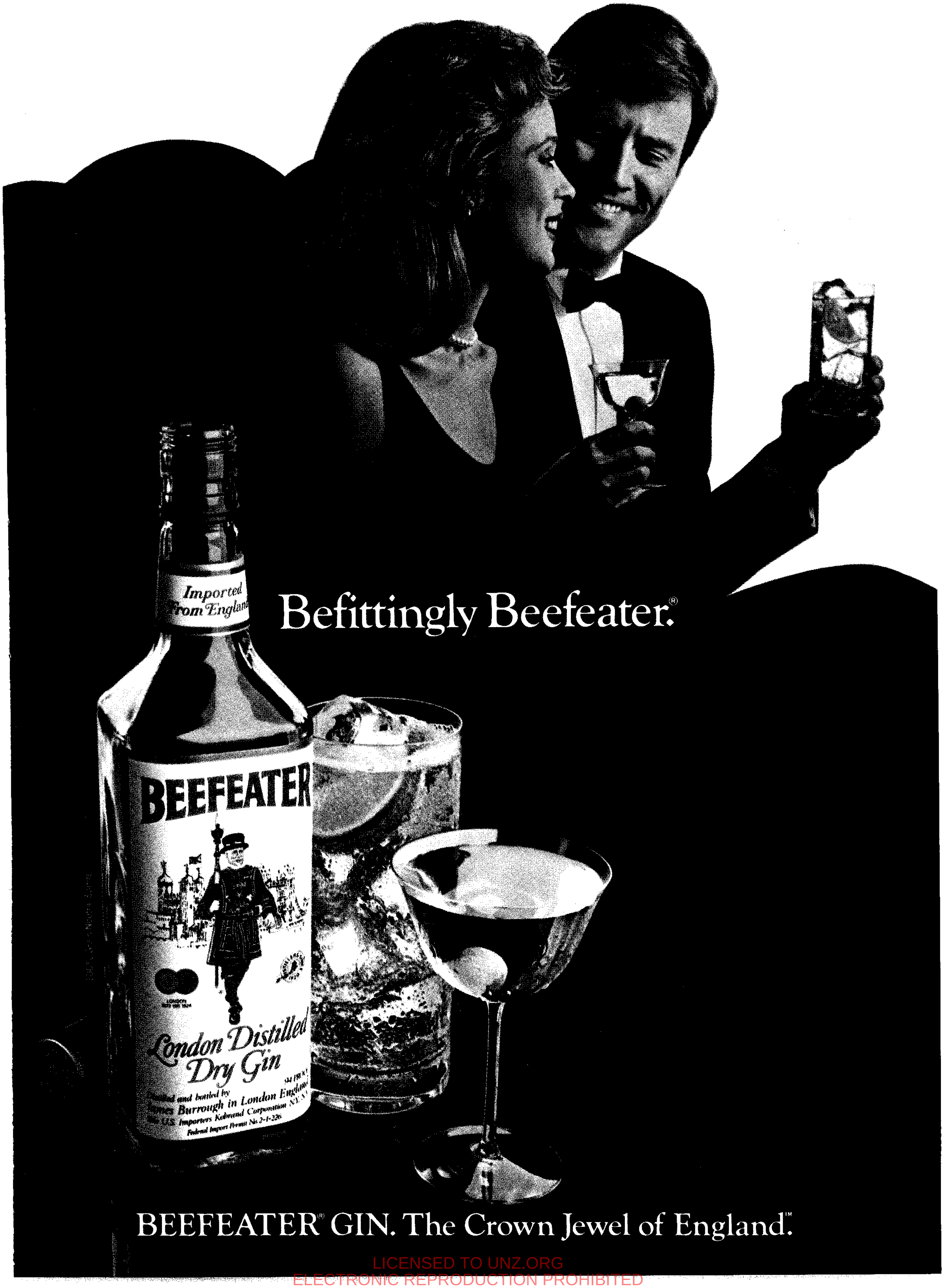
"Probably a brain tumor," Mitchell said, taking a sip of his beer.

"Should we call a doctor?" Hector said to me. He looked more solid at close range than he had out in the hall. He must have been twenty or twenty-one. "Or take her to the hospital?"

"No," I said. "I mean, this happens all the time. The only thing to do is let her rest."

"Well, I guess so. Listen—" Hector said. He wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to me. "Here's my phone number. Could you ask her please to give me a call sometime when she's feeling better?"

Downstairs, Mitchell nodded and walked off, leaving me to go in the opposite direction with Hector. I wanted to say good night to Hector, but we were in the middle of the block, so if I did say good night I would have to continue with him afterward, which would seem peculiar, or else I would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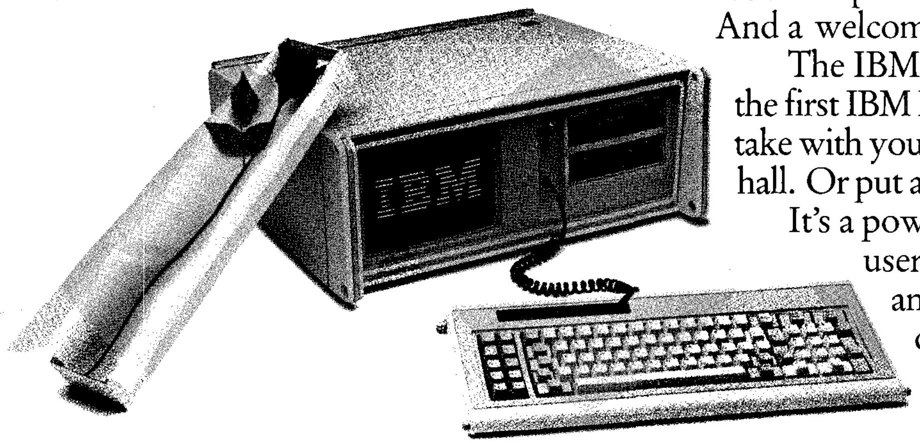

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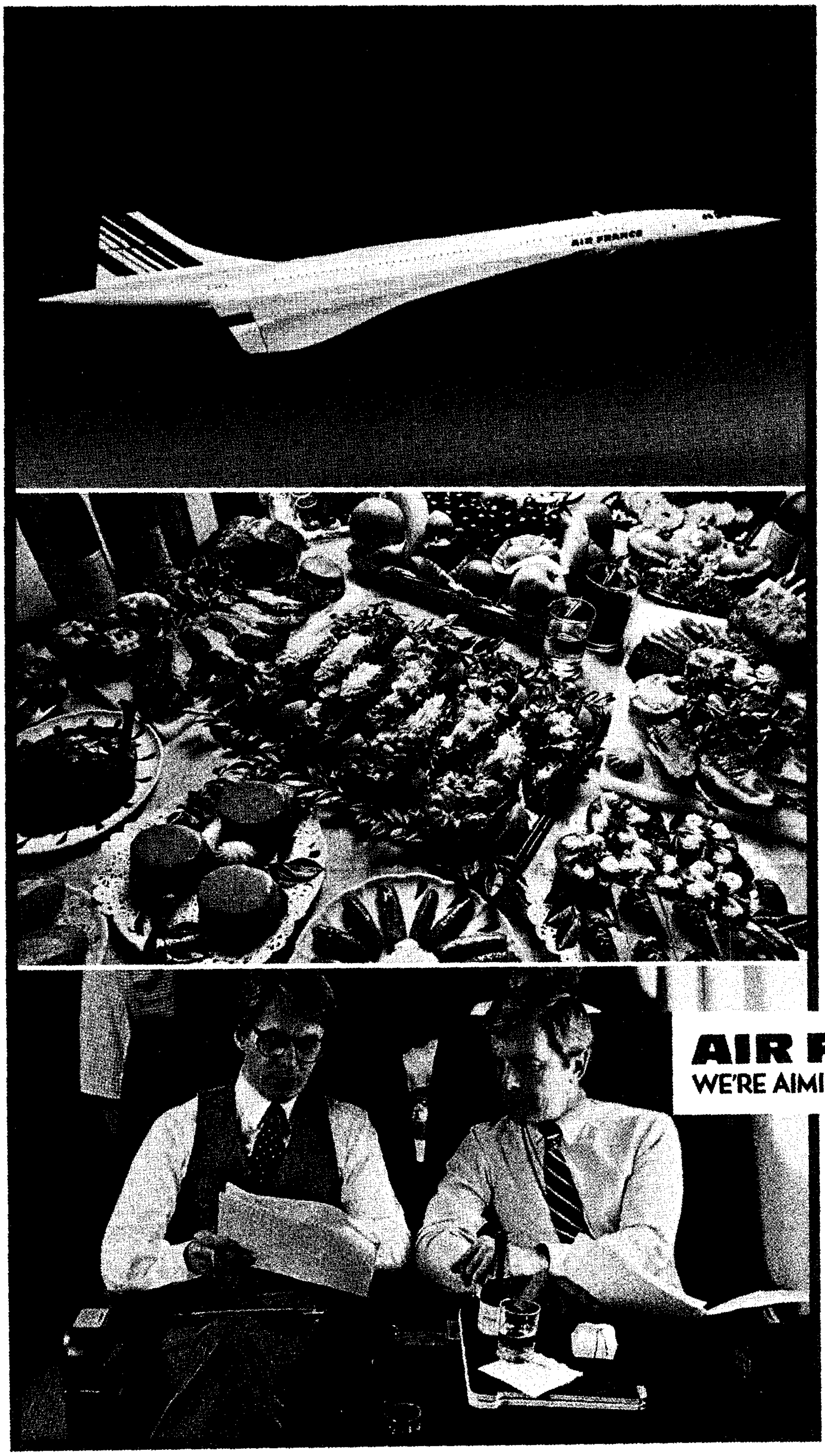

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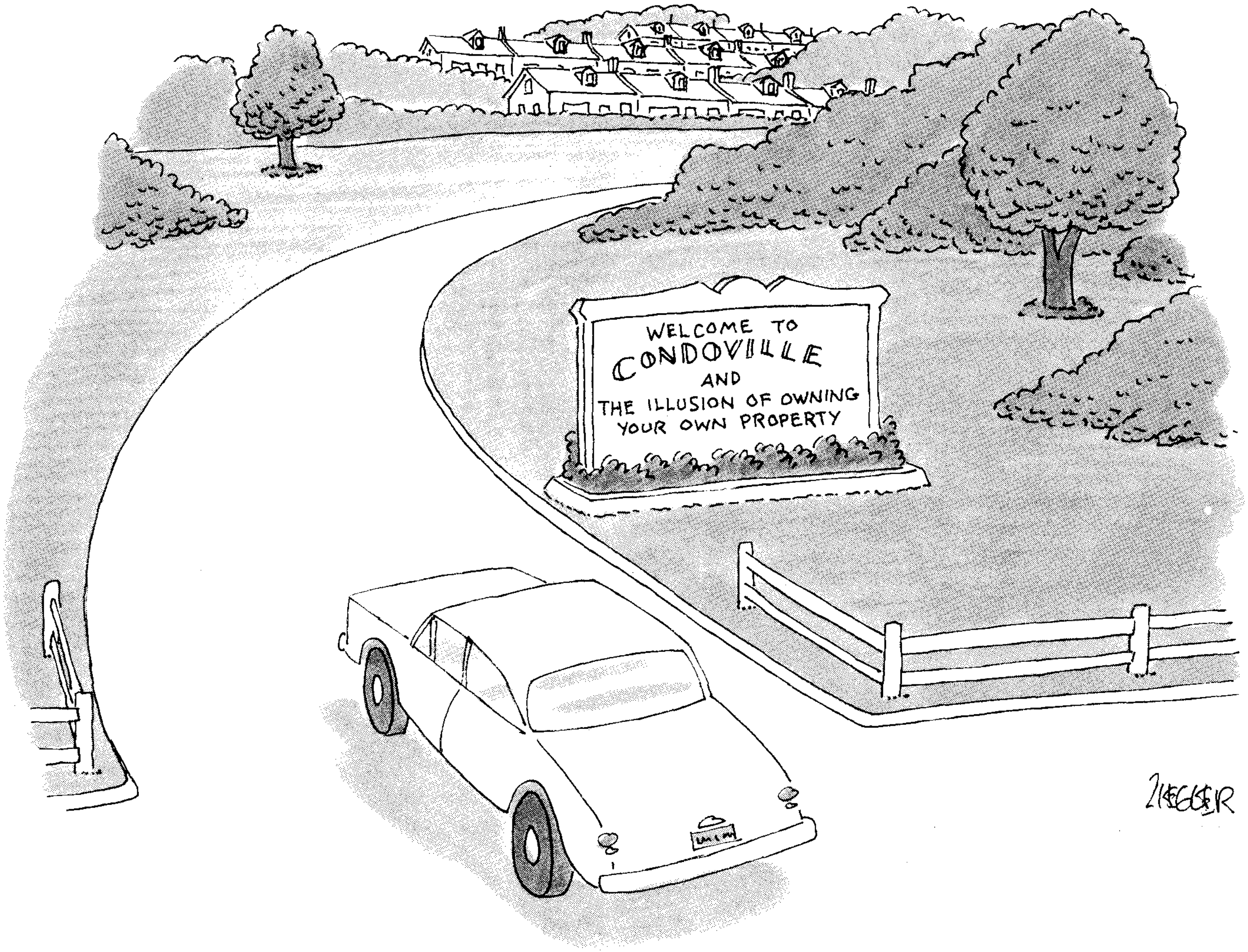

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have to turn and go back in the direction from which we'd just come, which would seem . . . well, also peculiar. So I decided I would say good night at the corner.

At the corner, Hector turned to me. "Want to get something to eat?"

Something to eat! I was just walking with him to get him out of the apartment! "I guess not," I said. I turned to face him. "Thanks anyway . . . I really am hungry."

"Well," Hector said, "come on, then. There's a good place a couple of blocks away."

WHAT was it that Puerto Ricans ate, I wondered as I walked along beside Hector, but the restaurant we entered was Italian, with pictures of harbors and flowers and entertainers overlapping on the walls, and cloths and glass-stoppered bottles of dark wine on the tables, around which sat large men and handsome, glistening women, all talking and laughing. It seemed, in fact, as if each table were a little boat, bobbing along on the hubbub of pleasure.

Hector and I were seated at our own table, and Hector got us outfitted with glasses for the wine, and a huge platter of vegetables—a whole fried harvest—and I felt that we ourselves had pulled anchor and were setting off like the others into that open expanse.

But then I was staring straight at a gold chain Hector wore. How had I come to be here with this person, I wondered. Yet the links lay flat along his neck, as sleek and secure as a stripe on some strange animal. "I'm sorry about Cinder," I said.

Hector glanced away from me. "Everyone gets headaches at one time or another."

What did he mean? "Actually," I said, "I have a headache myself now. It must be because I got drunk this afternoon."

"This afternoon?" Hector said.

"It was a mistake," I said.

"Oh," he said. "So was that Cinder's boyfriend?"

"Oh, heavens, no," I said. "Mitchell's just a friend. Actually, I never really thought about it before, but I suppose he is really quite attracted to Cinder. But you know what?" The words were forming themselves before I had a chance to think about them. "I don't think he's interested in women. I mean, in being involved with them." Why had I said such a thing? Hector would want to talk about Cinder, not Mitchell.

"I had a cousin like that," Hector said. "He liked girls pretty well, but he didn't want any girlfriends. He didn't like other boys, like a lot of boys do. But he wore drag all the time. Pretty dresses, silk underwear, you know? He was very nice. Everybody liked him, but he was about the strangest one in my family."

The waiter moved our vegetables over to make room for vast dishes of spaghetti and sausage.

"What happened to him?" I asked. "Your cousin."

"Oh, he's O.K.," Hector said. "He grew out of it. It was just a teen-age thing for him. But he still doesn't go out much with girls. Hey, this stuff is good, isn't it? He teaches physical education in Pittsburgh now."

We took a long time with our spaghetti, while Hector told me more about his family. It sounded as if they were fond of each other. And he told me about an information-theory class he was taking. "Are you studying?" he asked me.

"I'm finished now. I'm a lot older than you." I looked straight at Hector. I wanted to make sure he understood that I wasn't trying to make him think that I was his age, that the fact that he was a lot younger than I was was of no interest to me. It was Robert, after all, I wasn't good enough for.

"Dessert and coffee?" the waiter asked before Hector could respond. "Or have you lost your appetite?"

"That's right." Hector gestured toward my plate as the waiter cleared it away. "You did pretty good, for a girl."

When we were finished, Hector asked, "So do you like to go dancing?"

For an instant, Robert commandeered the air in front of me. He sat with his feet on his desk, leaning back and smiling. "Flattered?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" I said.

"Too bad," Hector said. "I know a good place uptown."

"No." I got to my feet quickly. "I didn't mean I didn't want to go dancing—I meant I didn't not want to go dancing." I was breathing hard as I looked at him, as if I'd run to catch up with him.

"That's what you meant, huh?" he said. "Far out." But he grinned as he stood, and he stretched, letting one arm fall around me in a comradely manner.

OH, it felt good to dance. I hadn't gone dancing since Robert and I had started being unhappy. Hector knew a lot of people in the place we'd come to, and we stopped and talked with them. They spoke to Hector in Spanish, but when Hector put a defending hand on my shoulder and answered in English everyone else switched into English, too, except for a tiny, dark star of a girl who continued in Spanish with Hector in a husky baby voice. "Her cousin in Queens has a '62 Corvette that I want," Hector told me. "And she says he's thinking about selling it to me."

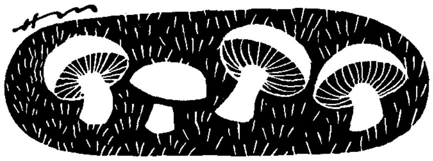
He bought us Cokes and finished his own in one motion, while I watched his head tilt back and his throat work. "You don't do drugs?" I said.

"I stay away from that stuff, mostly." He looked very serious. "It seems like you can do a lot of things behind it, but that's an illusion, see. I had a good friend, a heavy user, who died. Everyone thought he was a very happy guy. You see people, you talk to them—their faces say one thing, you never know what's inside." For a moment, he seemed almost incandescent, but then he smiled impatiently toward the room, laying aside his trustful seriousness. "Anyhow," he said, "I like to keep in shape." The gold around his neck winked, and I looked away quickly.

"Excuse me," I said. "I'll be back in a minute." I fought through the dancers and sat down near the wall. When I closed my eyes, I felt private for a moment, but when I opened them I was looking straight into the whole, huge crowd, right to where Hector was standing, listening attentively to the tiny dark girl. He looked dignified and brotherly as she smiled up at him, but then, suddenly, he tilted back and flared into a laugh of pure appreciation.

In the ladies' room, I held a wet paper towel against my forehead while a herd of girls jostled and giggled around me. Keep in shape, I thought. What had that meant! Had I been expected to admire him? Who was Hector, anyway? What on earth did he think I was doing there with him? Did he think I was attracted to him? And why had I chattered on with him so during dinner? He was just some kid my roommate had picked up on the street! I was wearing, the mirror reminded me, the same nasty office dress I'd been wearing when I sat next to Mr. Bunder light-years earlier in the day. Hector belonged with that girl who was flirting with him, or with Cinder, not with me, and I knew that just as much as he could ever know that, and if he had wanted to prove something to, or because of, Cinder, he had certainly picked the wrong person to prove it with.

When I got to the exit I glanced back and saw Hector in the throng, struggling toward me. Although because of the music I couldn't hear him, I also saw that he was calling my name. I stood in the cool air outside and closed the door slowly against the throbbing room, watching, like a scientist watching the demise of an experiment, as Hector's expression changed from surprise to consternation to . . . what? Was he enraged? Affronted? Relieved?



On the subway, I thought how if Hector had been there with me, if we had been heading downtown together, tired out from dancing, we would have looked aligned. His restful, measuring regard as he leaned back against the wall of the car would have been matched by mine, and our arms would have been close enough so that I could feel the dissipating heat from his against my much paler, thinner one.

There was a group of girls balancing at one of the car's center poles. They were slight and black-haired, like the girl Hector had been talking to, and like her they had long, brilliant nails. Their wrists were marvellously fragile, and their feet, in shiny leather, were like little hooves. I had never asked to compete with such girls, I thought, fuming.

I WANTED to be alone when I got back to the apartment, but Mitchell was in the kitchen, pushing something around on a little hand mirror with a straw, and Cinder was lying on the floor in the peacock-blue dress.

"The dress with the bad seam!" I said.

"Madame wishes another snootful?" Mitchell asked, offering Cinder the mirror.

"Christ, no." Cinder turned over and groaned. "What is that stuff, anyhow?"

"Drug du jour," Mitchell said. "It was on sale."

"Oh, Mitchell, Jesus," she said. Mitchell had been right. She looked even better in that dress than the girl in the store had.

"Charlie," she said, turning to me. I could see that she had been crying. "Listen. Let me ask you something. Do men always tell you that you're really great in bed? That you're the best?"

Only an instant escaped before I knew what to answer. "Always," I said. "They always say that."

"They are so sick," she said. "What a bunch of sickos."

"Guess you had a bad time with John Paul," I said, even though I really didn't want to hear about it.

"That about sums it up," she said. "See that stuff on the floor? That used to be my gorgeous ceramic bowl. I really wish you'd been here, Charlie. I needed you."

"I was needed by you elsewhere," I said. "Remember Hector?"

"Hector?" she said. "What were you doing with Hector?"

"What was I doing with Hector?" I said. "How should I know what I was doing with Hector! I was doing you a favor, that's what I was doing with Hector!"

"Charlie," Cinder said. "What's the matter? Are you mad at me?"

"I'm not mad at you," I said. "Just don't call me that name, please. It's a man's name. My name is Charlotte."

"Come on," Cinder said. "Let's have it. Tell Cinder why you're all bent out of shape."

"I am not bent out of shape," I said. "Whatever that means. I am not bent out of shape in any way. It's just that I got Hector out of here so you could see John Paul, and then you don't even say, 'Thank you, Charlotte. I really appreciate that.' "

"Thank you, Charlotte. I really appreciate that," Cinder said. "Charlie—Sorry. Charlotte. Listen. You're my best friend. What point would there be in my saying, 'Oh, thank you, Charlotte,' every time you did anything for me? You do thousands of things for me."

"Well," I said.

"Just like I do thousands of things for you. I mean, you know that I do things for you because I care about you and because I want to, not because I feel like I have to or because I want you to owe me anything. So you don't have to say, 'Thank you, Cinder, for letting me come live with you when I had no place else to go. . . . Thank you, Cinder, for dragging me around with you everywhere and introducing me to all your friends.' I know you feel gratitude toward me, just like I feel gratitude toward you. But that's not the point."

"Well, I know," I said. What point? "But still."

"And anyhow," she said, "I did ask you to get that guy out of the apartment, but I didn't ask you to spend the rest of your life with him. What did you do, anyhow?"

"We had dinner," I said.

"Dinner! How hilarious!"

"I don't see why," I said. "People eat dinner every night. Besides, I had to do something with him. And then"—oh, so what, I thought—"we went dancing."

"Oh, unbelievable!" Cinder said. "I can just see it. One of those places full of little Latino girls in pressed jeans and heels, boys covered with jewelry . . ."

"That's—" I said. "That's—" I

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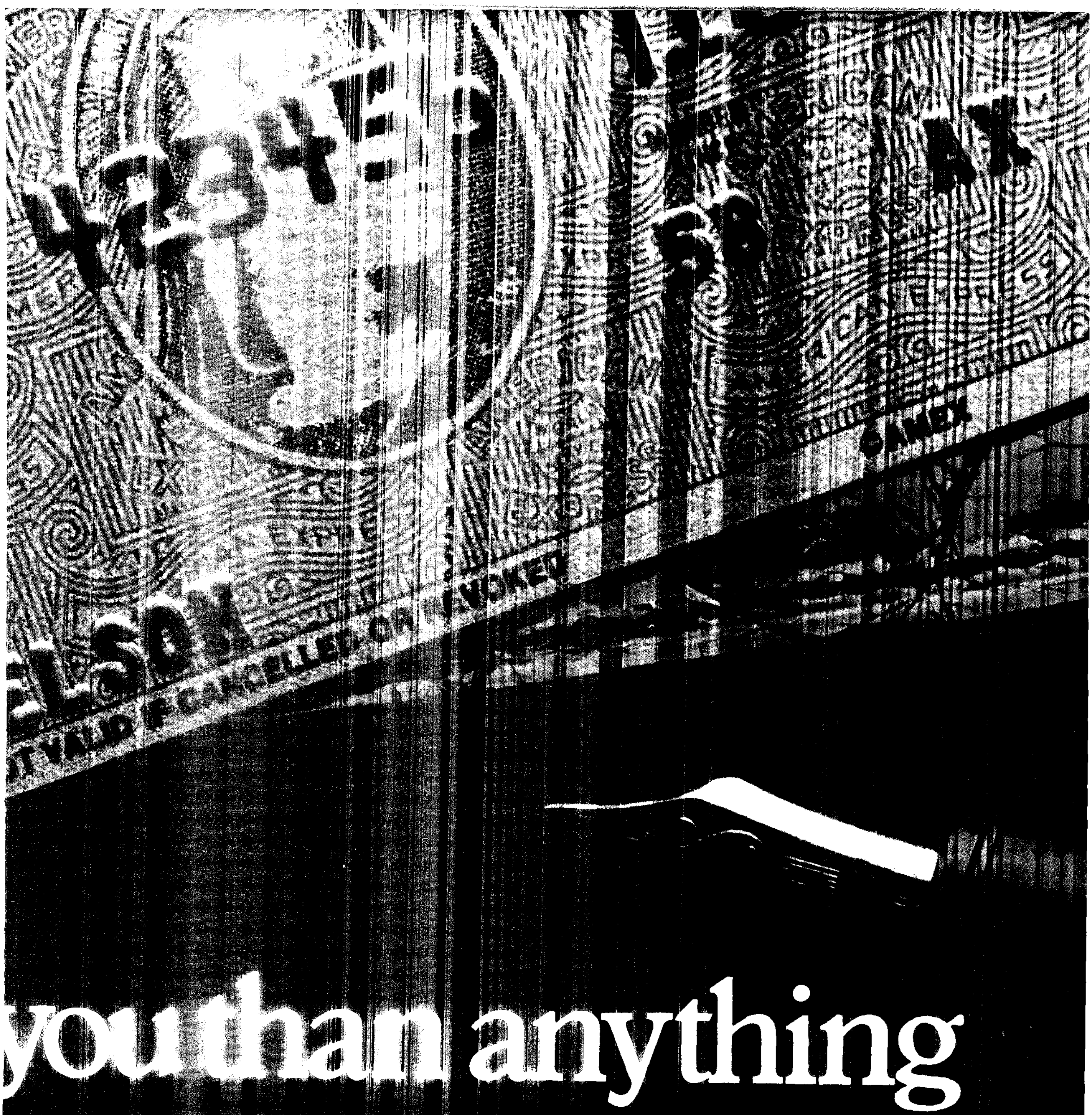

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tried to seize the sensation that rippled under my hand, of gold against Hector's skin as he drank his Coke and laughed with the girl, but the sensation dried, leaving me with only the empty image.

"One of those places where everyone does this superstructured dancing . . ." Cinder said.

"One of those places with putrid air-wave rock where everyone's bilingual," I said. "Besides, you were going to go out with him yourself."

"Go out with him, yeah, but not, like, necessarily into public. I mean, God, Charlie—Charlotte—you were so nice to him!"

"Actually," I said, and a thought froze me where I stood, "he was nice to me." I looked at Cinder in horror, seeing the distress on Hector's face as I'd shut the door against him and the roomful of dancers. "He was nice to me, and I just left him there."

"Well," Cinder said. "He'll live."

"I might have hurt his feelings," I said. "It was a mean thing to do."

"Well, it wasn't really mean," Cinder said. "Besides, *you're right*. It was me he asked out, not you."

My brain started to revolve inside my skull, tumbling its inventory. "I'm going to call him and apologize," I said, rummaging through my pocket for the piece of paper with his number on it.

"God," Cinder said, looking at me. "He gave you his number?"

"To tell you the truth—" I said. And then I couldn't say anything else for several seconds. "He gave me his number for you. He wanted you to call him."

"Charlotte," Cinder said, rolling over. "You liked him."

"He's a perfectly nice man," I snapped. "I neither liked nor disliked him."

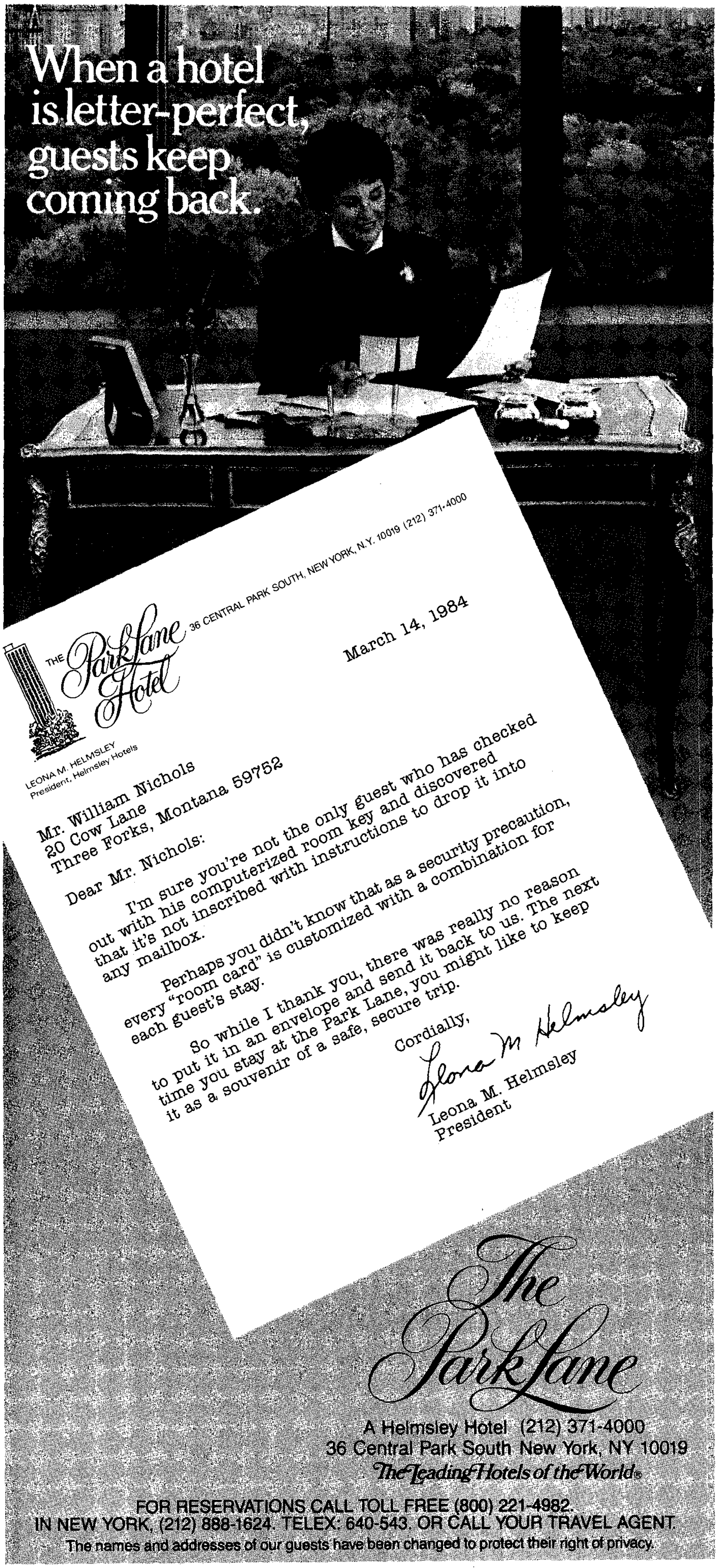
"Man?" Cinder said. "He's probably just barely gone through some puberty rite where he had to spear a sow or something."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. "He's studying computer engineering. And you know what, Cinder? You're a racist—"

"Racist!" she said. "Now, where is *that* coming from?"

"That's right," I said, "you think you can say these idiotic things about him because he's a Puerto Rican. You don't take him seriously because he's a Puerto Rican—"

"It is not because he's a Puerto Rican!" she said.



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"Not because he's a Puerto Rican," Mitchell echoed, and Cinder and I swivelled at the sound of his voice. "Not because he's a Puerto Rican. Because he's *like* a Puerto Rican. He's a Cuban."

"Cuban!" Cinder and I said in unison.

"At least, that's what he told me," Mitchell said. "When we were waiting for Cinder." Mitchell's eyes moved from Cinder to me and back again while we stared at him. His face looked white and slippery, like a bathroom tile. "Hector," he said finally. "You mean the guy who was here before. The Cuban."

"The Cuban!" Cinder whooped. "That's right—the Cuban, Charlie! Who's the racist now, huh?"

"Why don't you get off the floor?" I said. "You're getting stuff all over that dress."

"Come on, Charlotte," Cinder said, but she stood up, and for an instant she looked terribly uncertain. "I really don't see why you're getting so crazy about this. This is just *funny*."

Funny, I thought. It was funny.

But it wasn't that funny. "There isn't a thing wrong with that dress, is there?" I said. "Besides—" I took a breath. "Hector didn't think I looked like a dinosaur skeleton—"

"Dinosaur skeleton?" Cinder said. "What on earth are you talking about, Charlotte? Why would anybody think you look like a dinosaur skeleton? I really don't know what your problem is. You act like everyone's trying to kill you. You sit there with your mouth open and your finger in your nose like you don't know anything and you can't understand anything and you can't do anything and you want me to tell you what's going on all the time. But that's not what you want at all! You don't really care what I think. You don't care what Mitchell thinks. You just like to make people think you're completely pathetic, and then everyone feels absolutely horrible so you don't really have to pay any attention to anybody. You're like one of those things that hang upside down from trees pretending to be dead so no one will shoot it! You're an awful friend!"

I stared at Cinder.

Good heavens, yes.

But it was too late for me to do anything about being a bad friend. I stared and stared at Cinder's unhappy little face, and then I grabbed my suitcase from the closet and started sweeping things into it from the shelves. Oh, and Mr. Bunder—Hector. Cinder was right. I was flooded with shame.

"Charlotte—" Cinder said, but there was nothing else I needed to know, and I scooped my stuff off the shelves and threw it into my suitcase as if I'd been visited by a power. "Charlotte—I'm sorry. I just meant you have a low self-opinion. You should try to be more positive about yourself."

"You'd better see if Mitchell's all right," I said, glancing around to see if there was anything I'd forgotten. "I don't think he is."

"Mitchell," Cinder said, "are you all right?"

"I just don't feel like talking right now," Mitchell said.

"Oh, great," Cinder said. "What a great evening. One friend fried to a crisp and the other crashing around like Joan Crawford. Come on, Charlotte. Just let's calm down and put your stuff away. John Paul will probably show up any minute to apologize, and he hates a mess."

And, Lord—I'd almost forgotten my photograph of Robert. What was it doing up there anyway—as if he were the president of some company? I yanked it from the wall with both hands, and it tore in half. "Oh, Charlotte," Cinder said. But, to my surprise, I didn't care. Robert had never looked like that picture anyhow. That was how I'd wanted him to look, but he hadn't looked like that.

"O.K., everyone," Cinder said. "Let's just be like normal people now, O.K.? Let's just relax and have a beer or something. Beer, Mitchell?" she asked, holding a bottle out to him, but he seemed to be listening for a distant signal.

"Charlotte," she said. "Beer?" But I, too, was busy elsewhere, and I didn't turn when she said, "Great. Cheers," to see her tilt back the bottle herself, trying to make it look as if everything were completely under control. Well, she could try to make it look like that, she could try to make anything look like anything she wanted, but right then I just wanted everything to look like itself, whatever it might be. And I remember so clearly that moment, standing there astride my suitcase, with part of that photograph of Robert in each hand, my legs trembling and my heart racing with a dark exultation, as if I'd just, in the grace of an instant, been thrown wide of some mortal danger.

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REFLECTIONS

A VISIT TO RUSSIA

OVER the past twenty-five years, I have made four visits to the Soviet Union, always with much the same purposes in mind. I have the normal curiosity about another huge part of the globe, its markedly different social, political, and economic structure, and—especially in Leningrad—its compelling art and architecture. Also, I've long believed that in Russia much can be learned about one of the basic tendencies of the modern economy and polity, West or East. That is the present-day commitment to vast organization: in the West, to the great modern public agency and the large, inevitably bureaucratic corporation; in the Soviet Union, to the even more enormous socialist apparatus that combines the structures of government, industry, and commerce.

The approved view, celebrated in the political rhetoric of capitalism and Communism alike, holds that a total difference separates socialism from free enterprise. The fact is, though, that if steel, chemicals, or automobiles are to be produced on a large scale there will be somewhat similar organizations for doing it, whether in the capitalist or the socialist world. Additionally, these enterprises will stamp their special culture—hours, discipline, hierarchy—on the surrounding communities. A high official of Fiat told me many years ago that any problem encountered in the manufacture of Fiat automobiles in Turin was likely to occur a few months later in the operation they initiated in Togliattigrad, in the Soviet Union, labor negotiations notably apart. Thus my feeling that one can learn something—much, I think—of the difficulties of what can perhaps be called the age of organization by observing their comprehensive manifestation in the Soviet Union. "The New Industrial State," a book I wrote some years ago that, in part, celebrated the similarities between the two systems, had a substantial circulation in the United States and also, in Russian translation, in the Soviet Union. Critics in both countries disapproved of its contention that there is a tendency toward a bureaucratic convergence of the two economies. I did not find this wholly discouraging.

My further, and more pressing, concern in these visits has been to associate myself with the general goal of maintaining civil communication between the United States and the Soviet Union. I am not attracted by the Soviet system, but I am committed to the need for arms control—to the thought that after a nuclear exchange the ashes of Communism will be indistinguishable from the ashes of capitalism, even by the most perceptive ideologist. But it is a prerequisite for the control of nuclear weapons that there be a modicum of confidence and trust between the two countries. An important contribution to this trust would be a muting of the political rhetoric on both sides; many of the people I encountered on my most recent trip singled out for particular mention President Reagan's reference to the Soviet Union as an evil empire. And, like others, I also feel that something can be accomplished by movement between America and Russia, including interchange in the sciences and the arts. The people and the purposes of both countries seem far more ominous in political and military report than in first-hand observation and account. The latter impression is of men and women on both sides engaged in the everyday business of life, with a similarly expressed fear of war, a similarly expressed desire that they and their children be allowed to live.

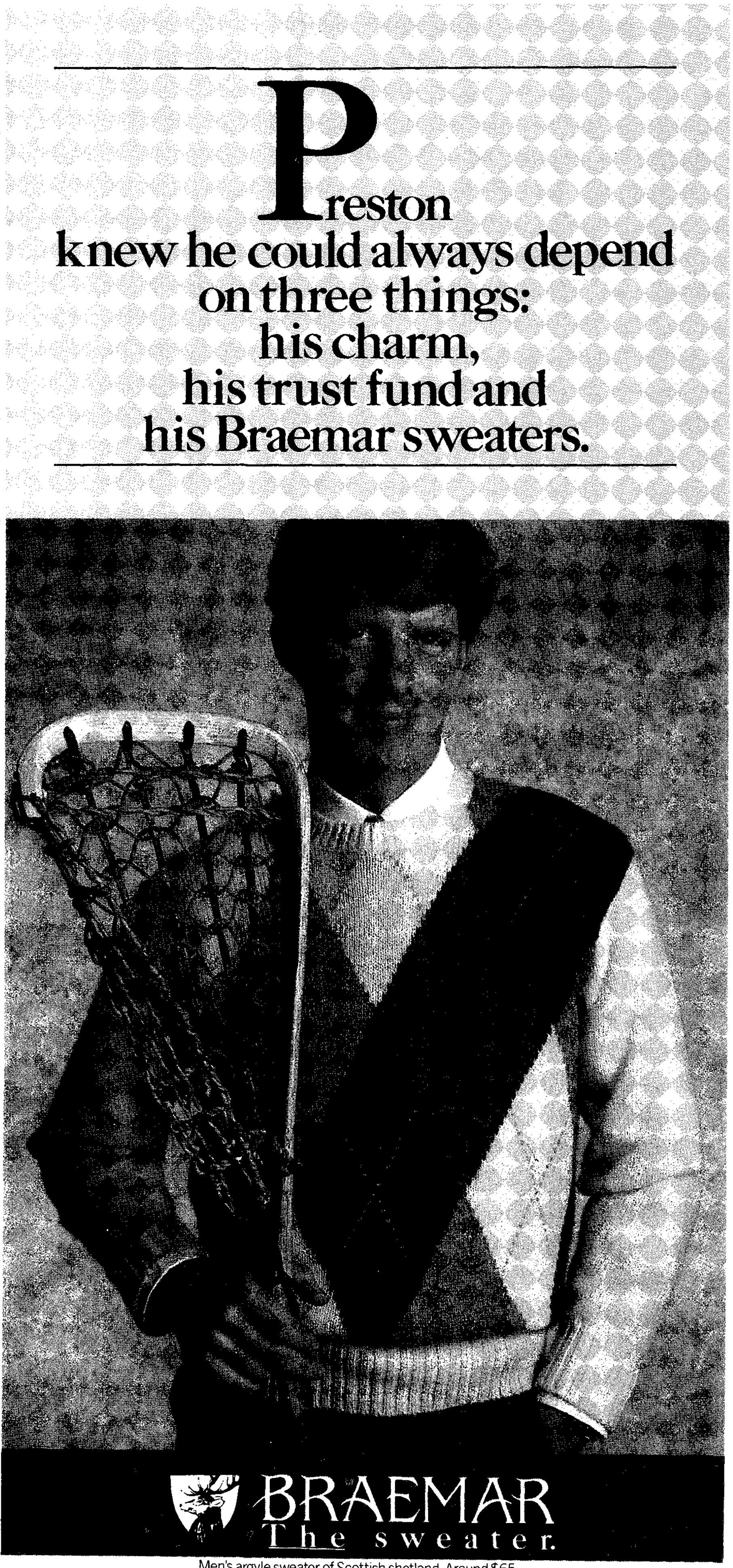
"I am an angry person, but I don't like to share my anger with just anyone."

MY first visit to the Soviet Union was in 1959, in company with two Yale professors—Lloyd Reynolds, the greatly distinguished economist and longtime chairman of the

Yale Economics Department, and Michael Montias, a slightly younger, Russian-speaking scholar. Our purpose, supported by the Ford Foundation, was to visit the economics departments and research facilities of the universities, from Tashkent in Central Asia, where I arrived from a visit to India, to Kiev in the Ukraine, and from Tbilisi in Georgia north to Leningrad. This we faithfully did, and it is at least possible that in consequence we did not see the very best of Soviet economic talent, which is drawn relentlessly into the practical work of the vast economic apparatus of the state or the closely associated economic institutes. We also visited numerous industrial establishments, as in Russia or China one feels obliged to do. To the best of my recollection, I have never inspected a factory in a serious way in the United States.

The late fifties was a time of optimism for the Soviets, and also for Americans. We were asked repeatedly if we didn't concede that the Soviet Union would soon catch up with and eventually surpass us in economic performance, and we would find ourselves replying that our own prospect was not bad. A mild competition would then develop over who could give the greater glow to his country's future. In Moscow once, as I've often told, I thought to change the terms of this competition. Asked if we took seriously the Russian intention of overtaking us in economic output, I expressed amazement. I adverted to the already frightful automobile congestion in New York and the incipiently lethal air pollution in Los Angeles, and expressed shock that the only goal of a planned economy was to replicate the excesses of an unplanned one. Our hosts were not deterred; obviously, they said, there might be special problems as regards automobiles. It is now extremely helpful to a candid exchange of views that neither capitalism nor socialism can be said to be working so very well.

A journey to Leningrad and Moscow in 1964 is also vivid in my memory. I was with a delegation to discuss the possibility of closer cultural relations and interchange and other matters. My companions included David Rockefeller, Norton Simon, James Michener, and Buckminster Fuller; the chairman of our group was Norman Cousins. The special attention of our hosts was focussed on Rockefeller; he was the embodiment of the American ruling class, and the only one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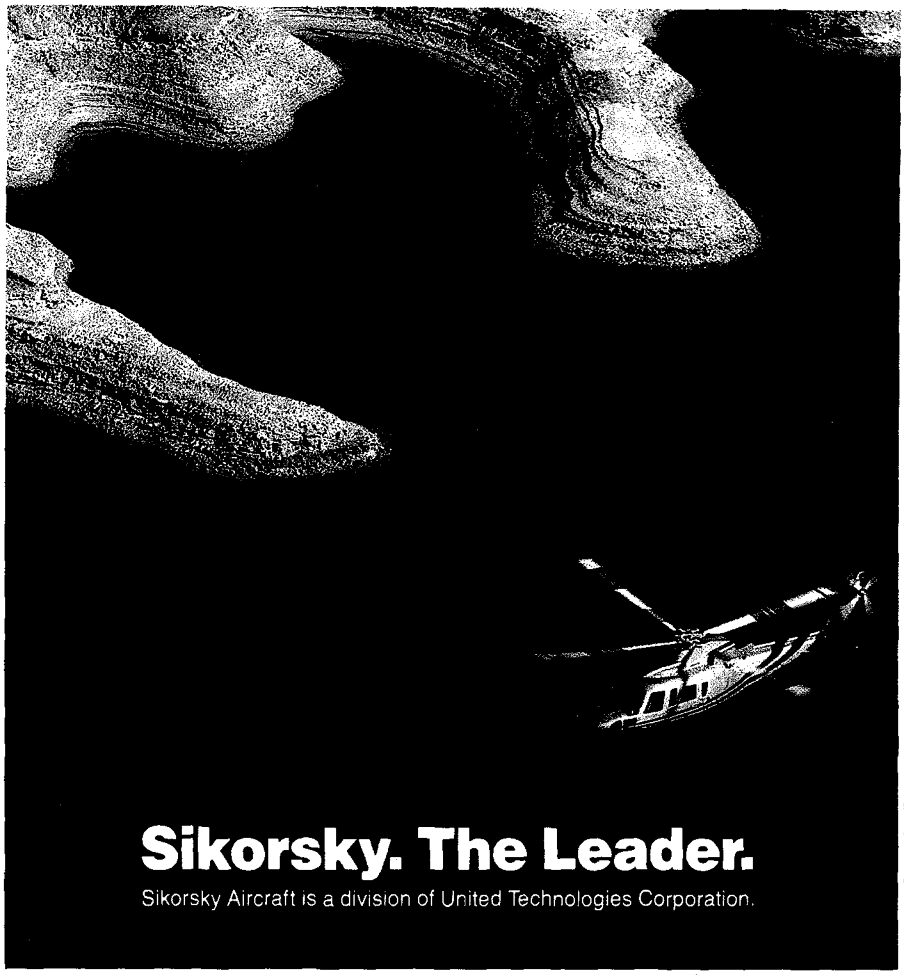
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singled out to see Premier Nikita Khrushchev. But also commanding attention was Buckminster Fuller, whose diverse ideas on art, architecture, and urban design and on sociology and contemporary anthropology led to a request from the Russians that we adjourn our meetings so that he might give a special lecture. It far exceeded the meetings in interest.

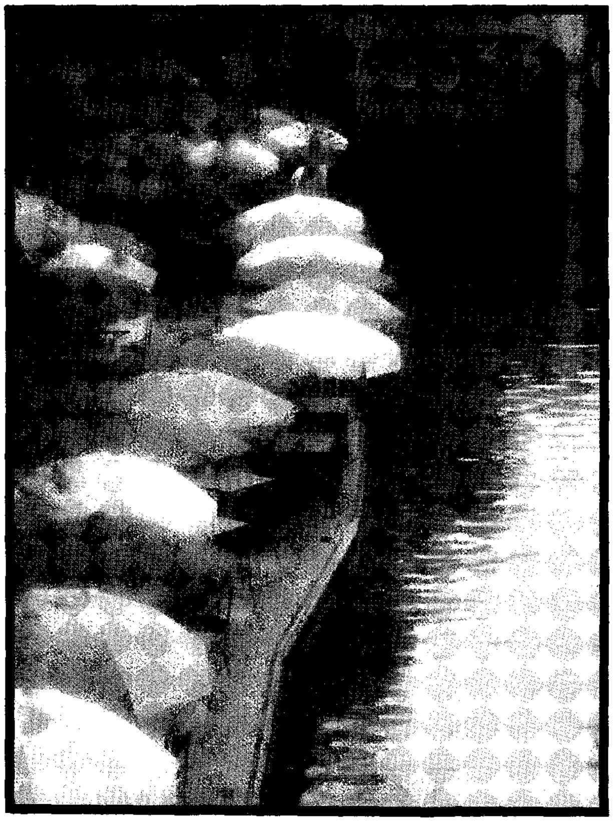
One night on that visit, we were taken on a ship up the Neva to Lake Ladoga, and on the way back I had a long conversation with an articulate and charming woman scholar from one of the Soviet institutes, who had earlier worked at the United Nations. (We met again on my most recent trip.) She told me that, on balance, Soviet readers get more from their newspapers than Americans do from theirs. Americans, out of long habit, read quickly and superficially, and accept what they thus read as fact. The Soviet citizen, out of a tradition reaching back to the days of the czars, reads in depth: any important news story is appraised for what it says, what it probably omits, the purpose of publication, the nuances to be caught. In consequence, Russians emerge with a deeper perception than Americans do of what is happening in their country and the world. I was not convinced, but I found myself greatly attracted by the argument.

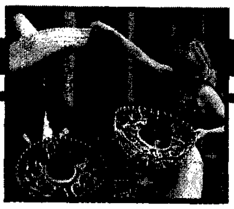
MY trip this year, like one in the mid-seventies, was by invitation of the Soviet Academy of Sciences and its several institutes—in particular, the Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada, headed by Georgi Arbatov, and usually called the Arbatov Institute. A well-known figure in American-Soviet relations, Arbatov had once been our guest in the United States, for a weekend in Vermont. I was invited partly because of my role as co-chairman—with George Kennan and Donald Kendall, of PepsiCo—of the American Committee on East-West Accord. This Washington-based organization, of which Robert Schmidt, a Minnesota businessman, is the president and Jeanne Mattison, of Washington, the director, has an impressive panel of participants, including Averell Harriman, J. William Fulbright, William Attwood, Robert McNamara, George Ball, and Joan Warburg. Its purpose is to try to keep our relations with the Soviet Union in a rational mode, reflecting the inescapable fact that the alternative to coexistence is now none at all.

My wife was with me on this latest journey, and we arrived in Moscow from Zurich, by way of Swissair, in early March. In what may be something of a custom for invited visitors to Russia, we paid our own airfare and had an understanding that we would return to Soviet visitors in the United States the hospitality we received. March is the rather reluctant beginning of spring in Moscow; there was still a vast expanse of well-used snow. The Sheremetyevo Airport is in its basic aspects like Logan, in Boston, or the Zurich airport, from which we came; only when one encounters the immigration officers does a difference emerge. In Switzerland, where I go to write and in past times went to ski, these functionaries are ostentatiously bored and perfunctory. It is known that if someone gets into the country illegally the local police will sooner or later catch up with him or her; that is *their* business. American officials are more conscientious; they look with respect at their computer screens, although, one feels, they do not expect to see much of anything. The Soviet officers, in contrast, take their work seriously; youngish men, they leaf through the passport slowly, page by page, and compare the picture carefully—glancing up and down—with the person offering it. Sometimes they ask a visitor to remove his hat. The whole procedure takes several minutes; one of our hosts, who was waiting to greet us just outside, made an amused, slightly apologetic reference to bureaucratic necessity and routine.

One drives from the airport into Moscow with the feeling, as in approaching cities in the Western United States and Canada, that land here is a casual resource. Large stretches of unused and ungroomed space lie between great rectangular apartment blocks. For miles around the city, these are the dominating feature of the landscape. Every account of life in the Soviet Union, and especially in Moscow, tells of the shortage of housing; the returning visitor's overwhelming impression is of how much in these last few years has been built.

For this visit, we were lodged in the National Hotel, an elegant structure from czarist times. It is just off Red Square, and our windows provided a sweeping view of the Kremlin and, through all the early daytime hours, of the nearly endless procession of people on their way to pass through Lenin's tomb. The line moves rather briskly; it is apparent that, with so many to be





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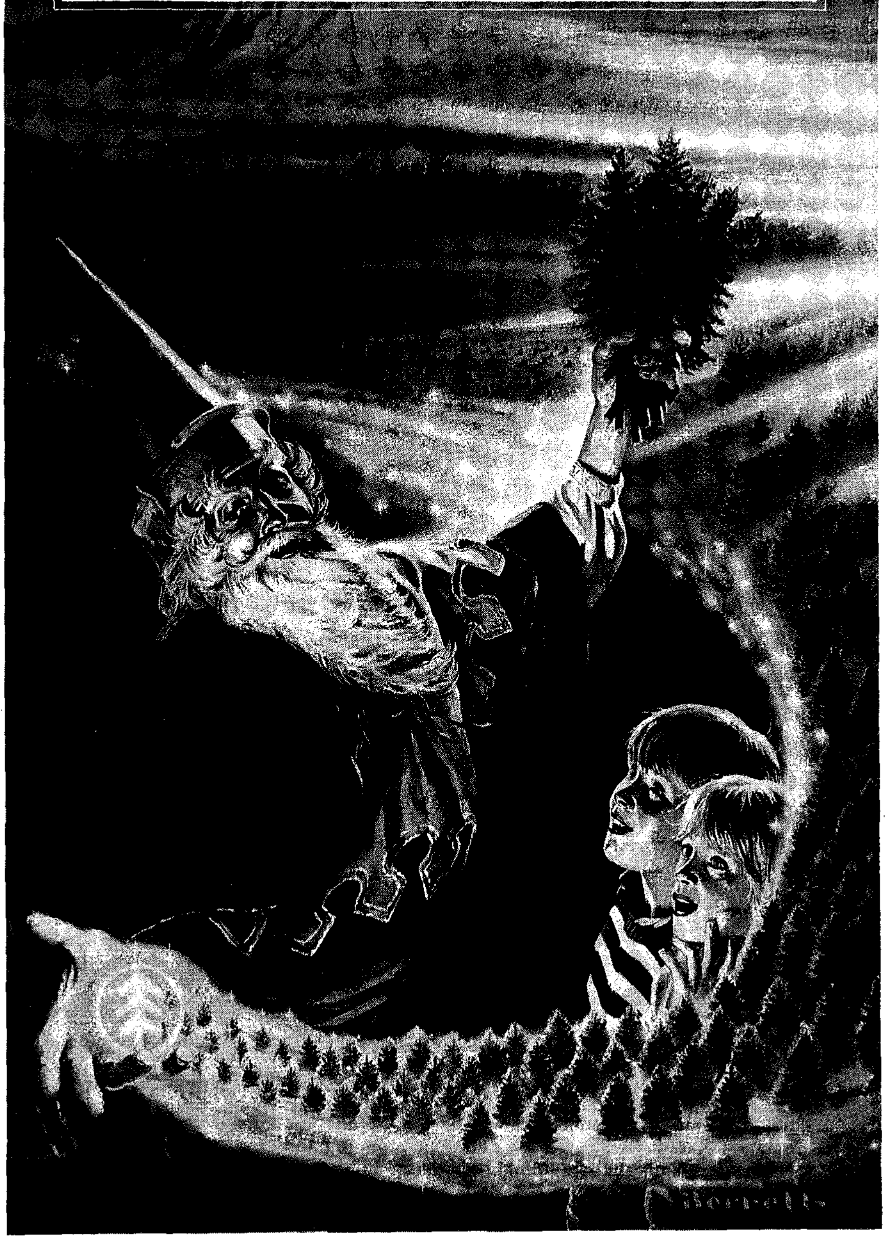

accommodated, no one can be allowed to linger very long at the bier.

For activity, a ten-day stay in Russia is roughly the equivalent of a normal two months in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Exploitation in a socialist country is given a new and poignant meaning. On the day after my arrival, I had an informal seminar with Academy research workers, followed by a lecture and yet another seminar. These were at the Arbatov Institute. It occupies well-worn buildings (and a palace that was once in the possession of a Russian prince) in the center of the city. Thirty or forty rather senior scholars attended my lecture, a somewhat smaller number the seminars. The general topic was the state of the American and the world economy, but during the sessions and in private conversations afterward there was much informal mention of the problems of the Soviet economy. If one is not thought to be scoring points against the system, such talk can be admirably candid. Nor is it always unduly solemn. On this visit, in contrast with earlier ones, difficulties were frequently referred to with a touch of wry humor.

On ensuing days, I had meetings at the Institute for World Economy and International Relations, in a huge, many-storied structure three or four miles from Red Square. It has a staff of some seven hundred, and one of my hosts expressed the thought that this might be more people than could be employed usefully in any known field of research. All around are centers for the study of various social subjects, not excluding the economy of the Soviet Union itself. Then came a meeting with the head and a senior officer of the State Bank—the rough equivalent of the Federal Reserve System or the Bank of England—which is housed in oaken and marble magnificence in the building that in prerevolutionary times was the Moscow branch of the central bank.

Later on, I had a meeting with officials of the Writers' Union, a special session with my Soviet hosts to summarize my impressions, a meeting at the offices of Progress Publishers, which brings English and American writing (including some of my own) to Soviet readers, and what was by all diplomatic standards an exceptional evening at the American Embassy, where a huge group of Russians and resident diplomats had been assembled by Ambassador Arthur Hartman and his wife to be entertained by Pearl

Bailey. (She was joined at the end by volunteer Russian singers and dancers from the audience, who were of no slight talent and enthusiasm.) Other evenings were given over to dinners, the opera, the ballet, and the puppets.

One morning, we journeyed out of Moscow to the great Soviet center for cardiological research which is headed by Eugene Chazov. In recent years, Dr. Chazov has become widely known in American and world medical circles for his leadership in drawing attention to the medical consequences of nuclear war. I relayed greetings that I carried from American colleagues in this work, and we discussed our common efforts to extend awareness of the impossibility of nuclear confrontation. (Along with a visit to a couple of leading foreign-policy specialists at the Central Committee of the Communist Party, this was one of my few departures from economics during my stay.)

After talking with Dr. Chazov, we were taken over part of the huge center—a complex of buildings, hospitals, clinics, laboratories, lecture halls, and libraries that cost well in excess of a hundred million dollars. I ventured to ask the doctor who was guiding us (and who had worked at the Mayo Clinic) if it wasn't better to attack heart disease at its source. Smoking and unnecessary weight are both visibly common in the Soviet Union; another doctor told us that about forty per cent of all Russian men were overweight. I got the impression that preventative measures are a more difficult problem.

On a relatively relaxed Saturday, we drove again into the Russian countryside, to visit the churches and monastery of Zagorsk, which is one of the residences of the Patriarch. The great church was densely packed with highly responsive worshippers. On a Sunday evening, the Embassy had another large gathering, this one to see works of modern Ukrainian art. I used the occasion to give the economic officers some impressions from my visit; I did not have the feeling that all my discoveries were wholly new to them.

We ended our journey with three days in Leningrad, on one of which there was a seminar with Academy of Sciences members, mostly to discuss the urban problems of the two countries. It was agreed, however, that our primary attention while we were there would be on the less solemn aspects of the city. We went to the ballet (a particularly fine performance of "Romeo and Juliet") and to the circus,

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and we spent the rest of our time on a far from leisured tour of the museums—notably, the Hermitage and the Winter Palace. Someone told us that if we devoted three minutes to each of the objects currently housed therein it would take us somewhere around seven years. This seems a reasonable calculation.

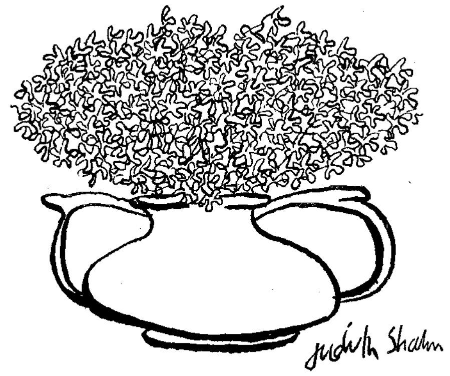
THAT the Soviet economy has made great material progress in recent years—certainly in the near-decade since my previous visit—is evident both from the statistics (even if they are below expectations) and from the general urban scene, as many have reported. One sees it in the appearance of solid well-being of the people on the streets, the close-to-murderous traffic, the incredible exfoliation of apartment houses, and the general aspect of restaurants, theatres, and shops—though these are not, to be sure, the most reliable of indices.

The first of the economic problems of the Soviet Union comes directly from this affluence, or relative affluence; it is the formidable burden that the infinitely numerous, incredibly diverse requirements of the modern consumer-oriented economy place on a socialist planning system. In its early days, the Soviet economy had to produce only the exceedingly limited range of consumer goods of a decidedly elementary living standard—simple foods, plain clothing, fuel, some housing, rail transportation, and the raw materials and machinery that supplied or sustained this production. There was not a great deal else. This—in concept, at least—was not an unduly onerous task for central economic planning, although in the chaotic days following the First World War and the Revolution even this presented serious difficulties, and led temporarily to a partial return to the market with the New Economic Policy of the nineteen-twenties.

Now the modern consumer economy, East or West, calls for the production and distribution of a truly mystifying number and variety of products, and it is by success in accomplishing this that, in substantial measure, the success of an economic system as a whole is judged. Diverse foods, clothing in some variety and style, drugs, dentifrices, cosmetics, sporting goods, toys, bicycles, automobiles and their supporting repair services, hospitals and health maintenance, entertainments—the list goes on and on. The yellow pages of the New York telephone book tell of what is required in the United States, and the same things are required, in only moderately less measure, in the Soviet Union as well. It remains the socialist rule, if not quite the fact, that all these goods, all the needed raw materials, all the machinery and equipment for production will be supplied in accordance with a comprehensive designation of quantities and time, and not in response to prices in the market. When one reflects on this vast apparatus, one wonders not that it has major areas of failure but that it works as well as it does. Certainly none of the founding fathers—not Lenin, assuredly not Marx—could have foreseen the burden that modern consumer requirements would place upon a socialist planning apparatus. One is tempted, as I once was by our own quite massive corporate structure, to the metaphor of the bumblebee: in principle, with its heavy body and slight wings, it cannot fly; against all the expectations deriving from its design, it does.

Partly, the Russian system succeeds because, in contrast with the Western industrial economies, it makes full use of its manpower. While insufficient motivation may well be a source of inefficiency in the Soviet Union, unemployment, our most persistent (and painful) source of social inefficiency, is not. Nor, needless to say, do the Soviets have our Veblenian leisure class—the considerable number of people who are released by material well-being from manual or mental toil, although not perhaps from a certain indignation at being so characterized. However, Soviet economists were rather quick to point out that while all labor is employed, not all is well employed. Not a few people are kept on the rolls against possible need, or simply because this is the easiest, least controversial course.

Addressing the problems imposed by the consumer culture, I asked one leading economist where the system now works least well, and he identified



three areas of failure. One is insufficient investment in infrastructure. (The Russians not only have several of our problems but, in conversation, take over our nomenclature as well.) He especially noted too little expenditure on roads and highways and on warehousing and other storage facilities. Next, he mentioned the tendency to overemphasize more glamorous, as opposed to more urgent, lines of production. "There is far more credit to be gained from producing an automobile than from producing the screws that are necessary to repair it." The final problem on his list was that presented by the mixture of products from the multiproduct firm. A shoe factory produces both heavy boots and women's shoes, but it is far easier to make the boots than to deal with the more careful workmanship and the style differences required for the shoes. So it is by the boots that the company fulfills its plan, while it is the shoes that are chiefly wanted—a small but compelling example of the problem of socialist planning in the consumer economy.

There is an interesting thought here for the United States. A military doctrine that has been articulated with much emphasis and some passion in Washington in recent years holds that by escalating spending on weaponry we can so overstrain the Soviet economy that the Soviet leaders will cry for a halt. This, not to overstate matters, is mindless nonsense. By its nature, military production is an exercise in central planning; it is so for us as well as for the Soviets. In this competition, we force upon them more of the planning in which they are manifestly experienced, and we are forced to the centralized planning that no one suggests is our special forte. Meanwhile, we fail to see that it is our greatly various civilian production that becomes in Russia the valid test of economic achievement—a test that they have much difficulty in passing.

SINCE the Russian system functions less than perfectly, some Americans have gone on to suggest that it is in crisis—in danger of collapse. This I strongly doubt; nor, I think, is it the view of competent observers generally. It may, indeed, be that a certain stability is provided by the huge bureaucratic apparatus and its own inertia. Changes are certainly under discussion, but one senses that they are by way of repair and improvement. During my stay in Moscow and Leningrad,

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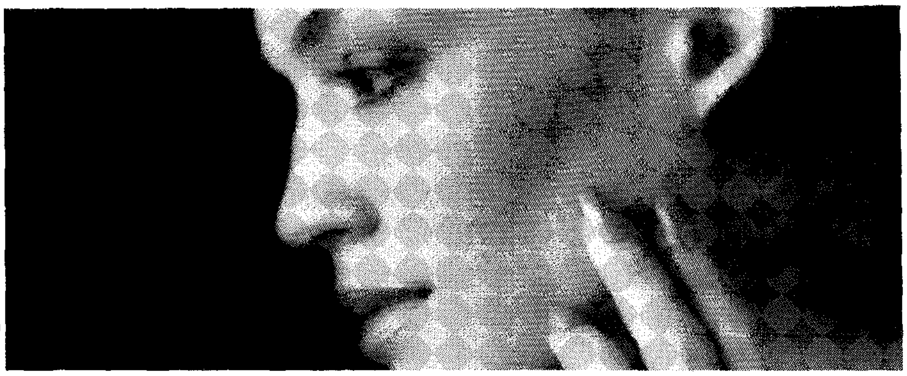

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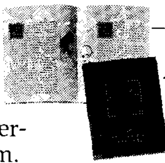

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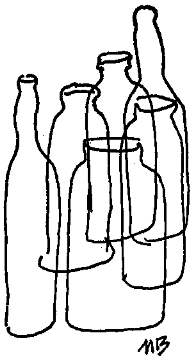
four possibilities for reform were mentioned especially.

The first is the now ancient question of centralization and decentralization—ancient because it was being debated with seeming urgency when I was first in the Soviet Union, in 1959. How much authority should be accorded the industrial enterprise—the large firm in particular—in matters of manning, investment decision, product mixture, production methods, worker motivation, and much more? How much authority should be—or must be—retained by the ministries in Moscow?



One gains the impression that almost, though not quite, everyone is for decentralization—in principle. Much more in the way of flexible and local initiatives is wanted in the system. Against this movement stands the great dynamic of centralization, the powerful tendency for central authority to intervene when anything goes wrong: "The ultimate responsibility, after all, is ours." There is also the compelling fact that power is enjoyed for its own sake; it is not something that the central bureaucracy easily surrenders. I said that *almost* everyone favors decentralization. There remain some active theoretical exponents of strong central control. It is by such control, it is held, that a socialist economy works. Commenting on the present pressure for decentralization and the discussion it is provoking, one economist said that there were others, if not many, who would give me a different view.

Agricultural policy is the second matter under active debate, and this, too, is hardly new. As on earlier visits, one could start discussion by asking why Russia, which was once called the breadbasket of Europe, and which has vast reaches of arable land, is now a major importer of grain. In commenting on this on my recent journey, I noted that this situation was hardly a source of sorrow to the United States —or to Canada, Argentina, and other supplying countries. I could have added that it is a highly effective design for keeping American farmers and their congressional representatives on the side of trade with the Soviet Union and in opposition to various forms of trade embargo.

During previous visits, reference to the agricultural problem brought mention of inadequate fertilizer supplies, inefficient distribution and use of fertilizer, the low quality of farm machinery—difficulties with what my fellow-economists, with a certain professional inelegance, call farm-production inputs. The primary reference this time was to prices—to the fact that, for political and social reasons, farm prices and resulting income have been kept too low in relation to the prices of other consumer goods. The point was stressed by several economists with whom I talked, and notably by an exceedingly well-informed agricultural economist, the veteran of several years' service in the United States. It is not, I judge, that the Soviets fear that higher food prices will provoke the kind of protest they have brought in Poland in recent years. (One of my hosts asked, "Where do you Americans get the idea that we have any real influence on Polish economic policy?") Rather, stable food prices have a highly symbolic importance: they advertise the basic stability of the economic system. Such is the store set by this symbolism that the price of bread has not been increased since 1947. Now, it is being held, symbolism must give way to reality—to the need to return more money to the agricultural sector and thus better incomes to those who work on the collective and state farms. Accordingly, it is said that farm and food prices will be raised—gradually.

At the State Bank and on one or two other occasions, a third problem came up for discussion. This is the Soviet version of yet another American and Western European disorder—inflation. When, in the Soviet Union, the spendable income exceeds the available supplies of the more sought-after goods, queues form at the shops. We saw these one day as we drove past a large shopping center on the edge of Leningrad. Standing in a queue is an uncomfortable thing; the shortages that induce it are seen as a failure of the government or the system. I asked my hosts if it wouldn't be wiser to distribute a little less income in relation to the supply of goods, since wages, after all, are under state control. In consequence, people would attribute their inability to buy to their failure to earn enough rather than to the failure of the economic system to supply the desired goods. Surely that

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would be better for the reputation of the system.

A senior financial official agreed—indeed, was exceedingly firm on the need for a change along these lines. Talking of the tendency for income and demand to exceed supply, he sounded very much like Paul Volcker, the Federal Reserve chairman, reacting to the American deficit. He was equally explicit on the difficulties involved. All rewards and incentives—all payments for increased productivity, all increases in wages to attract workers to disagreeable or low-prestige jobs—increase the flow of income. These payments are all easily raised; meanwhile, the pressure to keep prices stable is strong—hence the disparity between purchasing power and the supply of goods at the going prices. The Soviets, too, have their peculiarly intractable form of inflation.

The fourth problem, which, again, has its counterpart in the United States and the other older industrial countries, is the shortage in the supply of labor for the tedious, disagreeable, or backbreaking jobs. In the United States, the situation would be acute in fruit and vegetable harvesting, in many of the service occupations, and even in factories if it were not for Mexican, West Indian, and other migrants, legal and illegal. We greatly deplore this movement into the labor force but would be in desperate straits if it did not occur. The British solve a similar problem in labor supply with West Indians, Pakistanis, and Indians, the French with Algerians and Portuguese, the Germans with Turks and Yugoslavs, the Swiss with Italians and Spaniards. Indeed, no Western industrial country manages without such workers.

The Soviet Union has the same difficulty regarding agricultural workers, people for such unpleasant jobs as street cleaning in the cities, and, one economist suggested, even clerks in retail trade. Higher pay is not the answer; no level of pay is sufficient to induce a college professor, or even an elementary-school teacher, to take up work on the roads or on a collective farm. I remarked that countless millions in China and India would be delighted to come north, in the manner of our Mexicans, and do this disagreeable work. Rarely have I made a suggestion that was less enthusiastically received.

It is hoped in Russia that the much debated educational reform will reduce the number of young people seeking

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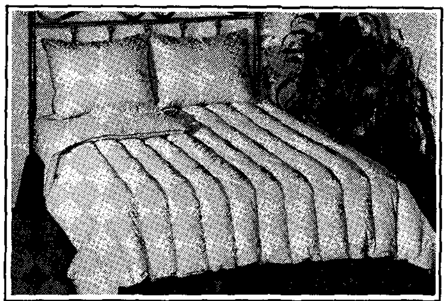

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white-collar employment, and do something to make hard labor more honorable and attractive. I did not confess my own doubts. All societies applaud the stolid, diligent manual worker; in all of them the applause comes from those who have escaped such toil and seek escape for their children as well. Severe, tedious physical effort is everywhere a soul-rewarding thing for other people. We reveal our true feelings when we sentence criminals to various terms at *hard* labor.

In Leningrad, as I've said, I met for a morning with members and professors of the Academy of Sciences who had a particular interest in urban affairs. We had no trouble in agreeing on another problem common to our countries—the enormous cost of the great modern metropolis, and the way this cost has been increased by the huge movement of people from rural communities into the cities. In three areas, the Soviets have found better solutions than ours, and the differences are ones on which we would do well to reflect. The streets of Moscow and Leningrad are much cleaner than those of New York and Boston. There is no doubt that they are much safer. And the transportation of people, both by bus and by subway, is far more efficient. Ever since Lincoln Steffens returned from his 1919 journey to Russia to tell Bernard Baruch, somewhat too optimistically, "I have been over into the future and it works," Westerners have been cautious about applauding Soviet achievements, the ballet and opera apart. A diligent convocation stands ready to charge that the reporter has succumbed to propaganda, hospitality, or a Potemkin effect. On the subject of basic urban services, one can accept the risk.

IT had been my intention while I was visiting Russia this time to concentrate on economics. I'm committed to all available steps to end the arms race, but that is an effort one pursues primarily at home. My hope instead was to try to contribute a little to the understanding and confidence that are essential before real progress on arms reduction is possible. However, one cannot be in Moscow or Leningrad and escape the issue of nuclear weapons and war. Along with a request for an appreciation of Senator Gary Hart—this was just after his New England victories—it came up in every discussion. As nuclear war is now a besetting fear in the United

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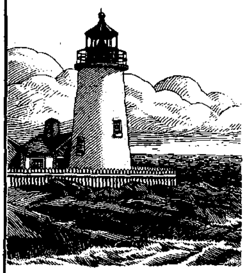

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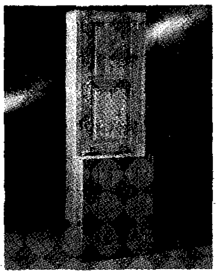

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States, so it is in the Soviet Union. Perhaps more so. For the Russians, one senses, it is much more nearly a present threat. For the last century and more, American wars have been a long way away. We are in a small—indeed, nearly unique—enclave on the earth's surface which has been exempt from military ravage and disaster, and our temptation is to assume that somehow we will escape in the future. Not so the Russians. Their experience, from Napoleon to the First World War and the civil war and on through the Second World War, has been with military invasion and devastation. That, not escape, is their norm. Accordingly, the warlike talk from the Administration and the Pentagon in these last years—talk of limited nuclear war, protracted nuclear war, prevailing in nuclear war—may have had an even greater resonance in the Soviet Union than in the United States. The Russians could well be even more frightened than are we. Almost no one during our time there failed to ask us if it was our government's intention to let the missiles fly one day. I responded with a plea for a calm and common expression in both our countries of the will to survive. —JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

●

THAT'S A GOOD ONE DEPARTMENT
(CULINARY DIVISION)

[*Moira Hodgson in Vanity Fair*]

Some friends who were fond of practical jokes once brought me a pound of rubber worms from a fishing tackle shop upstate. The worms were dark brown, thick and shiny with some sort of grease that is tempting to fish. They looked so real they seemed to wriggle before your eyes. We had invited someone who fancied himself a food connoisseur to join us for dinner, and while everyone was having drinks, I arranged the worms on a serving dish, surrounded them with quartered lemons, and sprinkled them with parsley. When I passed them around the table I explained that they had just been flown in from France. "*Anguillettes de terre*—little earth eels—they are called," I said. "You've probably had them in bistros in the South. I think they're much nicer than snails."

"Ah, yes . . ." said the connoisseur, looking thoughtful. "I haven't seen these for years . . ."

I picked up one of the worms with my fingers, squeezed some lemon juice on the end, and then dexterously twirled it from a height into my mouth. The rubber was so thick you couldn't even bite through it. With the worm lodged in my cheek I made for the kitchen as if to attend to the next course.

When I returned, my friends who were in on the joke were choking with suppressed laughter. The connoisseur had a familiar look on his face: the look I must have had on mine the first time I ate snails.

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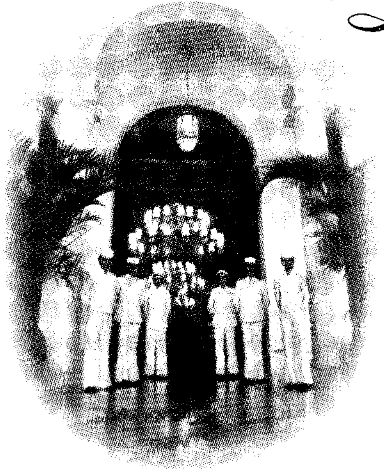
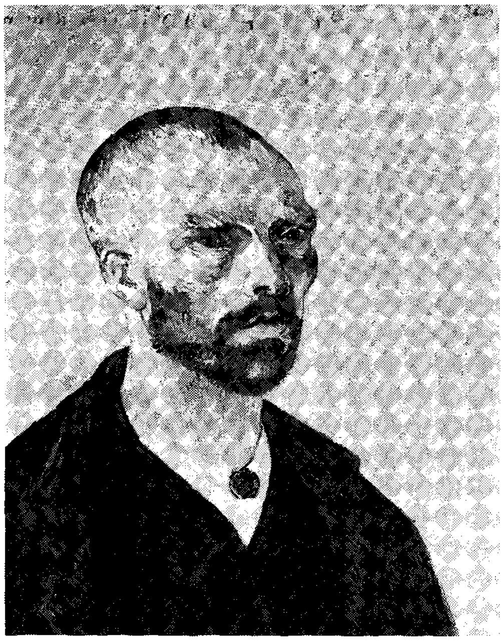


van Gogh in Arles

October 18-December 30, 1984



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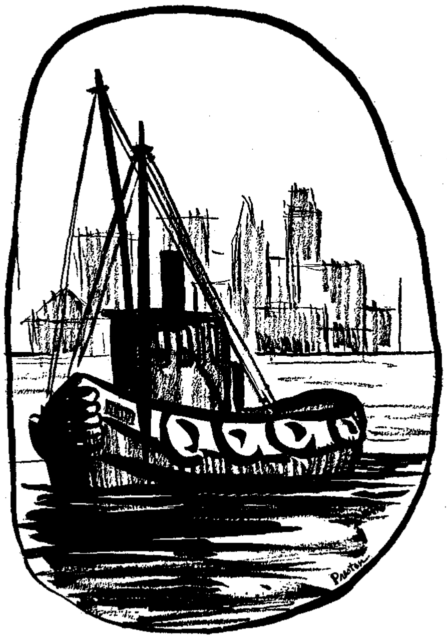
THE SPORTING SCENE

IF THEY DON'T WIN IT'S A SHAME

THOUGH the Summer Olympics are always rigidly organized, they remain flexible in some ways. Polo, cricket, croquet, Indian clubs, and tug-of-war have come and gone since Baron Pierre de Coubertin (in whose honor a 1984 round-the-clock Olympic-village eating facility at Los Angeles was christened Baron's Bistro) resurrected the Games in 1896. The recently concluded XXIII Olympiad—an Olympiad being, in the view of the empyrean International Olympic Committee, a four-year stretch of time even if, as in 1916, 1940, and 1944, no competitions take place—presented, among other innovations in its official program, synchronized swimming and rhythmic gymnastics, two disciplines that might well have made the blue-blooded de Coubertin turn purple. The first is a sport in which human beings do their best to emulate trained dolphins at Marineland; the second, a revival of Indian-club twirling, with some hoop flinging, ribbon tossing, and ball handling thrown in for good measure, not to mention accompanists banging away at a grand piano. Both these events were—the pianists excepted—strictly for women. That seemed fitting, for of all the Games I have attended over the last five Olympiads I can think of none in which the no longer gentler sex has been so dazzlingly prominent as in the God Bless America Games of Los Angeles.

There was, to be sure, a decent assortment of male champions; for example, Byeong-Keun Ahn, of Korea, in lightweight judo; Juha Tiainen, of Finland, in the hammer throw; Mauro Numa, of Italy, in the men's individual foils; Vlado Lisjak, of Yugoslavia, in the 68-kilogram division of Greco-Roman wrestling; Ernesto Canto, of Mexico, in the 20-kilometre walk; and—oh, yes—the peerless American hurdler Edwin Moses, the pyrotechnical United States teams in gymnastics and basketball, and the protean Carl Lewis in practically everything, including business administration. Lewis seemed like a pleasant enough chap the only time I got near him offstage, but he disappointed a lot of potential hero-worshippers when, having all but clinched first place in the long jump, he spurned four chances to surpass his accomplishment and take a crack at a world record. He was saving his strength for later events, he explained. He might have been well advised to seek guidance from Daley Thompson, the inexhaustible Englishman who, in winning his second straight gold in the decathlon, had to compete in ten gruelling events in two consecutive days; or from Ulrike Meyfarth, of West Germany, who after a long afternoon's successful quest for a gold medal in the women's high jump tried valiantly but vainly to give spectators the thrill of seeing her break the world record. And Meyfarth was not alone. The 1984 Games, like those of the Democratic Party, may be best remembered for the women who illuminated them: Joan Benoit in the marathon (the first such Olympic event for her sex), Cheryl Miller and her gifted sister-basketballers, Nancy Hogshead in swimming, Zhou Jihong in diving, Mary Lou You-Know-Who in gymnastics, the Mary Decker–Zola Budd horror show, and, perhaps most surprising, Morocco's unheralded Nawal El Moutawakel, whose gold medal, in the 400-metre hurdles (yet another new event), was the first and, until Said Aouita won the men's 5,000 metres a couple of days later, the only one ever gleaned by her country. El Moutawakel's was also the first Olympic medal of any metal won by any woman from anywhere in the Arab world. Her triumph may have astonished more than the ABC audience. "The Arab Resurgence," a fancy booklet that was put out before the Games by the United Arab Emirates—it contained a lot of photographs, including one of Morocco's King Hassan II, but the only women depicted were in a few ads—had an article about Said Aouita but no mention of Nawal El Moutawakel. Joseph Reed, the American Ambassador to Morocco, told me later that the day after her triumph Hassan issued a proclamation: all females born to his subjects for the following month should be named Nawal.



ALONG with its official slate of events, the Games featured baseball as a "demonstration" sport. Baseball had been demonstrated before, on a small scale, as far back as the III Olympiad at St. Louis, in 1904, but this year's exhibition was an eight-team tournament (Japan upset the United States in the final contest) that was played in the Los Angeles Dodgers' stadium and drew an average attendance of 48,161—more than the Dodgers or any other big-league club has attracted so far this season. Having five sons, I have made a lot of sacrifices for Little League in my time, missing—no doubt for the better—innumerable cocktail parties and dinners, including some at my own home. It seemed only right, then, early in the sixteen-day proceedings, to pay tribute to the greatest ex-Little Leaguers of them all, the Taiwanese, who between 1971 and 1981 won the Little League World Series nine times. (They might have made it ten, but in 1975, largely to thwart them, all foreigners were excluded. The ban, however, lasted only one season, and soon the Taiwanese were back on top.) Four Taiwanese with Little League World Series experience played in Los Angeles. Their star pitcher, Tai-Yuan Kuo, had already agreed to play with a professional club in Japan. Fifteen of the twenty members of the American team who were opposing Taiwan the night I stopped by had been drafted by major-league teams over here. (There are, of course, fewer and fewer rational distinctions between an amateur and a pro.) The United States won that game—barely, by 2–1, and at that on a fluke: a Taiwanese throw from center field might have nipped an American runner at the plate if it hadn't landed on the pitcher's rubber and bounced high into the air.

To placate the People's Republic of

China, which this summer made its first full-scale appearance in the Summer Olympics (the P.R.C. was ready to compete in 1980, but joined America in boycotting the Moscow Games), the International Olympic Committee informed Taiwan, in 1979, that if it wanted to compete as a separate entity it would have to call itself Chinese Taipei and carry not its own colors but a noncommittal Olympic flag. One Taiwanese I chatted with at the baseball game did not seem to care. "The important thing is that we're here," he said. "We get along nicely with the mainland Chinese. After all, we're all Chinese. We just don't talk politics with them." There was a touching moment later when, in the up-to-60-kilograms division of weight lifting, Chen Weiqiang, of China, won the gold medal and Wen-Yee Tsai, of Taiwan, the bronze, with a Rumanian sandwiched between them. As the two Chinese shook hands after their awards had been bestowed, the red flag of the People's Republic fluttered above them both, and neither of them appeared to give a hoot about the political implications of the tableau.

WM HAMILTON

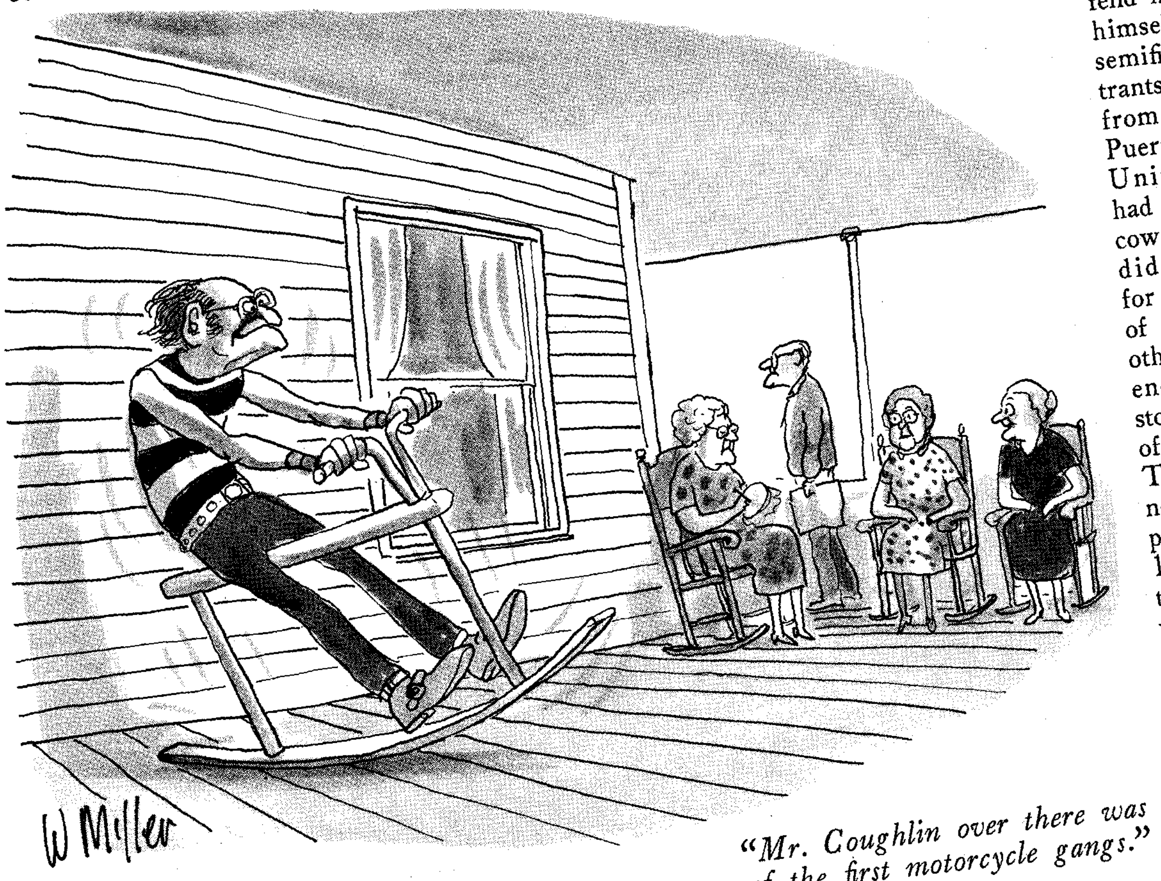
"Sometimes I just wish I were happening on a larger scale."

• •

There were obvious political implications when the loudest ovations at the glittering opening ceremonies went to—apart from the home team—China and Rumania. A Japanese volleyball coach was asked after his men's team had defeated China whether it bothered him that the losers had received more applause than the winners. "I believe that those Communist countries that did come are being more warmly greeted by the Americans," he said. "It does not bother us at all." The Chinese coach said, tactfully, that Americans like to root for underdogs. In other disciplines, the Chinese showed themselves to be anything but that. One of their pistol shooters, Xu Haifeng, won the very first of the two hundred and twenty-six gold medals —counting each team event as one— handed out during the Games. Eighty-three of these, with no Eastern Europeans except the Rumanians to contest any of them, went to the United States, which added ninety-one silvers and bronzes to its bulging bag. In 1980, with the United States absent from the Moscow Games, the Soviets won eighty golds and a hundred and fifteen others. Tit for tat.

An American coach was quoted as saying toward the start of the Games that China would probably do well, because its huge population meant that it had a genetic pool of unequalled size to draw on. "In sports, you're looking for these genetic freaks," he said. "To be great, you have to be abnormal." As it turned out, most of China's two hundred and twenty-five athletes didn't look much different from any other nation's, but they did well anyway. They acquired, for example, three other gold medals in weight lifting, two others in shooting, five in gymnastics, Zhou Jihong's in diving, and one in fencing—the ladies' individual foil. (Fencing is the only Olympic sport that requires male officials to wear black tie on certain occasions and designates women as "ladies.") Moreover, China almost edged out the so-called miracle team of male United States gymnasts (it is probably too much to hope that the word "miracle" can ever be excised from the American Olympic vocabulary), and in the women's-volleyball final it ruined the evening for an American team that had beaten it in a preliminary match. Flo Hyman, U.S.A., who is thirty and had done virtually nothing for at least nine long, bruising years but train to "go for the gold" in volleyball, said something after her side's defeat that too many Olympic fortune hunters tend to forget: "On any given day one team can beat another team."

China, of course, not having been on especially cozy terms with the Soviet Union for quite some time, had far less to lose by ignoring the Soviet boycott than Rumania did. On being asked one day what sacrifices Rumania had made to turn up at Los Angeles, Alexandru Siperco, that country's member of the International Olympic Committee, replied, "I don't know what you mean by the word 'sacrifice.' " In fact, Rumania, whatever repercussions it may fall heir to in Eastern Europe, was treated at Los Angeles like a bride at a shower. In the last two Olympics, East Germans had dominated women's rowing. At Los Angeles, Rumania won five of the six gold medals up for grabs. (In all, six hundred and eighty-seven medals —again counting team efforts as a single unit—were distributed. So the United States, whatever impression television viewers may have had, actually ended up with only twenty-five



"Mr. Coughlin over there was the founder of one of the first motorcycle gangs."

• •

per cent of the lot.) Nadia Comăneci, the erstwhile reigning princess of Rumanian (and universal) gymnastics, wasn't on her national team this time around; at twenty-two, she has retired from competition. But she was very much in evidence at Los Angeles and was welcomed like a queen—press conferences, best seats in the house, a perm at a Vidal Sassoon salon in an Olympic village. She declined to comment on the boycott or on her relations with Bela Karolyi, her ex-coach and ex-compatriot, who defected from Rumania and became, to his great good fortune, the mentor of, among others, Mary Lou Retton. (Mary Lou—all journalists call all athletes by their first names, even without having been introduced—also got a Sassoon treatment, immediately following which the official hair-care consultant for the athletes distributed, for worldwide publication, before-and-after shots of her coiffure.) Would Nadia be talking to Bela at Los Angeles? "I'm sure we'll exchange a few words," she said, "like all civilized people." Later, Karolyi said that he had limited himself to brief conversations with her and, for that matter, with any other Rumanians, because he didn't want them to get into trouble at home for seeming to fraternize with him. Throughout the Games, one of the big questions that kept being asked of other people—especially of American women swimmers, whose glaring success would almost certainly have been dimmed if East Germany had surfaced—was: What would have happened if Rumania's neighbors had shown up in full and fearsome force? One American swimmer, Cynthia Woodhead, who came away with a silver in the 200-metre freestyle, had as good an answer as any: "We're very aware that they aren't here. I mean, that's all there is to it. And maybe we'll never have another Olympics like those we've had before, but I think that it's time that we all got used to the fact that they are not here." At least one non-Communist athlete assuredly did not benefit from the boycott. In sprints, with the usual few exceptions, Western-world runners have regularly outclassed Communists. In 1980, the British Olympic Association defied the United States—and also its own Prime Minister—and sent a team to Moscow. Allan Wells, of Great Britain, won the gold in the 100 metres. But in 1984, trying to defend his title, he found himself arrayed in a semifinal against entrants who came mainly from places—Canada, Puerto Rico, and the United States—that had boycotted the Moscow Games. Poor Wells didn't even qualify for the final. Because of one boycott or the other, there have been endless heartbreaking stories. Take the case of Filbert Bayi, the fleet Tanzanian distance runner. In 1972, he competed at Munich in the 1,500-metre run and the steeplechase, but he was only nineteen and made the final of neither. He soon came into his own. He set a world record in the 1,500 metres, at the 1974 Commonwealth Games, in New Zealand, and the next year he set another world record, in the mile, at a meet in Kingston, Jamaica. (In track-and-field events, few world records that are established at Olympic Games stand up for four years. Of fifty-eight such marks extant as of August 1, 1984, only three had been set at any Olympics, and all those dated back to 1968 and the rarefied air of Mexico City.) Bayi would have been at his peak, at twenty-three, for the 1976 Olympics, but in observance of the boycott then invoked by twenty-eight African nations—they were miffed at New Zealand because one of its rugby teams had played in South Africa—Tanzania did not send a team to Montreal. At Moscow, four years later, Bayi finished second in the steeplechase, behind Bronislaw Malinowski, of Poland. Bayi is thirty-one now, and the Los Angeles Olympics were to have been his last. His prospects for a medal in the steeplechase looked fairly good. Poland would not be on hand, and Bayi had just about matched his Moscow time as recently as April. But he hurt his shin six days after arriving in California, and had to withdraw. It is, of course, athletes from all continents and of all ideologies who suffer most [illegible] cruise leads straight to SUN LINE.

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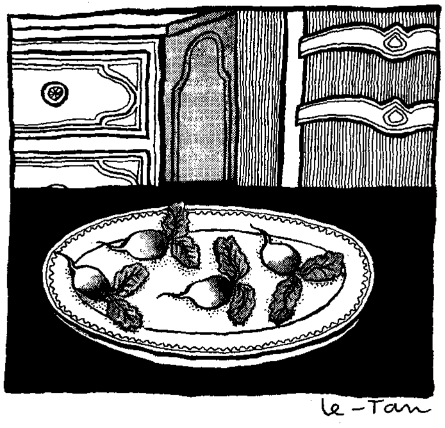
from their governments' sulkiness and spite. Olympic officials don't. There were more than a hundred and forty officials present from boycotting countries—which the International Olympic Committee delicately chose to designate as "non-participating" nations. In December, the I.O.C. will convene a special meeting at its Lausanne, Switzerland, headquarters to discuss what, if anything, it can do to prevent future boycotts.

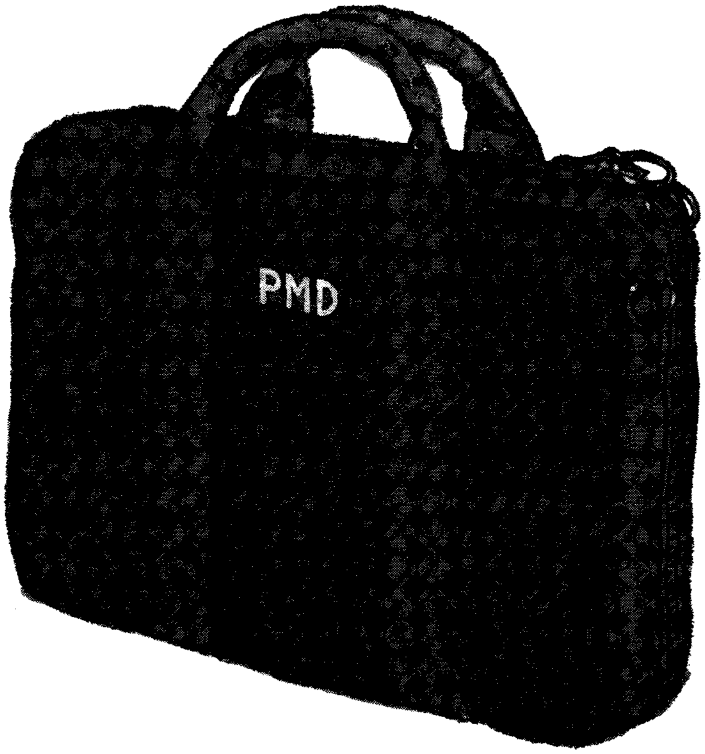
THE I.O.C. may also consider a request, already rejected once this year, that Arabic be added to German, Russian, and Spanish as one of the Olympic "working" languages. (English and French are the official Olympic languages.) That proposal has been put forward by Libya, which at the moment might not seem to have much Olympic clout. The one Libyan athlete who checked into an Olympic village before the Games checked out after a couple of previously accredited journalists from his country were denied admittance to the United States, apparently because they were suspected of intending to create news rather than report it. It was too late by then, though, to remove Libya's colors from the constellation of flags formed when unwitting and soon ecstatic members of the opening-ceremonies audience held above their heads plastic sheets that had been placed behind their seats, in the fashion of a college-football card trick.

The opening ceremonies in the Coliseum—at Olympic Games, everything is scrupulously measured and timed—lasted just eleven seconds short of four hours. As I was leaving, behind two Europeans, one of them asked "What did you think of it?" and the other answered "It was very American." It was indeed. Not once but twice did the seven-hundred-and-thirty-six-person marching band (three conductors were needed to lead it) form the outline of the United States—or, at least, most of it (Alaska and Hawaii were omitted). The parade of athletes from a hundred and forty countries—the most places, boycott notwithstanding, in Olympic history—went on for an hour and twenty-two minutes. "I'll bet Reagan can't name his ambassadors to half these spots," a man alongside me commented sourly. He was probably a Democrat. President Reagan, the first American chief executive ever to officiate at an opening, was proscribed by Olympic law from amplifying the traditional sixteen-word declaration of the commencement of activities, but he had the last word after all: he transposed the two portions of the sacred text. Mr. Reagan was clocked at twelve seconds flat—probably neither a new Olympic record nor a new world record but conceivably his shortest speech since Hollywood inaugurated talkies. The Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee kept assuring all within earshot that no politicians would be permitted to use the Games for their own partisan purposes, and as proof thereof it pointed out that, despite rumors to the contrary, Geraldine Ferraro would not be attending the closing ceremonies, which included a simulated UFO and a mock alien of no discernible party stripe. President Reagan, however, did manage to find time to talk with some American athletes just before the competitions began, and to have breakfast with some others the morning after they ended.

That so many countries appeared was made possible in part because the I.O.C. underwrites the expenses for four athletes and two officials from every place that wants to be represented and needs to be helped. At least one country benefitted from a larger handout: Rumania's cash outlay was eased when the I.O.C. and the L.A.O.O.C. put up sixty thousand dollars each to defray two-thirds of the cost of a charter flight for its athletes. In addition, the L.A.O.O.C. paid close to three hundred thousand dollars for another charter, from Morocco to the United States, to transport more than a hundred athletes from twenty African nations who had convened late in July for a track meet at Rabat. Saudi Arabia, naturally, could and did pay its own way, and it went somewhat beyond that, investing in newspaper ads, television commercials, and skywriting to publicize its delegation, and hiring American press agents to promote the team even more extensively. Some of the literature passed out on behalf of Saudi Arabia explained that the Prophet Muhammad instructed Muslims to teach their children swimming, horsemanship, and archery; indeed, he had three bows himself. Despite his long-standing injunction, his latter-day disciples had nobody entered in equestrian or water sports. (If the Olympic Games are ever held in Saudi Arabia, there might be a truly unusual demonstration sport: a big event at Riyadh is an annual camel race, with two thousand competitors; the winning jockey last year was rewarded with a thousand sacks of camel feed and—Western notions about camels apparently to the contrary—a two-thousand-gallon water-tank truck.) There was at Los Angeles, however, a much touted Saudi Arabian soccer team, which earned its trip to the Olympics by finishing among the top sixteen teams in a hundred-nation tournament. Its players, to each of whom King Fahd had pledged a plot of choice land, win or lose, proved to be more publicized than proficient. They lost all their matches—some of them at the Rose Bowl, where soccer, not ordinarily much of a spectator sport in the United States, filled more than a hundred thousand seats. One seat was occupied—when he wasn't leaping up and down and waving his arms—by a Saudi cheerleader with a bullhorn. Toward the close of the Games, a handout bravely stated that three Saudi archers—the Prophet would have been pleased—represented their nation's "last, best hope" for a medal, and that one of these, Faisal Al-Basam, had a shot at a bronze. But it turned out, alas, that among sixty-two competitors Al-Basam could do no better than sixty-first. All three Saudis would have brought up the rear if a Bhutanese had not slipped into the sixtieth slot—an upset of sorts, for archery is Bhutan's national sport. The highest-placed Bhutanese came in fifty-third.

Bhutan was one of twenty countries—among them Bangladesh, Qatar, Tonga, and the Yemen Arab Republic—that had never previously been represented at the Olympics. Whether they won any medals was to most of them irrelevant. They probably didn't expect to—any more than did most of the eighty-eight other countries that saw the Games end without any of their athletes mounting an awards pedestal. (Ireland just barely made the





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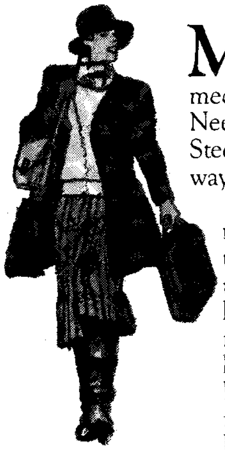

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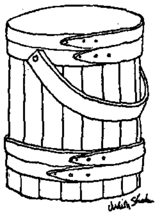
honor roll, when its John Treacy came in second in the men's marathon, the last event of all, which finished inside the Coliseum at the start of the closing ceremonies.) As always, it was from the ranks of the smaller nations that the unsung heroes and heroines emerged—the runners who were applauded solely because they were stragglers, left far in the lurch and sometimes lapped, and the boxers who were knocked about the ring but gamely fought on. They were pursuing what used to be deemed an acceptable—even a praiseworthy—goal for all Olympic athletes. They were taking part. And, to be sure, they were probably far from unsung at home. There must have been joy in San Marino when one of its shooters, Francesco Nanni, came in fifth in the small-bore rifle, prone position—the finest showing for that nation since a nineteenth place, also in shooting, back in 1968. There must have been joy in Djibouti, still another country making its Olympic début, when its Djama Robleh finished an estimable eighth in the men's marathon. There were a hundred and seven starters in the men's marathon. Among the seventy-eight who completed the grind, the ten tailenders hailed from Nepal, the Central African Republic, Honduras, Madagascar, Somalia, Malawi, the Virgin Islands, Botswana, the Philippines, and Haiti; and each, though half an hour or more behind the winner, Carlos Lopes, of Portugal, earned a deservedly rousing reception that must have been appreciated when news of it reached his home folks. There was some of that sort of jubilation in my own family, for I have two half-Maltese grandchildren. Malta has never been a threat to any other nation's Olympic supremacy, and so my grandchildren's parents were elated—incomprehensible though this might be to the American swimmer who, having won a gold medal, groused because he did not also set a world record—when a Maltese yachtsman, Peter Bonello, came in ninth in the windglider class.



TOWARD the end of the Games, a New Zealand television crew, clearly desperate for footage, accosted me and asked in what respect I thought the Los Angeles Olympics differed most strikingly from others I'd witnessed. I guess I am now on record in Auckland and Wellington as saying I was dismayed by the excess of chauvinism, so I might as well say it here, too, though it is embarrassing to have to confess that one can get tired of the sight of one's own flag and the sound both of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and of the letters "U" and "S" and "A." Toward the end of the first baseball game, the public-address announcer explained the old American custom of taking a seventh-inning stretch. A band struck up "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," and in a moment the crowd was singing "So it's root, root, root for the home team; if they don't win it's a shame"—a sentiment that became the watchword for the Games. There were moments when I almost longed once again to hear the strains, so familiar from past Olympics, of the national anthem of the German Democratic Republic. There was always something uplifting for Americans far from home about seeing their flag now and then flourished in Tokyo or Mexico City or Munich. But why does everybody have to keep waving the American flag in America? (At gymnastics one evening, an announcer urged, "Say 'hello' to the people seated next to you. Chances are they're from another country." Hah! I found myself clasping the hand of a woman who lived forty miles north of L.A.) At, say, a college-football game, one expects partisans to root loud and hard for one side or the other. At Los Angeles—where paper American flags were on sale for three dollars outside nearly every arena until, the last night, I saw them knocked down to a buck—an awful lot of people seemed to be under the misapprehension that again there were only two sides: the United States and everybody else. The other side occasionally attempted to stem, or ride, the patriotic tidal wave. Ecaterina Szabo, the lithe Rumanian gymnast, did one floor-exercise routine to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," thereby perhaps losing some of her popularity south of the Mason-Dixon Line but also scoring a 9.95.

After Rumania's women gymnasts had nosed out the United States in the team competition—defying both a barrage of raucous "U-S-A"s and a headline in the U.C.L.A. *Daily Bruin* that read, "U.S. WOMEN OUT TO FLOOR RUMANIA'S GYMNASTICS MACHINE FOR THE GOLD"—Miss Szabo's coach, on being asked why his squad's performance, though triumphant, had been erratic, said, through an interpreter, "We had to take into account that the spectators were particularly enthusiastic"—here the interpreter translated a pause—"but not for our team. That surpassed even our level of resistance." A Rumanian featherweight boxer must have been startled when, at the onset of his bout with an American, his opponent handed him one of those three-dollar flags. "I wanted to let him be aware that he was fighting an American," the donor said later. "I wanted to show him the American way." Since just about every public utterance of every American gold-medal winner was feverishly transcribed, it is a matter of record that one successful United States swimmer declared, "Singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' comes as natural as eating Mom's apple pie." A few hours after that revelation, the restaurant at the main press center let it be known that all journalists eating there would get free desserts—that day, apple pie. In every slice had been inserted a tiny American flag.

Eventually, the tide, perhaps inevitably, began to turn—but only slightly. More and more flags of other countries—perhaps stitched overnight—were unfurled in the spectator stands. Partisans of "Ca-na-dah" and "Yu-go-sla-vi-ah" and "Ko-ree-ah" dared to make themselves heard. At boxing one night, two young California women—blond, leggy, remote of gaze—were alternately and dispassionately yelling "I-tal-i-ah" and "U-gan-dah," although, as it happened, a Kenyan and a Colombian were just then in the ring. And at the final game of the women's-volleyball tournament not only was a huge Chinese flag unveiled but also a red banner with some Chinese characters on it. I asked a Chinese sitting alongside me for a translation. He studied it for a bit and then said, "The best I can do is to give you a paraphrase: 'China—go for the gold.' "

TO the credit of the L.A.O.O.C., the colors that decorated the widely scattered scenes of combat and much of the rest of the sprawling host city were not patriotic reds and whites and blues but neutral yellows, oranges, lavenders, magentas, and greens. Before the Games began, many of the local citizens, according to one of their resident psychiatrists, were showing signs of what he diagnosed as "Olympic anxiety." The telltale symptoms appeared to be excessive apprehension about smog, traffic, and security. Smog turned out to be negligible, to the relief of outlanders who had been worrying about it, too: British equestrians were rumored to have had their horses fitted out with oxygen masks, and the coach of one women's field-hockey team had given serious thought to having automobiles back up to the entrance of a gym at home where her players were practicing and blast them, for conditioning purposes, with exhaust fumes. Traffic moved so smoothly, all in all, that well into the Games the Los Angeles *Times* used front-page space to report, "FREEWAY TRAFFIC INCREASES TO ITS NORMAL LEVEL." Security was omnipresent but not oppressive. There were no metal detectors at the main press center, for instance, as there have been at practically all such enclaves since Munich: a deranged New York *Times* man could easily have secreted a couple of grenades or a Molotov cocktail in his souvenir bag. (Each of us got a souvenir bag. It contained, inter alia, a specially designed bottle of Coca-Cola, one of a series of a mere fifty thousand. Mine, No. 27,402, may be worth its weight in gold, or at least silver or bronze, if I can remember a dozen or so Olympiads hence where I put it.) But the security was no-nonsense. Very late one night, when I was the sole passenger on an official bus heading toward the press center, I noticed that we were about to pass right by the hotel where I was quartered. I asked the driver if she would drop me off. No, she said, politely but firmly. She had informed her dispatcher that she had one body aboard, and she was damned if she was going to arrive without it.

Not all Angelenos considered the Games an unalloyed success. The proprietor of one restaurant I dropped in at had more Olympic pins on his necktie than patrons at his tables. But the atmosphere was generally carefree and cordial. "Words are scarce when you try to describe our gratitude for the warmth with which we have been received," a Rumanian rapid-fire pistol shooter declared one day. That precisely summed up my feelings toward a dentist way out on Sunset Boulevard—well beyond a sign reading "UNOFFICIAL CAR WASH OF THE OLYMPICS"—on whose skillful mercy, in an emergency, I was obliged to thrust myself. I had never seen such elegant dental premises, and when the lord of that demesne, during the hour and a quarter in which I submitted grate-

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fully to his ministrations, happened to mention that among his steady patients had been Shirley Temple, Errol Flynn, Jack Benny, and Bob Hope, I shuddered mentally (I was feeling no physical pain) at what his fee might be. As I was heading toward his receptionist's desk to find out, the dentist shook my hand and said, "No charge." His favorite sport, he had told me when my mouth was too full of his hands to respond, was tennis. He had given up golf because it takes up too much time. My New York dentist is a golf freak. There are cultural differences even within nations.

THE City of Los Angeles conducted a memorial service for the eleven Israeli athletes who were murdered at Munich twelve years ago—a step that the International Olympic Committee, for reasons unfathomable to many who dwell in its shadow, has shied away from taking itself. (With so many gold medals floating about these days, someone wondered why the I.O.C., which is about to construct a new headquarters at Lausanne to further immortalize itself, couldn't confer a few, posthumously, on the principal modern martyrs to its cause.) If the I.O.C.'s president, Juan Antonio Samaranch, was absent from the memorial service, Peter V. Ueberroth, the president of the L.A.O.O.C. and the personage most responsible for the Games, was not. Ueberroth, who used to run a string of travel agencies, and who was an alternate on the 1956 United States water-polo team, seemed to be everywhere at all times, as if competing in some private decathlon. His favorite line for reporters, repeated right up until the closing ceremonies, was "So far so good," and before the curtain fell on his Los Angeles extravaganza he had easily taken over center stage from Samaranch—who sportingly gave him a gold medal of his own at the closing ceremonies. Ueberroth dominated the scene to such an extent that one of the I.O.C. president's underlings was overheard referring to him as "Ueberalles." A notably sensible remark I overheard Ueberroth make came in the middle of the second week, a day after some rowing events. Eight gold medals had been distributed to oarsmen from eight countries, and fourteen nations had shared a grand total of twenty-four medals. "That," said Ueberroth, "is what the Games are all about." I spotted him a couple of days later—like an actor, he was forever changing his clothes, and this time he was wearing an usher's blue-and-gold uniform—at weight lifting, to which I had fled to take a breather from the Stars and Stripes gang. By that time, Ueberroth, like a veteran politician, had clearly learned how to work a crowd. He was there for only a few minutes, but he used them to home-court advantage, shaking hands, signing autographs, patting children on the head. He beamed when strangers slapped him on the back. He has already been selected to be commissioner of major-league baseball. It is hard to believe that, unless a final accounting shows the 1984 Olympics to have been far less of a financial success than they now appear, he will not be tapped, or tap himself, for some even more illustrious role in our national affairs.

IN 1979, when there was no reason to think that the United States would not field a team at Moscow, the United States Olympic Committee embarked on what was probably one of the least successful publishing ventures of modern times. It put out a hundred-and-sixty-page cookbook containing the favorite recipes of American athletes who then expected to compete in the XXII Olympiad. (I don't know if the Soviet Union followed suit this year: to judge from the meals I've had in Moscow, its participants may not have enough recipes to fill a book.) My treasured copy discloses the constituents of the gymnast Bart Conner's cheese-and-bacon puff, the marathoner Alberto Salazar's Cuban chicken with rice, and the team-handball player Mary Phyl Dwight's double entry of Watergate salad and Mom's meat loaf. Team handball bears no relation to what Americans perceive as handball. It is a largely European game—water polo on dry land, for want of a better description—with teams of seven passing around and trying to throw into a goal a bouncy leather ball about the size of a cantaloupe. United States team-handball players, unlike the members of the American baseball, basketball, boxing, gymnastics, swimming, and track teams, were not burdened in Los Angeles with concerns about whether the money that might accrue to them—or already has accrued to them—should be invested in tax shelters or in, say, gold and silver futures. Mary Phyl, as we journalists familiarly call her, began training for the 1984 games, with thirteen teammates, some four years ago. (They didn't win anything at Los Angeles, but should it matter?) For a while, they all lived together in a rented house in a small town in New Jersey. Most of them had college degrees in physical education, but there weren't many phys-ed jobs available in that community. To make ends meet, they took whatever work they could get: pumping gas, delivering telephone books, and, in the case of Mary Phyl (a member of the Athletic Hall of Fame of Southwest Missouri State University), passing the hat as a street-corner clown. Their lot improved after a year and a half or so, when the United States Olympic Committee lodged them at Lake Placid and sent them to Europe to play some seasoned teams, since there were no women in this country anywhere near their level. I asked Mary Phyl if she remembered that cookbook of the XXII Olympiad, and she said that she did—that she had contributed a recipe for her mother's meat loaf. I didn't wish to distract her from her Olympic mission by bringing up that Watergate salad. And what was her favorite recipe four years later? "I haven't cooked for a while," she said. "I guess my favorite is blueberry pie, but that's probably because I didn't get any of it while we were touring Europe." I believe that that is an exclusive Olympic quote.

AND now to Zola Budd and Mary Decker. They had never laid eyes on each other, apparently, until August 10th, when they were both out on the Coliseum track warming up for their much-heralded confrontation in the 3,000-metre run. There was no indication that they exchanged any words then. Zola, just turned eighteen, was from South Africa's Orange Free State. Because South Africa has been barred from the Olympics since 1960, and from most other international track meets, Zola had been training with ostriches—no human beings down there could keep up with her. She had beaten Mary's best time in the 5,000 metres—a distance race that has not yet been offered to women on the Olympics' swelling menu. But that was unofficial: South African results are not recognized elsewhere. Nor, at least by the inscrutable Olympic hierarchy, are South African journalists. The I.O.C., though it did accredit the two suspect Libyans, refused to give credentials to any South Africans, even unarguably bona-fide ones from anti-apartheid papers. (South Africans try hard to get in their retributive licks. The Johannesburg *Star* ran a cartoon in May, at the time the Russian boycott was announced, showing a chagrined Ronald Reagan in track clothes holding an Olympic torch while a huge sickle appeared to be slicing it in two. The caption was "Sickle Joke." The *Cape Times*, in Cape Town, had a similarly clad Reagan, also holding a torch, looking on abashed as Konstantin Chernenko strode off rolling a hoop that had been one of the five Olympic rings.) Mary Decker, an American and the 1983 world champion in several distance events, had long been Zola's idol: while Zola was growing up, she kept Mary's picture in her bedroom. Zola had an English grandfather. She moved to England, where she was granted citizenship in a hurry so she could compete on the British team. In Olympic circles, switching nationalities is only a little more noteworthy than changing shirts. Sydney Maree, another South African, albeit a black one, who would have run for the United States in the men's 1,500 metres if he had not hurt himself, became a United States citizen on May 1. He is a student at Villanova. Many African team members matriculate at American colleges and universities, where they can obtain better training and coaching than at home, and spend most of their time in this country. Morocco's Nawal El Moutawakel goes to Iowa State. Filbert Bayi attended the University of Oklahoma. The Ivory Coast's Gabriel Tiacoh, who won a silver medal in the men's 400-metre run, and Kenya's Julius Korir, who won a gold in the steeplechase, both go to Washington State. Csaba Elthes, an American fencing coach, used to be the national fencing coach for Hungary. (In the good old days, back in 1904, an American, Albertson Van Zo Post,

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ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

won three fencing medals on behalf of Cuba.) Alla Svirsky, the American coach of rhythmic gymnastics, was born in Odessa. The American women's-volleyball coach, Arie Selinger, is a Polish Jew who went to Israel as a boy and later coached there. Mary Phyl's handball coach, Klement Capliar, is a Czechoslovakian who defected to Canada. The Swiss marathoner Gabriela Andersen-Schiess, who staggered so harrowingly into the Coliseum at the end of her long ordeal, works at a ski lodge in Sun Valley, Idaho.

Not all of Zola Budd's new compatriots entirely appreciated her speedy naturalization, especially when it was disclosed that the London *Daily Mail* had underwritten her change of residence in return for exclusive rights to her story and her diary—which, soon after arriving in Los Angeles, she was commanded by British Olympic Association officials not to keep any longer, or, at any rate, not to have published until she had finished competing. She also had a nice contract, like most other track luminaries, with a shoe manufacturer, but in her case this was rather odd, inasmuch as she usually runs barefoot. She is a slip of a girl—five feet three inches, ninety-two pounds, shoe-stripped. Mary Decker is twenty-six, a veteran. She has been running since 1971. She had been foiled by injuries or boycotts from competing in any prior Olympics. She could have tried to win both the 1,500 metres and the 3,000 metres at Los Angeles, but a nagging injury to her Achilles tendon convinced her it was best to run in only a single race. She chose the 3,000 metres—Zola's race. There had been rumors that the black Africans at Los Angeles, who had boycotted the Montreal Games for far less reason than that a communicant of South Africa's Dutch Reformed Church was actively involved in them, might elect to stage some kind of protest when Zola materialized. They didn't. "But just because we kept quiet here," a Tanzanian told me, "doesn't mean we won't do anything if she turns up at the 1986 Commonwealth Games in Scotland." Decker said a couple of days before the big matchup that her tendon troubles were in the past and that she was feeling perfectly fit. (She had kept in shape after that injury by swimming.) "I think it's a miracle that I'm here," she said. What would winning a gold medal mean to her? "I don't know. I'll find out when and if it happens."

It didn't happen, as all the world knows. In the 3,000-metre preliminaries, Mary and Zola were in different heats. Each qualified handily for the final. So did Maricica Puică, of Rumania, who was ultimately the gold medallist. Until only about three and a half laps remained in the final, the race was a routine affair—Decker setting the pace, Budd directly behind her, Puică cruising along comfortably in third place. Then Zola, who hadn't much of a reputation as a sprinter, and whose game plan was presumably to get well ahead before the last, scrambling dash to the finish line, passed Decker, and moved in front of her. Exactly what happened after that will undoubtedly be debated by track buffs (who have already spent hours scrutinizing films of the incident frame by frame) for many months, if not Olympiads, to come. Suffice it to say here that after one glancing bodily contact between the two leaders Budd's left leg strayed out sideways and got entangled with Decker's right; that Decker, clutching in one hand a number she had ripped off Budd's back as her balance gave way, went tumbling into the infield; and that Budd, her left leg scraped by Decker's spikes and her nerves obviously rattled both by the accident and by the thunderous boos that were showered upon her (they may have carried all the way to the boxing pavilion next door, where booing was routine), faded, and ended up a dismal seventh. That was perhaps fortunate for her: if she had come in first, second, or third, and had had to climb up on the medallists' stand, the catcalls would have been brutal. Seventh for a while, anyhow; then she was disqualified. Disqualified for a while, anyhow; an hour or so later, she was reinstated in seventh place. In the meantime, Decker had started to limp off but had been picked up and carried out by her fiancé, the burly British discus thrower Richard Slaney. They disappeared into a tunnel beneath the stands. As the competitors in the race filed out through that tunnel, it was later revealed, Zola tried to say something to Mary—very likely the first exchange of words they'd ever had. "Don't bother," Decker snapped. Budd moved along, in tears. Decker went to a hospital, for X-rays. Nothing was broken—she had injured a gluteus muscle in her left hip. Next, she arrived back at the Coliseum, again in Slaney's arms, for a press conference. "I don't think there's any question that she was in the wrong," Decker said of her rival. Zola's account of the race was published in the *Daily Mail.* "There's no point in trying to apportion blame," she told an interviewer. "She says it's my fault. I'm not saying it's her fault. All I want to say about the whole thing is that I am convinced I didn't do anything wrong." The rescission of the disqualification seemed to lend some support to Zola's view. Indeed, within hours some observers were charging Decker with having caused the mishap by clinging too closely to Budd's bare heels after the South African crossed in front of her. The following day, Decker's coach, Dick Brown, came to the press center to report, among other things, that Decker and Budd had not talked since their brief exchange in the tunnel. "In six months, maybe they'll be able to say hello," he said.

At the end of that sadly aborted duel, most spectators' eyes were riveted either on the stricken Decker or on the forlorn Budd. Few people I've talked to since had noticed the appearance on the track of a woman who fleetingly caught my attention until she was shooed away. If my eyes did not deceive me, she was brandishing a South African flag—probably the first time those colors have been seen at any Olympics, officially or unofficially, since long before Zola Budd was born. In the next event on that day's program—an inevitably anticlimatic steeplechase—another flag-bearing interloper got onto the track while the race was in progress. He pranced around until some security men ran him down and dragged him off. His flag—really, more of a banner—bore the message "ONE EARTH AT PEACE, ONE HUMAN FAMILY." His sentiments were unexceptionable, but there has been little evidence over the last four Olympiads that he picked the right time and the right place to express them.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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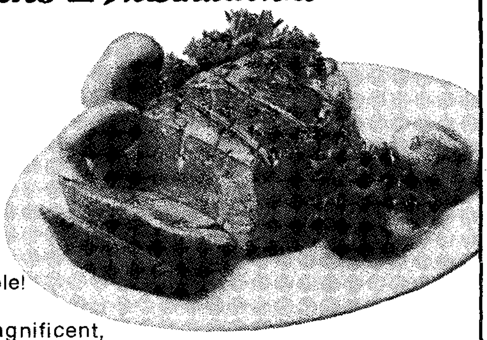

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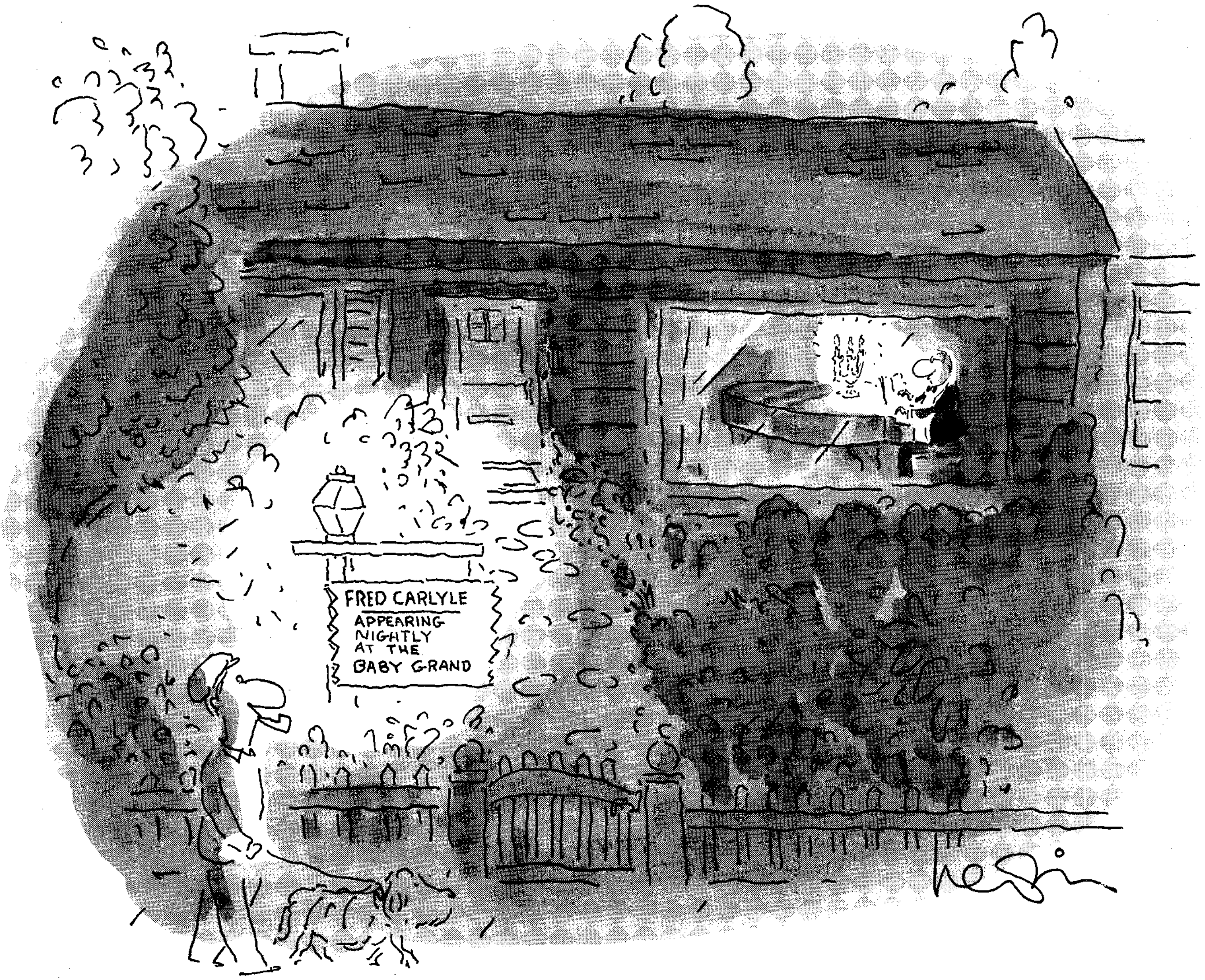
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE setting for The Production Company's "Blue Window," at Theatre Guinevere (Off Off), is an abstract living room, with vignettes of other rooms appearing here and there as required. The backdrop, a large abstract painting on a scrim, is a clue, for Craig Lucas's play—an engaging comedy with a sad strain running through it—is itself an abstract, a mosaic of overlapping episodes and conversations. "Blue Window" is about a dinner party whose hostess and guests are of assorted backgrounds and assorted sexes. The place is an apartment in this city; the time is a Sunday evening. In the first scene—pre-party—the characters wander in, busy with their own concerns and unaware of one another—the action is simultaneous—but they soon sort themselves out. The hostess, whose name is Libby, mixes punch in a large bowl, making sporadic telephone calls to her young man, one Griever, who has promised to come early and help her with the food. But he is too preoccupied with his reflection in a mirror, as he dresses and blow-dries his hair, to make any effort. A psychiatrist called Boo practices Italian with her lover, a writer named Alice, whose new novel is the occasion for the party; they are about to go to Europe. Tom, a musician and a former lover of Libby's, plays a composition of his own to his girl Emily, a secretary. The final character is Norbert, a sky diver. Just before the scene ends, Libby faces the audience and smiles, to reveal a gap of missing teeth.

The second scene is the party. The guests discuss their work and ideas, and writers and books, as the hostess, scurrying to and from the kitchen, tries to conceal the gap in her face. "Her lip itches" is Alice's conclusion. Mr. Lucas has a fine ear for a particular kind of New York social chatter, especially among people who don't know one another, and for the hints of fear and unhappiness and loneliness that break through amusing lines. His tone always seems exactly right. In the kitchen, Libby explains to Griever that she broke the caps off her teeth opening a jar of caviar. Suddenly, Emily stands and then, wandering around, sings a charming, plaintive song, "The Same Thing . . ." (Maureen Silliman, in the role, is a lovely singer.)

The third scene is post-party. The guests have gone home—only Norbert remains with the hostess. This time, it is Griever, alone, who makes the calls to her and then sadly gives up. Boo and Alice, having had too much to drink, pick on each other and irritably discuss their affair. Emily and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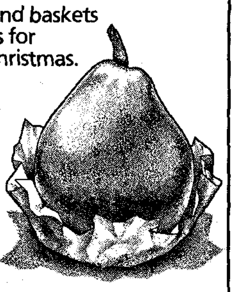

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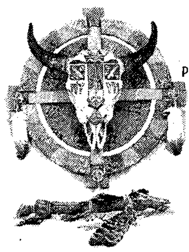

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Tom watch television with the sound off. In a long monologue, Libby tells Norbert a terrible story that explains her panic and insecurity (and loose teeth). The words "blue window" occur in several speeches, but their symbolic value, whatever it may be, seems forced and out of key.

Under Norman René's direction, The Production Company is a company indeed, and the performance as a whole is very good. Among the actors, Christine Estabrook is especially funny as the psychiatrist, but the others—Miss Silliman, Randy Danson (Libby), Margo Skinner, Brad O'Hare, Matt Craven, and Lawrence Joshua—are fine, too. Loy Arcenas designed the effective setting. Lighting by Debra J. Kletter; costumes by Walter Hicklin.

THERE is at least this to be said for the New York Shakespeare Festival's endless, hateful "The Golem," in the Park through September 2nd: Richard Foreman, who directed it, has, for once, allowed the actors to be more than marionettes dancing to his bidding. The show could easily be ignored if it weren't for the remarkable performance of Randy Quaid as the bewildered, put-upon, frightening Golem—gigantic and looming in thick-soled boots, his bright blue eyes unblinking—and the good performance of F. Murray Abraham as the detestable rabbi who creates him and eventually destroys him. Nevertheless, the strings stretched taut in geometric patterns above the stage and the flashing lighting and deafening electronic sound effects never let us forget who's in charge. "The Golem" was written in Yiddish by H. Leivick in 1920, and is described as "a dramatic poem in eight scenes;" it is certainly not much of a play, and, as translated, not much of a poem, either. Once upon a time, in the sixteenth century, there lived in Prague a rabbi whose flock was being persecuted by the Catholic clergy, who accused the Jews of murdering Christian babies and drinking their blood for Passover. So the rabbi created a Golem—a Frankensteinian monster—out of earth and clay, but lacked the nerve to give him the power or direction to fulfill a nasty mission. Instead of confounding the wicked priest and monk, the Golem took his axe to the Jews. However, the rabbi in this play is so self-righteous and craven and cruel to the poor Golem that we are very pro-Golem when we leave the theatre, in spite of the bloody axe in his hand. (A full synopsis, scene by scene, comes with the program, thank God, so there is no need to go further into the plot.)

The show is a son-et-lumière spectacle, and much of the time the stage is crowded—worshippers and beggars and spirits and devils and the villainous priest (Joseph Wiseman) and his cowed monk and an exhausted young messiah, who is twice sent packing because his time has not yet come, and even, briefly, Christ on the cross. Mr. Foreman has designed, with Nancy Winters, settings in black and white and muted gray. The incidental music was composed by Stanley Silverman.

—Edith Oliver

• •

BLACK WATER

A fly on black water stands
Over himself on stilts, the poise
Of his slick reflection bobbing
Between water and eye—two mirrors
Facing an infinite digression.

How does the image he sees
Diverge into the things we name:
Eyes, thorax, spiracles? He strides
Water stilled under maples mixing light
Until one sees no separate thing.

All day trout glide silently beneath color
And reflected color where margins fail.
They swim in a determined monotone,
Hungry for our imagist, who hovers
Light as the maple's paired wings and seeds.

—Wyatt Prunty

MUSICAL EVENTS

Roundup

Minimalism, though unrepresented this year at the Philharmonic's Horizons festival, is not yet, it seems, a spent force. The Brooklyn Academy has announced Steve Reich's "The Desert Music" and a revival of Philip Glass's "Einstein on the Beach" for next season. The City Opera does Glass's "Akhnaten" in November, and in London the English National Opera does it in June. This season in New York, we had a performance, at the City Center in May, of Act V, composed by Glass, of "the CIVIL warS: a tree is best measured when it is down." "the CIVIL warS" is a long, long theatre piece, devised, designed, and directed by Robert Wilson, working with various composers, which has been in piecemeal creation all over the world and would have been assembled at the Olympic Arts Festival in Los Angeles had funds not run short. Act V, commissioned by the Rome Opera, was produced there in March. The City Center performance, in concert form, was given by the New York Opera Repertory Theatre, conducted by Leigh Gibbs Gore. Without the "visuals," it seemed a slight, sometimes agreeably quaint, sometimes boringly repetitious piece. The mezzo and soprano of the cast (one doubled as Earth Mother and Mrs. Lincoln, the other as Snow Owl and Alcmene, Hercules' mother) were so unsteady and approximate that the common chords of which most of the music is made, instead of shining, became murky and unpleasant.

The St. Louis Symphony and Symphony Chorus, conducted by Leonard Slatkin, brought John Adams' "Harmonium" to Carnegie Hall for its New York première in March. This expansive diatonic choral setting of poems by John Donne ("Negative Love") and Emily Dickinson ("Because I Could Not Stop for Death," "Wild Nights") is an impressive piece, with slow-motion Victorian harmonies, a shimmering, colorful surface, and some wonderful deep sonorities. "Wild Nights" begins as if in Wagnerian darkness. But for some reason the work didn't swell, surge, and glitter as it had in San Francisco, where it was first performed, in 1981.

Edmund Niemann, an able pianist, devoted the first half of a Merkin Hall recital in May to Minimalism, with Adams' "Phrygian Gates," another attractive and impressive piece, as its climax. But then he devoted his second half to music by Stefan Wolpe and ended with the tremendous Passacaglia—music whose power and substance made the Minimalism of the first half seem mere flicker, ripple, and foolery.

Some other works—and performances and sounds—of the season deserve at least brief mention before 1984-85 brings its new crop. Peter Lieberson's "Lalita," subtitled "Chamber Variations," had its première at a Speculum Musicae concert at Symphony Space in May. The title, a Sanskrit word meaning "passionate sport" or "play," occurred to the composer immediately, he said in a program note, when he began thinking about a work for Speculum. "Lalita" consists of a theme, eight variations, and a coda; it lasts about twenty minutes and is written for ten players (violin, viola, cello, double-bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, piano, and percussion). The transformations of the theme prove hard to follow at a first hearing, but the articulation of the work is clear, especially in the variations where individual players assumed star roles. It's a shapely, graceful, engaging composition; I'm eager to hear it again.

Three days later, again at Symphony Space, the Kronos Quartet gave the première of Tod Machover's First String Quartet, followed by the New York première of his "Chansons d'Amour" Part II, "Zwischen Himmel und Erde," played with magnificent bravura and passion by Alan

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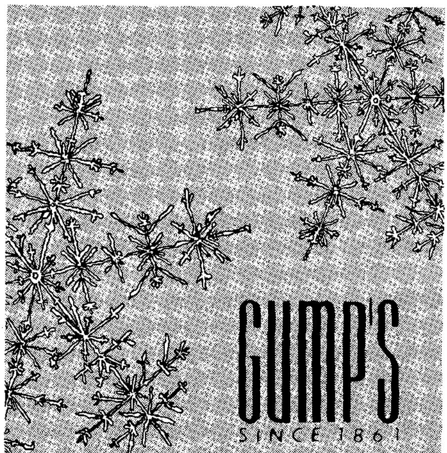

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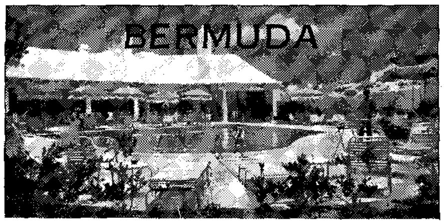

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Feinberg. Machover is director of musical research at IRCAM. I've not made much of the earlier music of his I've heard, most of it involving computers, but these two works for live performers were gripping. Each evinced what the composer in a program note described as a "search for unity and harmony amidst seemingly insurmountable complexity." Each began with a unison; broke into torrents of notes, floods of harmony; soared, wrestled; achieved moments of strange, transfigured calm; ended surely—the quartet with a reiterated, affirmative unison, the piano piece with a soft, wide-flung chord enclosing a gentle, questioning dissonance.

Sounds from Horizons concerts which I go on thinking about are the noble tones of Stuart Dempster's trombone, recorded in Clement VI's abbey at Avignon, with its fourteen-second resonance, and reproduced in Fisher Hall with Mr. Dempster's live "overlay," in his "Standing Waves—1976;" the iridescence of Dean Drummond's *zoomoozophone* (a kind of super-marimba with thirty-one notes to the octave, tuned in just intervals) in works of his own and by Joan La Barbara; Miss La Barbara's astonishing bird imitations (squawks, chirrups, and twitters) in her "After 'Obervogelsang;'" and Robert Dick's virtuosity on flutes in his "$T \approx C^{10}$," for solo bass flute, and in Martin Bresnick's "Conspiracies," for solo flute and four other flutes, whose parts in this performance had been prerecorded by Mr. Dick.

At a Merkin Hall concert in June presenting music by eight young composers who had won A.S.C.A.P. grants, Mr. Dick played Todd Brief's "Canto," which, like the Horizons pieces, draws polyphony from the single instrument. The outstanding work here was Rand Steiger's "Quintessence," a mercurial construction for clarinet, cello, percussion, and piano duet, which was elegantly played by the New York New Music Ensemble.

In the Juilliard Theatre, Joel Krosnick embarked on a big, six-concert survey of twentieth-century American cello music. (The final concerts are in October and November.) His fourth program, in May, contained a vivid performance of Mario Davidovsky's "Synchronism No. 3," for cello and tape, and a polished performance, with Elizabeth Wright as pianist, of Ben Weber's excellent Five Pieces.

At the 92nd Street Y in March, Gerard Schwarz—that busy conductor who has sometimes seemed to be tackling more repertory than he is able to enter profoundly—and the Y Chamber Symphony gave an elevated account of Shostakovich's Fourteenth Symphony. I remember it as one of the most moving events of the season. It was poignantly phrased and extremely well played, and had two eloquent soloists—Alessandra Marc and John Cheek.

At a League-ISCM recital in Carnegie Recital Hall in May, given by the Pro Arte Quartet, Bethany Beardslee, without fanfare or fuss, made her last New York concert appearance. For three and a half decades (she made her New York début in 1949), she has been a muse for contemporary musicians. Milton Babbitt, Robert Helps, Fred Lerdahl, George Perle, Roger Sessions, Ralph Shapey, and Ben Weber are among the composers she has championed—composers whose music she has recorded memorably. At this concert, she sang Mel Powell's "Little Companion Pieces" (charming, poetic companions for Schoenberg's Second Quartet), for string quartet and soprano, so truly, sweetly, and sensitively as to make any thought of retirement seem premature. Her place in musical history and in musicians' hearts is assured.

THIS season, the Northeast Orchestral Consortium—composed of the Albany Symphony, the Hartford Symphony, the Hudson Valley Philharmonic, the New Haven Symphony, and the Springfield Symphony—organized the commissioning of six substantial orchestral works. Two commissions came from Albany, one from each of the other places; and the five orchestras concerned agreed that all would play all six works at least twice, over a three-season period, thus insuring a minimum of ten performances for each commission. The works are John Harbison's "Ulysses' Raft" (New Haven), Earl Kim's "Cornet" (Hartford), Tobias Picker's "The Encantadas" and Charles Wuorinen's Third Piano Concerto (Albany), Ned Rorem's Violin Concerto (Springfield), and Robert Starer's "Hudson Valley Suite" (for the Hudson Valley Philharmonic, which is Poughkeepsie-based). I heard the Harbison and the Wuorinen premières; caught up (on tape) with the Picker and Starer pieces; somehow missed the Kim. The Rorem is due in March next year.

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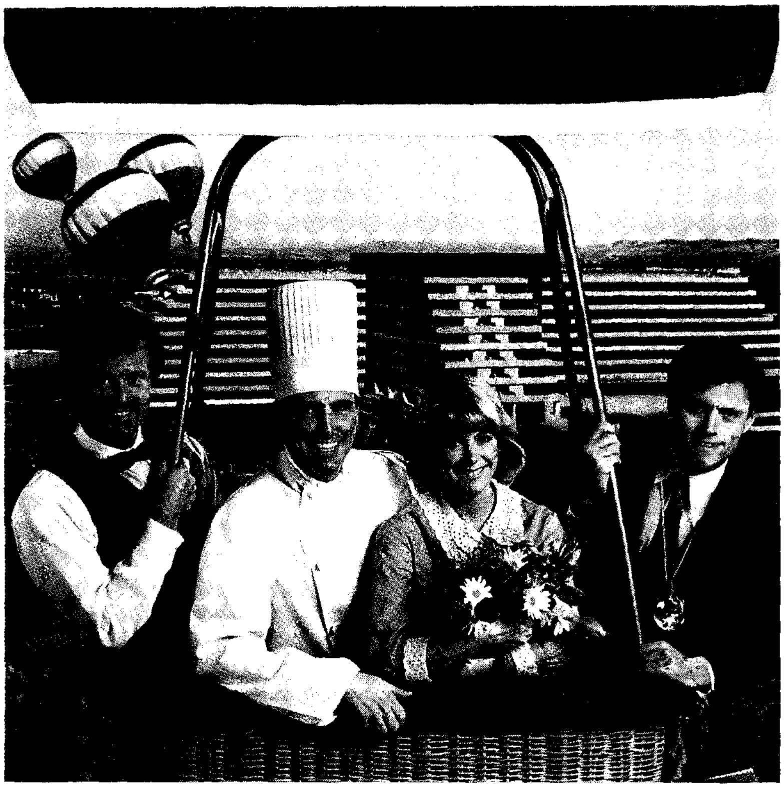

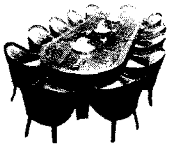

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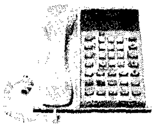

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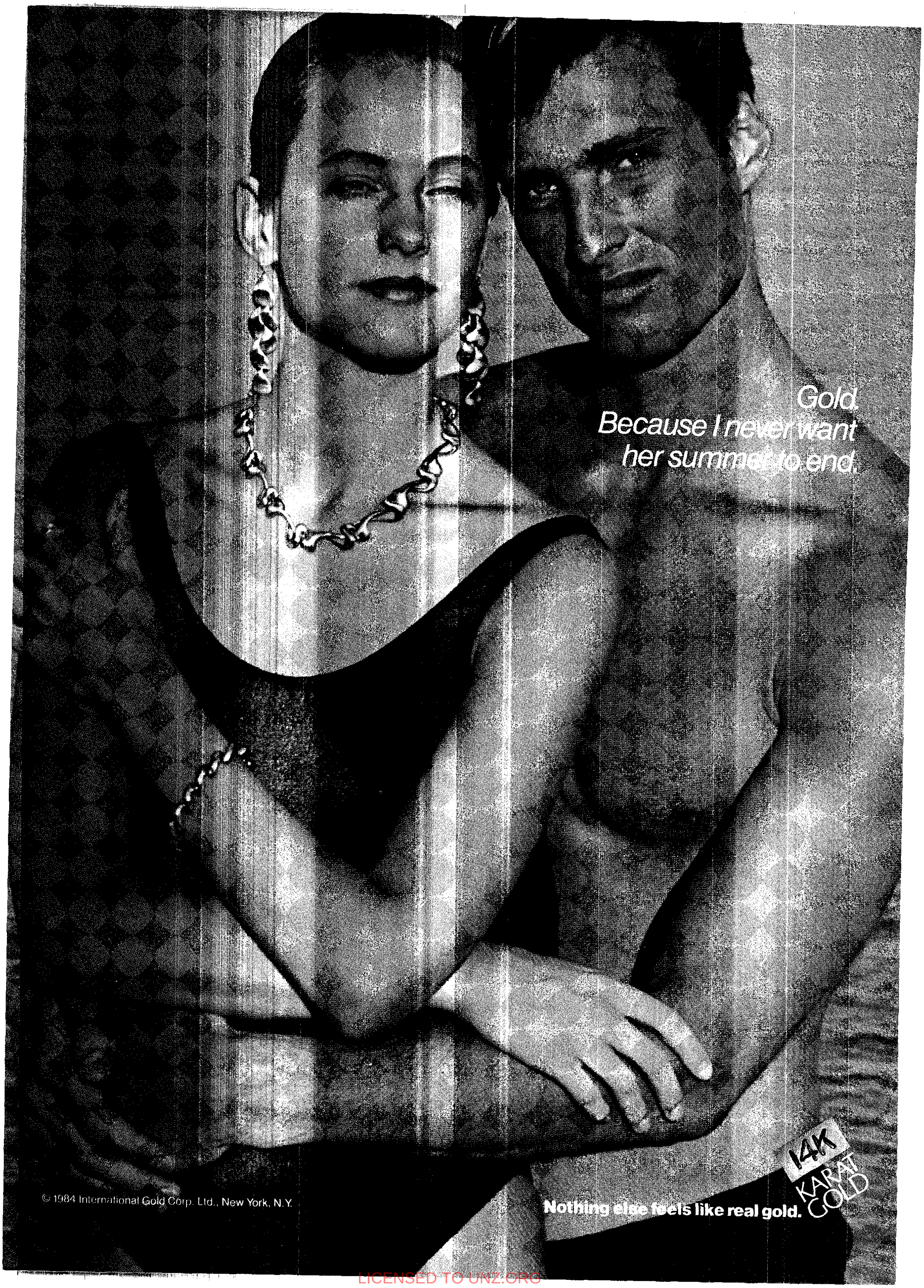
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movements: "Sources," "The View from Olana," "Dances on a Terrace," "A Glimpse of West Point," and "Past Gotham and On to the Sea." It's a conventional and undistinguished example of its genre; "Sources" is rather pretty, and then it's downhill all the way. That's how rivers run, it's true, but the Hudson swells to grandeur and romance that find small reflection here. And the scoring strikes me as workaday.

Picker's "The Encantadas" is also a picturesque work, but a rich one that I've now heard several times with pleasure. It lasts about half an hour, and it's for speaker and orchestra—a combination that is seldom successful but is here brought off. At the second performance, in Springfield, Picker himself recited the text, with inflections and timing that made it seem part of the composition, not a distraction. The words are descriptive passages from Melville's Piazza Tale, telling of the mysterious islands' desolation, of the ponderous tortoises, of Rock Rodondo, rising towerlike from the sea, with its tiered population of birds. The six movements are entitled "Dream," "Desolation," "Delusion," "Diversity," "Din," and "Dawn." Melville's charged prose spins exotic metaphors of the human condition; Prospero, Caliban, and Ariel seem not far away. Picker responds with romantic, colorful music. His materials are conventional, often Mahlerian in cut; his use of them is fresh and imaginative. One passage seems out of place—a penguins' waltz so Ravel-like that it whisks one from the enchanted Galápagos Islands to a European ballroom.

Wuorinen's concerto was the most exciting of the four new pieces: the only one to challenge an audience, the only one recognizable as music of our day—not something that might have been written at any time during the last half century. Albany audiences are accustomed to new music. The eight programs in the orchestra's major 1983-84 series and the eight announced in its 1984-85 series (each of them played both in Albany and in Troy) contain contemporary or near-contemporary American music on every bill (except the last, in which Griffes' "Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan" commemorates his centenary and Penderecki's Viola Concerto has its American première). These concerts constitute the Merrill Lynch American Music Series. I heard the Wuorinen in Troy—in that famous twelve-hundred-and-fifty-seat concert hall, over the Troy Savings Bank, that opened in 1875. The hall was full, and the applause for the new piece was warm.

The concerto lasts half an hour. The soloist is playing just about all the time: the work is like a huge piano piece in which the orchestra supplies an extension of the instrument's timbres and dynamics. It's energetic, packed with ideas, exhilarating. There's a vigorous first movement; a highly developed slow movement with beautiful sonorities (the orchestra has a more nearly independent role), eloquent lines, and powerful harmonies; and a trenchant finale. In lieu of a program note, there was the transcription of a fascinating conversation between Wuorinen and Scott Cantrell, the Albany *Times-Union* critic. Wuorinen deals briskly with critics (especially those of the New York *Times*) and their "combination of pusillanimity and arrogance;" with the charge that much music is being written not for audiences but for the composer and his colleagues ("This means . . . simply that the critic doesn't like it"); and with "neo-romanticism." He tries to distinguish between "nostalgia . . . which tends merely to regurgitate the gestures of music which belongs to another time and another place" and "the restoration of a continuity, a link with the music of the past." In Wuorinen's recent music I sense that restoration, that link. (No doubt this means simply that I do like it.) In this piano concerto, as in Peter Lieberson's (but less patently), there is also a link with Romantic piano concertos, insofar as the soloist can put his mastery of big, bravura techniques at the service of a contemporary work. The piano writing implies a player for whom Brahms and Rachmaninoff hold no terrors.

The soloist here was Garrick Ohlsson, who filled that bill. He gave what seemed to me a masterly performance—big, brilliant, unflagging, lyrical in the slow movement. The orchestra, conducted by Julius Hegyi, sounded good; but at later hearings, which I followed score in hand (Albany concerts are broadcast on WMHT, the Schenectady public-radio station), I

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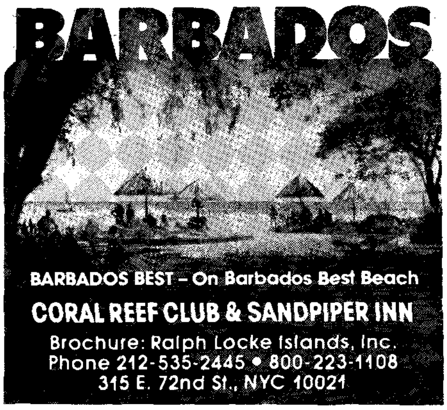

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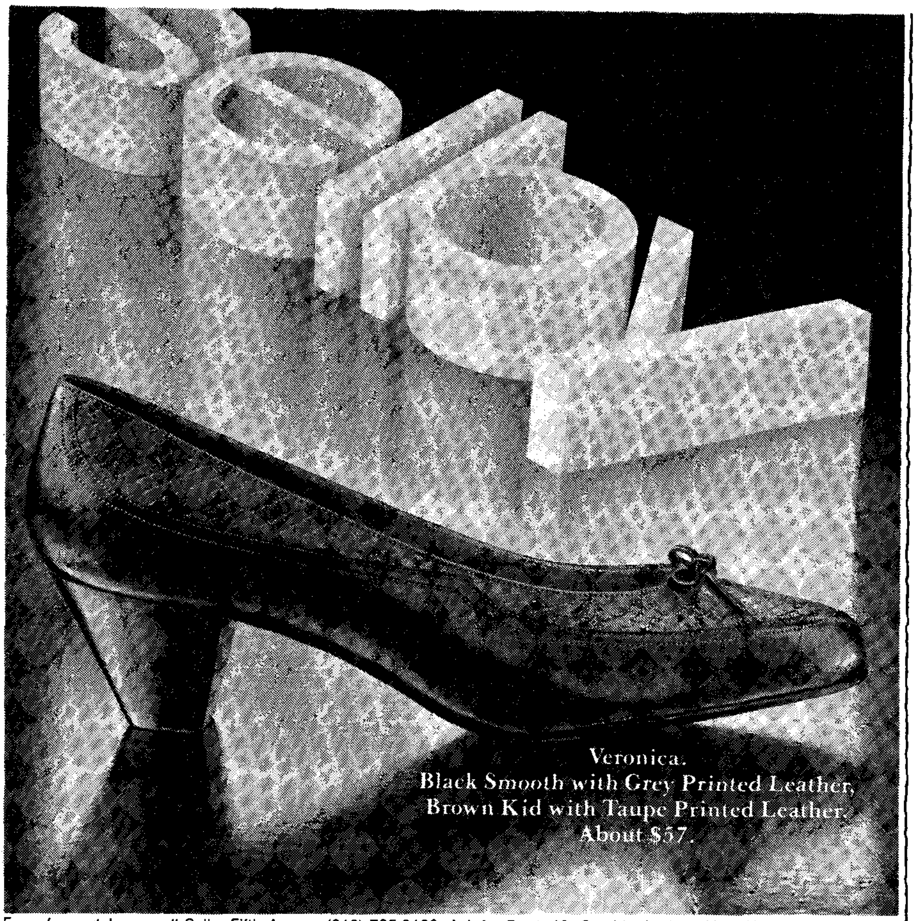
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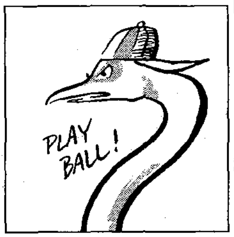

began to imagine an orchestral performance with sharper, more shapely details and more careful observance of dynamic distinctions. The score is published by C. F. Peters.

"Ulysses' Raft" and "Ulysses' Bow" are ballet scores that Harbison embarked on after seeing and being stirred by a production of Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" in the summer of 1982. "I decided to make my own Ulysses opera without singers," he says in a program note. Each ballet—or, rather, each part of the two-part ballet, for that's how the work seems to have been conceived—contains five scenes, introduced by a prelude and divided by interludes. "Ulysses' Raft," the longer of the two, has for concert performance been divided into two suites. The first suite, played at New Haven, conducted by Murry Sidlin, begins with the prelude (Ulysses starting his journey home, and, in another image, the waiting Penelope) and the first scene (in Polyphemus' cave), and then jumps to the fourth interlude (Ulysses on his raft, after leaving Calypso's island, and his struggle with Neptune) and the fifth scene (Nausicaa). This leaves, for a second suite, the scenes of Circe, of the Underworld, and of Calypso, and the interludes "Aeolus' Winds Released," "Penelope at Her Weaving," and "Sea Perils and Shipwreck." "Ulysses' Bow" is set on Ithaca. The five scenes are "Ulysses' Return," "The Suitors," "Penelope," "The Trial of the Bow," and "Reunion," divided by the interludes "Ulysses and Argos," "While the Suitors Sleep," "Penelope's Dream," and "The Ritual of Purification." This part, composed for the Pittsburgh Symphony, was played in Pittsburgh in May and brought to Avery Fisher Hall twelve days later.

I find it a puzzling work (or pair of works). On the one hand, it's a large, carefully planned score by an able and distinguished composer inspired by a great subject. Ulysses and Penelope provide the main themes. Music provides a means of tying Ulysses to his adversaries—Polyphemus, Neptune, the suitors—in ways that define differences between them, and of presenting Penelope and her rivals Circe, Calypso, and Nausicaa as aspects of the anima, related yet very different. The composer points this out in his program note; in the score one can discern the relationships and the differences; and even at a first hearing one can perhaps catch something of the process. There's also a good deal of picturesque incident—the roars of the blinded Polyphemus, Ulysses' struggle with the waves, the murder of the suitors—that lends itself to graphic musical treatment. Harbison is good at this, and he scores very well.

On the other hand— But I find it hard to define my uneasiness about the piece. (Perhaps it will disappear after a whole performance.) I can't escape a feeling that Harbison has settled a little too readily for familiar musical imagery. There seems to be precious little here that, say, Albert Roussel could not have composed. Difficult questions arise. If this Ulysses ballet were in fact a work of the nineteen-thirties, not the nineteen-eighties, would we hear it differently today? And should we? Such questions underlie one's feelings about "neo-romanticism" in general. So much of it—George Rochberg, David Del Tredici—sounds like comfortable, unchallenging acceptance of the traditional. In "Ulysses' Raft" and "Ulysses' Bow" I hear inspired passages, and others in which Harbison seems to be not at full stretch but merely filling—diligently, conventionally—his grand design.

Harbison's First Symphony is a similarly disconcerting work. One of the Boston Symphony's centennial commissions, it was first played in Boston in March, conducted by Seiji Ozawa, and then at Tanglewood in July, conducted by the composer. The first, rather Shostakovich-like movement is fine, with a stern, metallic first subject (the music came to Harbison in a dream, he revealed in his program note) and a quirky second subject. It promises much. But there follows a gauche, wispy scherzo, gone almost before it has registered; a slow movement that seems like movie music, with Max Steiner-ish moments; and a final toccata in scrubbing-brush neoclassical style. —ANDREW PORTER

●

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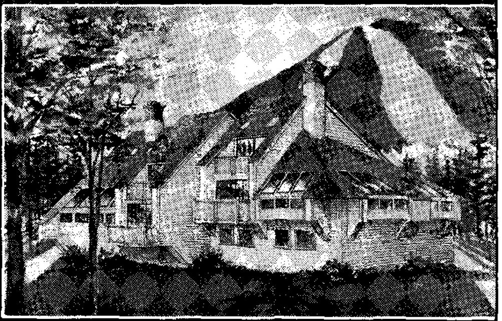

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BOOKS

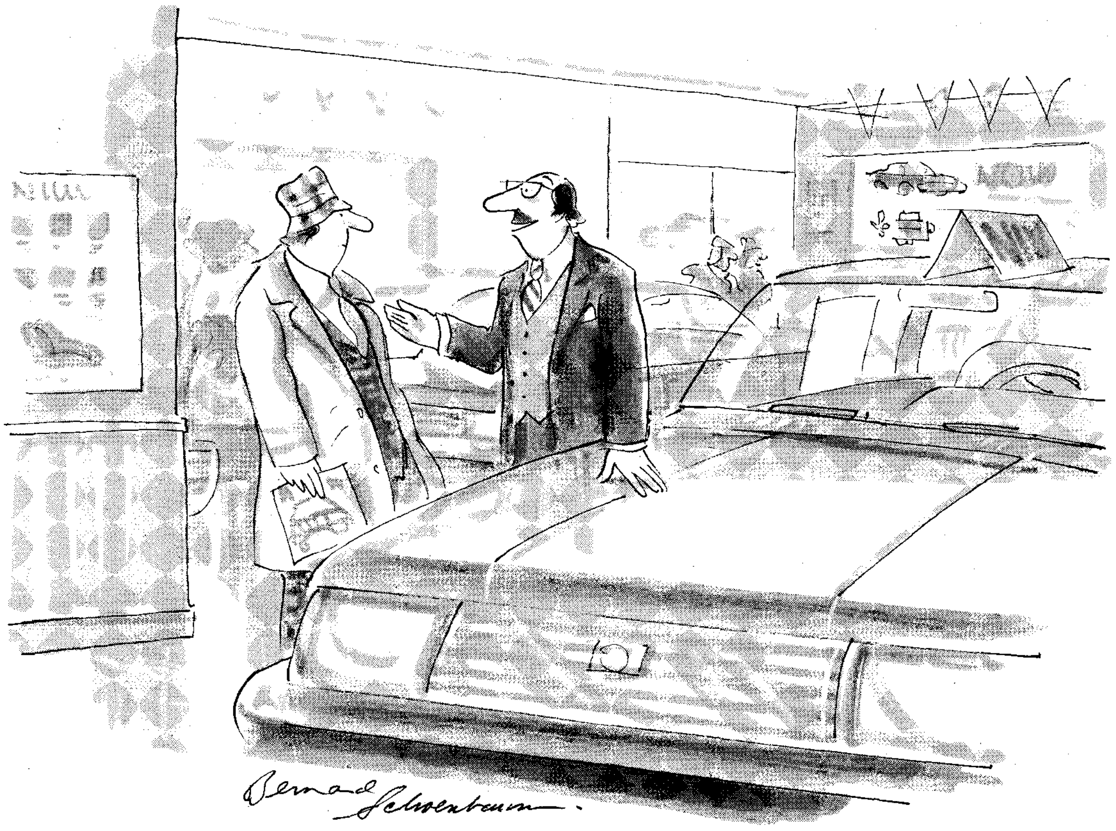
Genius Without a Cause

THE aura of disappointment, of failed promise, that surrounded Cyril Connolly was to a large degree his own creation. It was he who, in "Enemies of Promise" (1938), capped adverse diagnoses in all the sickrooms of contemporary literary endeavor with a ruthless self-portrait of his schoolboy self—a study in callow cleverness, romantic dither, permanent adolescence, cowardice, snobbery, and sloth. Though this least flattering of autobiographical sketches ends with Connolly's leaving Eton at the age of eighteen in 1922, his subsequent career is adumbrated as a continued "useless assignment, falling in love, going to Spain and being promising indefinitely." And it was Connolly who began his other book of note, the suavely melancholy "word cycle" called "The Unquiet Grave" (1944), with the famous assertion that "the true function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece" and that "no other task is of any consequence." By the bald light of this harsh lantern readers would have no trouble perceiving that the little Diogenes holding it on high, at that time editor of *Horizon* and afterward to become the lead reviewer of the London *Sunday Times*, was himself engaged in inconsequent tasks and, according to language further down the page ("Writers engrossed in any literary task which is not an assault on perfection are their own dupes"), was his own dupe. Any subsequent critic wishing to write earnestly of Connolly finds himself, therefore, somewhat disarmed, facing a choice between sheepish agreement with these low opinions and disagreement that might seem merely mulish.

David Pryce-Jones, assigned the awkward task of presenting for publication a dishevelled, abjectly self-critical and at the same time insufferably self-absorbed journal that Connolly kept between 1928 and 1937—"Cyril Connolly: Journal and Memoir" (Ticknor & Fields; $19.95)—seems on balance to agree that Connolly disappointed, while finding something successfully strategic in the pose of *maître manqué:* "The depiction of himself as some sort of royal failure was the foundation of his success. . . . Playing the leading part in this comedy of his own devising, he was imitating failure. Advantage came from it. Here was the way to avoid making hard choices or sacrifices, here was the way to have everything all at once and all the time, to be artist and critic, powerfully realising ambition while claiming not to be doing so." In the long biographical sketch that follows these judgments, Mr. Pryce-Jones tends to side with the school authorities so deftly mocked by Connolly in his memoir. The Wilkes, who under the nicknames of Flip (Mrs.) and Sambo (Mr.) ran St. Cyprian's school, had been, we are told, "consistently well-disposed towards Cyril. . . . Within their capacities, they had done their best for a boy much cleverer and more sophisticated than usual." (St. Cyprian's, under the pseudonym of Crossgates, was also the subject of George Orwell's scathing "Such, Such Were the Joys . . ." Mr. Pryce-Jones blandly assures us that "actually nothing outside the normal run of schoolboy experience happened to either of them"—as if the horrors of the "normal run" weren't what they were protesting.) At Eton, we are told, the Master in College, J. F. Crace, wrote with "some prescience" of the sixteen-year-old Cyril, "He is in danger of achieving nothing more than a journalistic ability to write rather well about many things." Connolly's "Georgian Boyhood" is concerned for most of its pages with Etonian social and political intrigues; of these Mr. Pryce-Jones sniffs, "What had actually been storms in College tea-cups were exaggerated into grandeurs and miseries."

In the journal itself, the irritating rattle of storm-stirred teacups continues to be heard. Of Robert Longden, an Oxford crush of Connolly's with whom he continued to correspond and travel, the diarist breathily confided:

> My sadism is very subtle with regard to Bobbie, I do not want to cause him any kind of pain or to hurt him, but I should like to storm him unprepared by a fire and sympathy of conversation, to glow right



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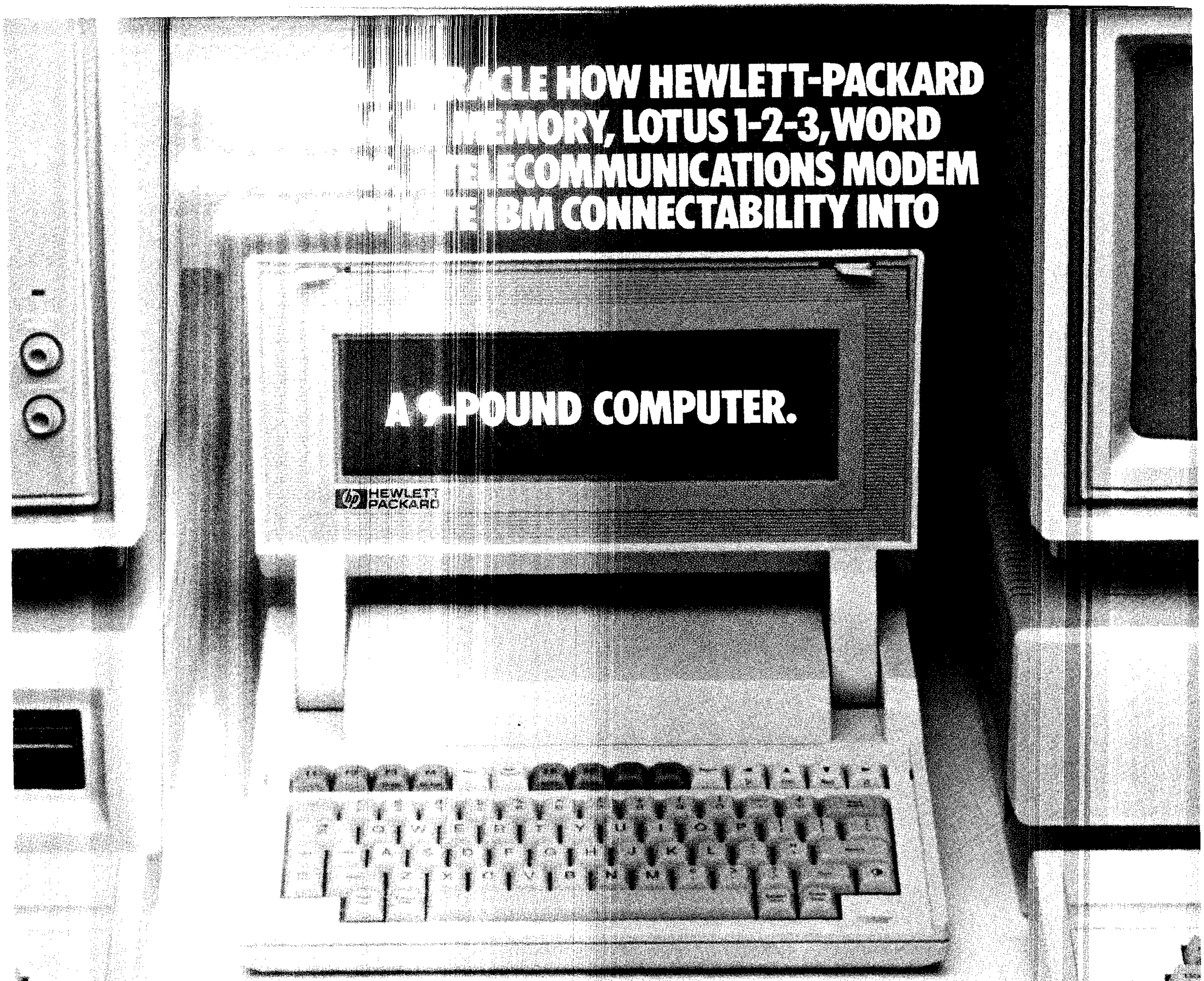

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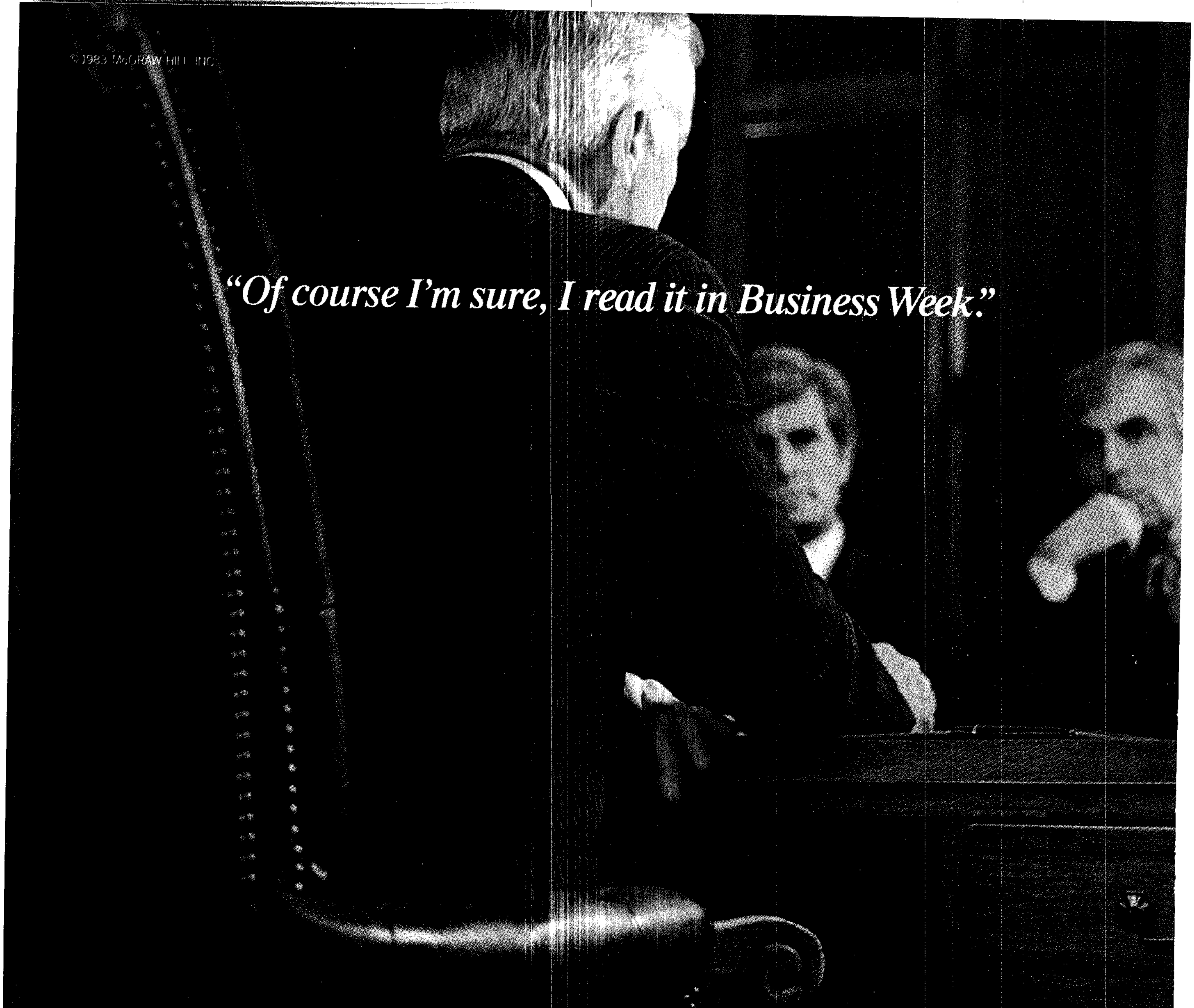
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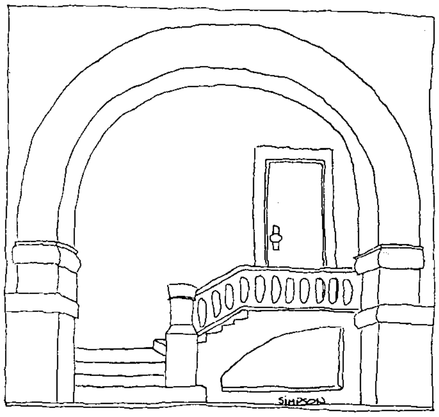
> into his personality by a kind of corrosive imaginative beauty so that he feels he has never lived nor understood anything before as he has on this wild probing caress of words—to give him vitality that is greater than his vitality, to teach him a sensibility finer and surer than his own, to send an intolerable current down to light his heart's globe and to lap him all the time in a gentle warmth of tenderness, humour and understanding, that is my ambition, for if I succeed nothing else that he does will give him back his honeydew, nor will he taste the milk of paradise from other cups than mine.

Though now well into his twenties and not entirely innocent of the world and of heterosexual contacts, Connolly continued schoolboyishly to draw up graded lists of his acquaintances ("Friends," "In storage," "The old," and "*à la carte*" are the categories of one such inventory), to set questionnaires for himself and others ("Are you a sadist or a masochist?" "Are there as many grades of lesbians as of womanisers?" "What are the oddest circumstances in which you have made love?" "Would you drink a pint of blood to save your sister?"), and to pen self-admonishments like "Be more ruthless, and less flabby, cease being influenced by charmers and gentlemen." Though Connolly himself had little money, "on all branches of his family tree were large houses and private incomes," as Mr. Pryce-Jones puts it. His taste for the soft life was full-blown and cheerfully confessed: "O the joy of lingering over port and brandy with men in red coats telling dirty stories while it snows outside." A not untypically posh entry runs, "Enjoyed the rich patina of the Cunard soirée, the lovely women, the vacant faces of the extroverts, the expression of envy on Clarence Marjoribanks and the incredible stupid air of luxurious abandon on Lady Cunard's face as she danced with the Prince of Wales." The young would-be writer rarely dined alone, and his stratagems were directed less toward accomplishing work than toward making a social impression. In "Enemies of Promise," he was parenthetically to observe how "all charming people have something to conceal, usually their total dependence on the appreciation of others." To his journal of 1928 he confided, "There is no finer sense of power than the power of one's own imagination over that of other men, no more exciting and impossible task than that of making oneself indispensable to one's best friend." In Zagreb, having spent the night mostly under the stars with a teen-age prostitute, he wondered as he walked home in the dawn "how my friends would see me." Of another occasion, when he had taken a gramophone onto a Channel-bound train, Connolly noted, "I played slow fox-trots in my empty carriage and felt that at last I had become an interesting person again." His obsession with his own image, whether as an "interesting person" or as "the most unlovable mug in England," certainly got in his way as a writer, and gets in our way as we try to read these youthful jottings, both pompous and plaintive, with sympathetic attention.

An Englishman of Connolly's class had to pursue literary ambition through social mists much thicker than any on this side of the Atlantic. One's schoolmates, slightly reshuffled, had become the rising élite, and there were, all around, maddening examples of gentlemen—that is, men supported by unearned income. Logan Pearsall Smith, the Anglicized Philadelphian who employed the young Connolly as a secretary, led a thoroughly aesthetic life thanks to what he called "the unfailing fountain of my little annuity." Connolly in his diary exhorted himself about the need to have a steady thousand pounds a year, or, better yet, three thousand. His financial reality consisted of grudging doles from relatives, eight pounds a week from Pearsall Smith, and what he earned doing proofreading and unsigned reviews for Desmond MacCarthy at the *New Statesman*. This last sum went up to ten pounds a week when, in 1927, he became a regular contributor of signed reviews. In his journal, he wrote this "advice to a reviewer": "So you wish to take up reviewing—but this is no easy matter. To begin with, you must be sure that writing is your vocation, next you must be convinced that reviewing is not writing, hence the conclusion that your vocation is not reviewing. Well, once you feel that, you can start." At the same time, Connolly had a decided taste and aptitude for the literary seethe—the old-boy snake pit of London literary life. "Desire for literary intrigue, power, influence, struggle," he noted in one of his self-accountings. If Eton turned out to be all politics, then literature must be also. "Enemies of Promise," indeed, deals less with works than with reputations, to whose rise and fall it shows a sensitivity almost sinister. The portrait of the artist as a young man which emerges from these journals enhances one's admiration for the stubborn creative resolves of Lawrence and Joyce, who disdained the London critical establishment and in willful isolation composed their fierce provincial novels. Nottingham and Dublin pressed upon these two authors as no body of material apparently did on Connolly; nor did he have the savage humor or the uncanny empathy that enabled, respectively, his peers Evelyn Waugh and Henry Green to put worlds onto paper. The outer world interested Connolly as the means to his own comfort—a not entirely ignoble preoccupation but one more likely to produce philosophy than fiction.



After 1930, when he married Jean Bakewell, a young American with some money and a cheerful habit of "easy surrender," the journals pick up pace and interest and become less anxiously narcissistic. Jean's Americanness, so surprising to Connolly's friends, may have helped release him from what he called his "inferiorities and persecutions from Yeoman's Row." She was outside the English class system, mercifully, as was Europe. The couple had met in Paris and spent all the time they could on the Continent; for years Connolly had been complaining about England's stuffiness and ugliness in his journals. "England is a problem—parts of it so beautiful—a few people in it so intelligent and quite a good many extraordinarily nice—yet I can't ever manage to fit into it. . . . I hate colonels and I hate the people who make fun of them." While married to Jean, he wrote his one novel, "The Rock Pool" (1936). A downbeat comedy of raffish expatriates in a Riviera town, it suggests the early novels of Waugh and Aldous Huxley yet has a spontaneous candor, a poetic sensuality, and a vulnerable air all its own. A few years later, Connolly wrote his one book-length critical work, "Enemies of Promise," which became in its last third an essay in autobiography. On the wave of nostalgia and depression that followed his marriage's breakup in 1940, he assembled that curious scrapbook "The Unquiet Grave," like Eliot's "Four Quartets" a testament of solace for wartime London. The mild creative surge that produced these three disparate, odd, yet vivid and haunting works has to be associated with Jean, who shared his fondness for southern Europe, late nights, and pet lemurs. "Without your help, advice, love, and enthusiasm I am a mutilated person, a genius without a cause," he wrote her, seeking a reconciliation. He persisted both in the infidelities that had driven her back to America and in his attempts at reviving the marriage; they were not divorced until after the war. Henceforth he was to be a London pundit and character merely, though a foremost one, and one who brought to his reviewing and journalism considerable diligence and an ineradicable verve and fineness of mind. Connolly, who died in 1974, had become an interesting person, and remains one. All three of the books named above are in print in this country, recently reissued in paperback by Persea Books, which also has now published in hardcover "The Selected Essays of Cyril Connolly," edited and with an introduction by Peter Quennell ($17.95).

Mr. Quennell, whom Connolly knew at Balliol, figures in his journals as an especially respected friend, "my only contemporary interesting in himself and not because I choose to make him so." Yet the old friend has done a rather casual job of extracting this volume from Connolly's three miscellaneous collections—"The Condemned Playground" (1945), "Ideas and Places" (1953), and "Previous Convictions" (1963). There is no index. Most of the pieces bear no dateline, so that only stray internal evidences offer to orient us within four decades of composition, and a word like "beatnik" jumps up from an essay on "The Grand Tour" with the impudence of an anachronism. The allotment of three hundred and seven pages seems rather meagre for a posthumous omnibus, with too pronounced a tilt away from Connolly's book reviews. The literary articles included either are general statements or else deal with major writers. I would have enjoyed a bit less caviar and a bit more bread and butter, in the form of Connolly's treatment of the minor and ephemeral works that necessarily come a constant reviewer's way—the feeblest works sometimes stir the widest flights. Instead, there is a long section devoted to "Satires & Parodies." Though Connolly's parody of Huxley, "Told in Gath," is an anthology standard, his burlesque of Ian Fleming, "Bond Strikes Camp," seems grotesquely overextended, and the two "Felicity" pieces are parodying I don't quite know what; the writer's frustrated impulse to make fiction seems vented in these flights, and they overcarry the satiric point. And it would have been interesting to know, of the travel pieces, where they appeared, since they vary significantly in tone and were doubtless produced, like most travel pieces, for a market.

What can one say about a critic without seeming hypercritical? Cyril Connolly, at least in this selection, is no Edmund Wilson, burrowing with implacable brow through shelves of books on our behalf, nor a T. S. Eliot, offhandedly overturning reputations and bestowing a phrase that a thousand assistant professors can feed upon. Connolly lacked the trenchancy, the will to penetrate, that distinguished these two more determined minds. Novels honestly pained and bored him; no wonder he wrote only one. "The reviewing of novels is the white man's grave of journalism; it corresponds, in letters, to building bridges in some impossible tropical climate. The work is grueling, unhealthy, and ill-paid, and for each scant clearing made wearily among the springing vegetation the jungle overnight encroaches twice as far." He proposed a closed season—"no new novels to be published for three years, their sale forbidden like that of plovers' eggs." He advocated that no one under thirty should be allowed to write one, that "words like Daddy, love, marriage, baby, birth, death, mother, buses, shops" all be banned, plus "all novels dealing with more than one generation or with any period before 1918 or with brilliant impoverished children in rectories." The typical English novel "consists either of arranged emotional autobiography or a carefully detached description of stupid people to show that the author is too clever to be clever." Whereas "the typical 100 percent American novel has almost invariably a group hero, and is usually a monument of wasted energy, sentimentality striving after realism, and an admirable talent for description being thrown away on life that is quite unworthy to be described." The giants of modern literature pained him little less: Virginia Woolf, the journals aver, wrote lush and cliché-ridden prose and "does not care for human beings;" Proust, we read in "Enemies of Promise," was "often repetitive and feeble" and "a reactionary writer;" and Joyce, it is said in "Selected Essays," "fed his queen bee of a mind with inferior jelly" and produced massive works "fundamentally uninteresting." Connolly further says of Joyce, "His life is one of the saddest and one of the emptiest except in so far as it was filled by the joys of artistic creation." He condemns Oscar Wilde on an opposite count: "Perhaps what emerges from his letters is his fatal indifference to the real demands of a talent. No one talked more about art and artists or worked less."

On the evidence of these "Selected Essays," what did Connolly approve of? Travel, food, France, lemurs, the Latin elegists, Surrealism, and the rococo. The essay "Living with Lemurs" is one of the most delightful: "Their plaintive cry, their eyes of melting brown under long black lashes . . . a terrier's head on a furlined Pharaoh's body . . . If the ribs or armpits are tickled they are compelled to purr, to abandon any other posture and to start licking whatever lies in front of them." "The Elegiac Temperament" treats Tibullus tenderly and Propertius as a soulmate: "He was a weary and precocious adolescent in a tired world." The essays on the Greek and Roman classics, on Surrealism ("the greatest artistic commotion of the twentieth century and one of the few enlargements of sensibility in the last thirty years which stand to the credit of humanity") and the rococo conspicuously display Connolly's two strengths as a critic: his surprising erudition and his energy of response and phrasing. He was especially enthusiastic about those artistic topics that took him out of the England into the general European experience. "The rococo was an explosive affirmation of the private life, an escape from Versailles . . . In fact, the whole of Europe needed liberation from heroics and the rococo is an art sponsored by leading personalities . . . which caught on immediately with the humblest of their subjects and united all in a masquerade of gaiety and pleasure terminated (as is every European aesthetic movement) by an internecine war." To a dazzling inventory of rococo masterpieces he characteristically adds the personal, elegiac note: "Even as I write some façade is crumbling; a ceiling flakes, paneling is being stripped, plasterwork crushed, chimneypieces torn out, a Chippendale looking-glass cracks and innumerable pieces of china are thumbed and shattered. . . . So hurry, before the last cartouche, the fading arabesque, the final *cul-de-lampe* goes the way of Sans-Souci and Schönbornslust, Belle-Vue and Bruchsal." This reluctant critic's sudden bursts of specific information should not surprise us; as a schoolboy Connolly won the Harrow History Prize, a national cramming contest, and worked up his successful scholarship exam for Balliol on a subject, medieval history, not offered at Eton. In "Enemies of Promise," he recalled, "I had an excellent memory, I could learn by heart easily, gut a book in an hour and a half of arguments, allusions and quotations, like a Danube fisherman removing caviare from the smoking sturgeon."

He had a rococo, even at times surreal, gift for the unexpected image. Startling similes dot his critical prose and keep us charmed:

> When success permits them, both writers and painters prefer to barricade themselves deep in bourgeois country, like those birds which we admire for their color and song but which have divided our woods into well-defined gangster pitches of wormy territory.
>
> Edmund Wilson seems to have returned to the conception of the artist as an isolated wounded figure, as different from the social realist as is a huge lightning-stricken oak from a Government conifer plantation.
>
> Kitchener's Island, the perfect garden, Assuan Dam, the largest and loveliest of waterworks . . . they are relics of our art and altruism for which we receive scant credit. One day they will go the way of the lines of Suez or El Alamein or of the Edwardian novels and proconsular memoirs which sleep like papyri behind the locked grilles of the hotel library.
>
> [John William Mackail's] Christian attitude to paganism, that it was consciously pathetic and incomplete, like an animal

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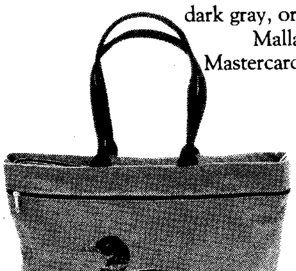

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that wishes it could talk, infected everything which he translated with a morbid distress.

His language at times can be too figurative, as when he writes of "the lilt of transience which is the breath of readability" or of Joyce as "this literary anti-Pope, this last great Mammoth out of whose tusks so many smaller egoists have carved their self-important ivory towers." But his profusion, and those sudden, almost madcap evocations to which his prose could rouse itself, enliven his criticism and lend great color and warmth to his remarkable travel pieces. Eight of these open Mr. Quennell's selection, and the best of them—about Bordeaux, the Dordogne valley, and Switzerland, all regions that cater assiduously to the inner man—are studies in rapture and hymns to civilized hedonism:

> Latour, Lafite, Margaux, Cantenac; each vineyard marked out by an army of knotted green bushes whose powdery clusters dangle among the pebbles, whose wine gives out the most delicate of civilized aromas; fragrant, light, and cavernous as myrtle-berries from an Etruscan tomb, the incomparable *bouquet du vieux Médoc*, offspring of sunshine and hard work, parent of warmth, wit, and understanding.

The austerities and embarrassments of travel also entertained Connolly, and in a brief sketch, a tourist's-eye version of an abortive revolution in Greece, we taste something Olympian, both in the gusto of the descriptions of boredom ("Sleeping late to shorten the day, one went to the window and found the Acropolis and the Parthenon blocking the horizon. A thing of beauty, that is a joy once or twice, and afterward a standing reproach") and in the calm humor with which violence is described: "The machine guns began again. The street, in normal times so straight and dull, became an enormous affair of shadows and relief, of embrasures and exposed spaces. The kiosk at the corner seemed as far away as it would to a baby who could just walk, or to a very lame old man." Such sharp photographs of sensation are like something in Hemingway, but without the tense and consciously heroic surface. Inside the hotel, as an armored car roved outside, "all was cheerfulness and commotion; everyone felt important and with a reason for living." When the trouble had blown over, the onlookers, "while secretly admitting the futility of the eye-witness, the meaninglessness and stupidity of all that had happened, knew also that they had tasted the intoxication and the prestige of action, and were soon rearranging the events of the day on a scale, and in an order, more worthy of the emotions which had been generated by them." The cadences are Gibbon's, and along such grand lines of illusionless gaiety, of dispassionate and scrupulous witness, Connolly's gifts might have extended themselves, if the times had been more propitious, and his purposes more fixed.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE JOURNEY, by Anatolii Kuznetsov, translated from the Russian by William E. Butler (Horizon; $15.95). This edition, the first complete one in English, of a fictionalized memoir that Anatolii Kuznetsov (1929-79) wrote during his postwar, pre-disillusionment phase—before he emigrated, in 1969, to England, where he condemned his earlier writing as "fascistic"—has been botched. The narrator-hero is an upwardly mobile young Muscovite who surprises his friends and family, and himself as well, when he joins one of the brigades building a huge hydroelectric power station in Siberia. In the first of four notebooks, he describes his trip east, by train; then he chronicles his growing admiration for Siberia, for concrete, for communal labor, and for his fellow-laborers, who lovingly smooth the concrete with their fingers. (The effect reminds him of Neolithic pottery he has seen in a Moscow museum.) Kuznetsov cannot be blamed for typos that litter the text, or for tin-eared translation, from "The entire train jumps off to stretch their legs" to "He would live like a piece of cake."

SCENES FROM MARRIED LIFE AND SCENES FROM LATER LIFE, by William Cooper (Dutton; $18.95). A one-volume edition of a pair of chatty English novels (the conclusion of a story begun in "Scenes from Provincial Life" and "Scenes from Metropolitan Life") narrated by a part-time novelist and part-time civil servant who marries happily, at forty, in the first one and retires worriedly, at sixty-seven—worried about his eyesight, his arthritis, and his ninety-two-year-old mother as well as about his lack of a pension—in the second. "Scenes from Married Life," first published in 1961, deals with his latest manuscript, which a prudish Home Office has judged indecent, because it is about a happily unmarried couple. Midway in "Scenes from Later Life," the novelist-narrator decides that in his next novel he will risk not being prudish about death and money. Mr. Cooper may not be prudish about anything, but he is coy in a dithery way about marital bliss, and worse than coy, in a peculiarly British way, in one of two episodes ("Goodbye to a Cataract" and "Goodbye to a Hip-Joint") set in a hospital, where comic relief is provided by an Indian patient and his "dusky" wife; by "a smiling, Chinesey little nurse" who cannot pronounce the letter "r;" and by an "African" night nurse who "spoke English like someone who had been educated here."

GENERAL

ENDLESS ENEMIES: THE MAKING OF AN UNFRIENDLY WORLD, by Jonathan Kwitny (Congdon & Weed; $19.95). The author, a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, argues that the United States has made enemies in the Third World by suppressing democracy and free enterprise as thoroughly as the Russians do. The reason, he tells us, is that our foreign-policy agencies—overt and covert—have chosen to see the globe as polarized by the contest between Communism and Americanism, and have preferred to support allegedly anti-Communist "strong men" who warp the politics and the economies of their countries for their own (and foreign companies') profit. Mr. Kwitny's most striking examples come from Africa, where he has extensive firsthand experience. But throughout the world several common factors seem to be at work. One is the shallowness of our intellectual approach to the diversity of societies and cultures; another is the momentum of covert action, which, like the bureaucracies that support it, increases to justify its existence; and the third is avarice—the greed of local leaders and foreign businessmen, who take immoderate profits from Third World economies and so pave the way for varieties of statism (Communist, Fascist, theocratic) that are the antithesis of liberalism, capitalism, and democracy.

WILLIE AND DWIKE: AN AMERICAN PROFILE, by William Zinsser (Harper & Row; $13.95). Willie is the bassist and French-horn player Willie Henry Ruff, Jr., and Dwike is

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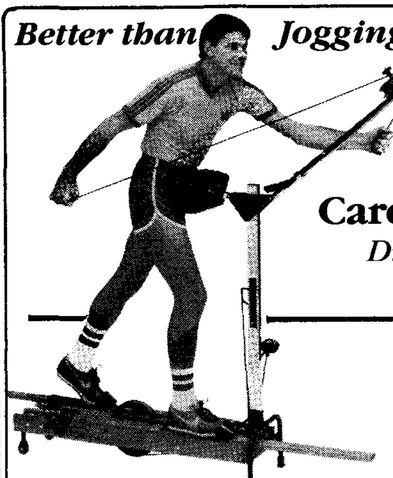

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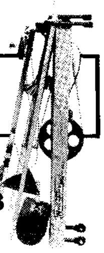

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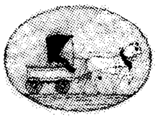

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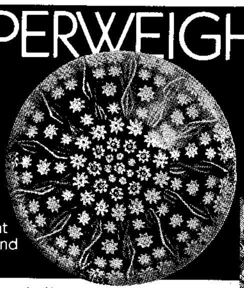

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the pianist Dwike (born Ivory) Mitchell, who came together almost thirty years ago and formed the celebrated chamber jazz unit called the Mitchell-Ruff Duo. Both are black, both are Southerners by birth, both are self-schooled and conservatory-trained, and although they make their living by playing jazz, both are skilled in classical music. Mr. Zinsser (who is white) is an admirer of the Mitchell-Ruff Duo and a friend of its members; he has studied under Mitchell, and he has accompanied them on their travels in this country and abroad. In this informal biography, he encourages his friends to talk about themselves and their art, and it is a good measure of his own considerable skills that "Willie and Dwike" comes to us seemingly straight from Ruff and Mitchell; Zinsser himself is practically invisible. Two chapters first appeared in this magazine.

THE BROWSER'S BOOK OF BEGINNINGS: ORIGINS OF EVERYTHING UNDER (AND INCLUDING) THE SUN, by Charles Panati (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). Mr. Panati tells us that the idea of a book on origins had its genesis when he was surprised to learn that the croissant was invented by a baker in Vienna in 1863 to celebrate a victory over the Turks, the roll being symbolic of the Turkish crescent emblem. From that tiny acorn has grown a mighty oak of a book. Mr. Panati is fearless, far-reaching, formidable, and, when it pleases him, frivolous. His book opens with the thunder and lightning of the origin of the sun, the origin of the earth, the origin of life on our planet, and then relaxes into less uncertain beginnings—language and writing, fruits and grains, coffee and tea and cocaine, printing and comic strips, dogs and cats and the sonata, typewriters and gunpowder, chess and tennis, parachutes and psychiatry, the ballet and the jury system, the metric system and cement—and ends with baseball, invented in England in the eighteenth century (there is a mention of it in "Northanger Abbey") and Americanized in the eighteen-forties by one Alexander Cartwright. All this is accomplished in twenty-nine chapters—each containing many capsule and generally sparkling essays—totalling almost four hundred good-sized pages.

THE SINKING OF THE BELGRANO, by Arthur Gavshon and Desmond Rice. (David & Charles; $18.95). If the authors of this convincingly detailed polemic are to be believed, the bloody soap opera of the recent Falklands War was at least partly the result of a diplomatic fiasco, and right up to the last moment most of the killing could have been prevented. The 1982 edition of the Falklands controversy—a dispute that has been simmering for a century and a half—was precipitated by the Galtieri regime's need for a patriotic crusade that would divert public attention from its appalling domestic record, and by the Thatcher government's recognition of a godsent opportunity to change rising popular disenchantment into jingoistic fervor. As soon as the Argentine military junta realized that the British (and especially the Royal Navy) wanted nothing more than a fight, most of them shied away from open war, eager to find a diplomatic way out. Unfortunately, they were too disorganized to agree on a coherent proposal; only the mediating efforts of Peru's President Belaúnde Terry produced a last-minute peace offer that seemed to meet England's demands. Mr. Gavshon and Mr. Rice strongly suggest, however, that Mrs. Thatcher (egged on by her admirals) wanted to teach the Argentines a brutal lesson first. Hence the sinking of the ancient light cruiser General Belgrano, and the retaliatory sinking of H.M.S. Sheffield, and so on and on until well over a thousand young men were dead. The record of events set down here is shameful, but what is even more depressing is the two governments' cynical—almost contemptuous—manipulation of their citizens.

THE HAIGHT-ASHBURY: A HISTORY, by Charles Perry (Random House/Rolling Stone; $16.95). Readers may snicker to learn that on April 5, 1967, the Gray Line Bus Company began a "San Francisco Haight-Ashbury District 'Hippie Hop' Tour," complete with a "Glossary of Hippie Terms," but this book is no less an excursion for the curious outsider. Mr. Perry's chronological itinerary begins in the winter of 1965 across the Bay, in Berkeley, where large amounts of LSD would soon be manufactured, and it ends in the fall of 1967 across the country, "in an East Village crash pad run by the quasi-Digger named Galahad." Most of it, however, is confined to the eponymous neighborhood of run-down Victorian houses snuggled between swank Pacific Heights and the black ghetto called Fillmore in the Summer (1967) of Love. "LSD," "crash pad," "Digger," "the Summer of Love"—not even Rip Van Winkle would need a glossary, since the meanings of these emblems of the nineteen-sixties emerge along the way. Mr. Perry, a Californian who did not turn thirty until 1971, is a trustworthy guide for the first five-sixths of his book. Then he rattles on for about fifty pages about "neo-neolithics" and "the challenge of a cybernetic Eden," and even defines "blowing one's mind." Some readers may suspect that this part of the book is one long "goof;" the less respectful may simply tune out.

WEEGEE'S NEW YORK, 1935-1960 (Grove; $60). An album of three hundred and thirty-five photographs taken by Arthur Fellig, the news photographer who called himself Weegee the Famous, and who prided himself on being first on the scene of an accident or a crime. There are pictures Weegee took for the *News*, the *Mirror*, and *PM* of fires, daring rescues, and the scenes of crimes; there are shots of drunk tanks filled to overflowing, of the raucous goings-on at the old Sammy's Bowery Follies, of couples necking at the movies, of backstage scenes at striptease theatres; and there are very informal portraits of people like Louis Armstrong, Judy Garland, and Hedda Hopper, and group photographs of tipsy sailors and gaping and gawking audiences of all kinds. These photographs, in all their unloveliness, are nevertheless still alive, and they show us where many later photographers—Diane Arbus, for one—came from.

NOTE: "Omnibooth," a collection of drawings by George Booth, has been published by Congdon & Weed ($18.95). Nearly all the drawings originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CHEAP SHOT, by Jay Cronley (Atheneum; $13.95). A cops-and-robbers fantasy in the best tradition of the Keystone Studios. The story idea is one that Mack Sennett himself would have relished. The robbers—four scatterbrained men and a cigarette-dependent girl—wish to rob an art museum of its treasures. But how

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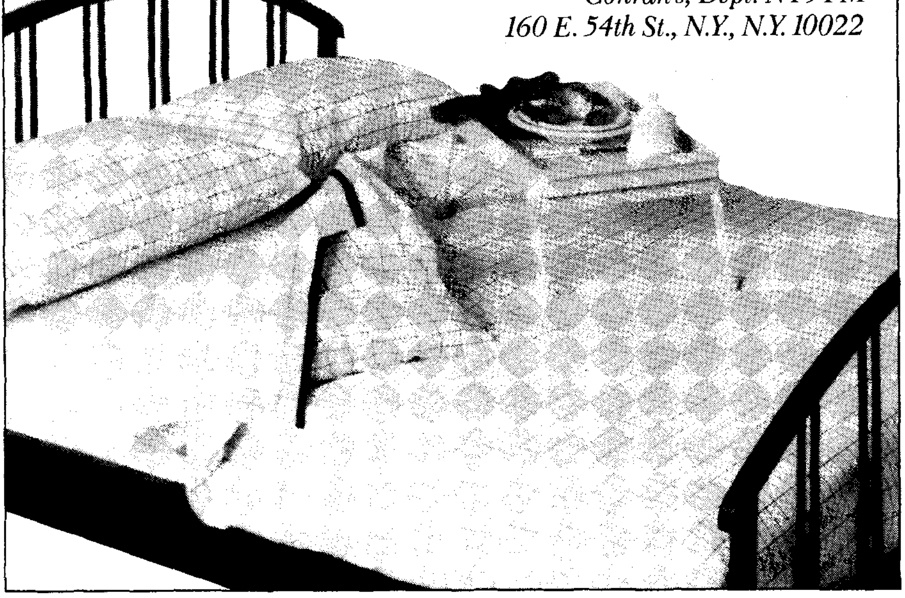

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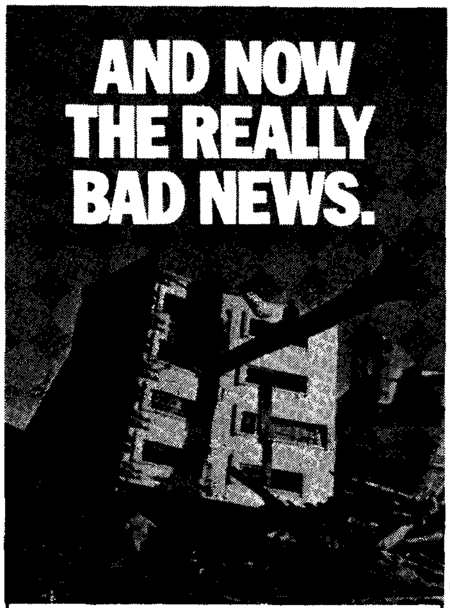

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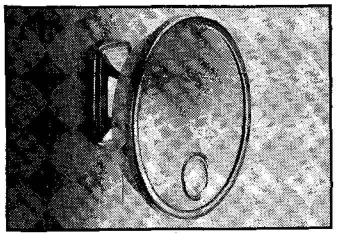
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to circumvent the museum's state-of-the-art security system? Simple: immobilize the forces that would answer the alarm. To this end, the robbers raid the neighborhood precinct house, capture the night shift, herd them into a van, and lock the doors. Then, disguised as cops, they bust their way into the museum. Nothing, of course, quite follows according to plan. The robbers are, if anything, dumber than the cops, and Mr. Cronley sees to it that every move, every scene, every mishap is slapstick of a classic order.

A CADENZA FOR CARUSO, by Barbara Paul (St. Martin's; $11.95). A murder mystery set in New York City in 1910—largely at the Metropolitan Opera House during rehearsals for the world première of Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West." The characters, except for a few servants, a villain, and a homicide detective, are all real: Enrico Caruso, Giacomo Puccini, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Arturo Toscanini, Pasquale Amato, Emmy Destinn, David Belasco. Puccini is being blackmailed, the blackmailer is murdered, Puccini is accused, and Caruso, bungling into the role of detective, manages by clumsiness to solve the crime. Miss Paul is strong on opera and on details of the period, including Caruso's passion for watches, his dislike of gardenia scent, his lifelong stagefright, his generosity, but the story she has invented is fairly simpleminded, and her writing can grate, as when she has Toscanini tell Caruso, "No partying tonight."

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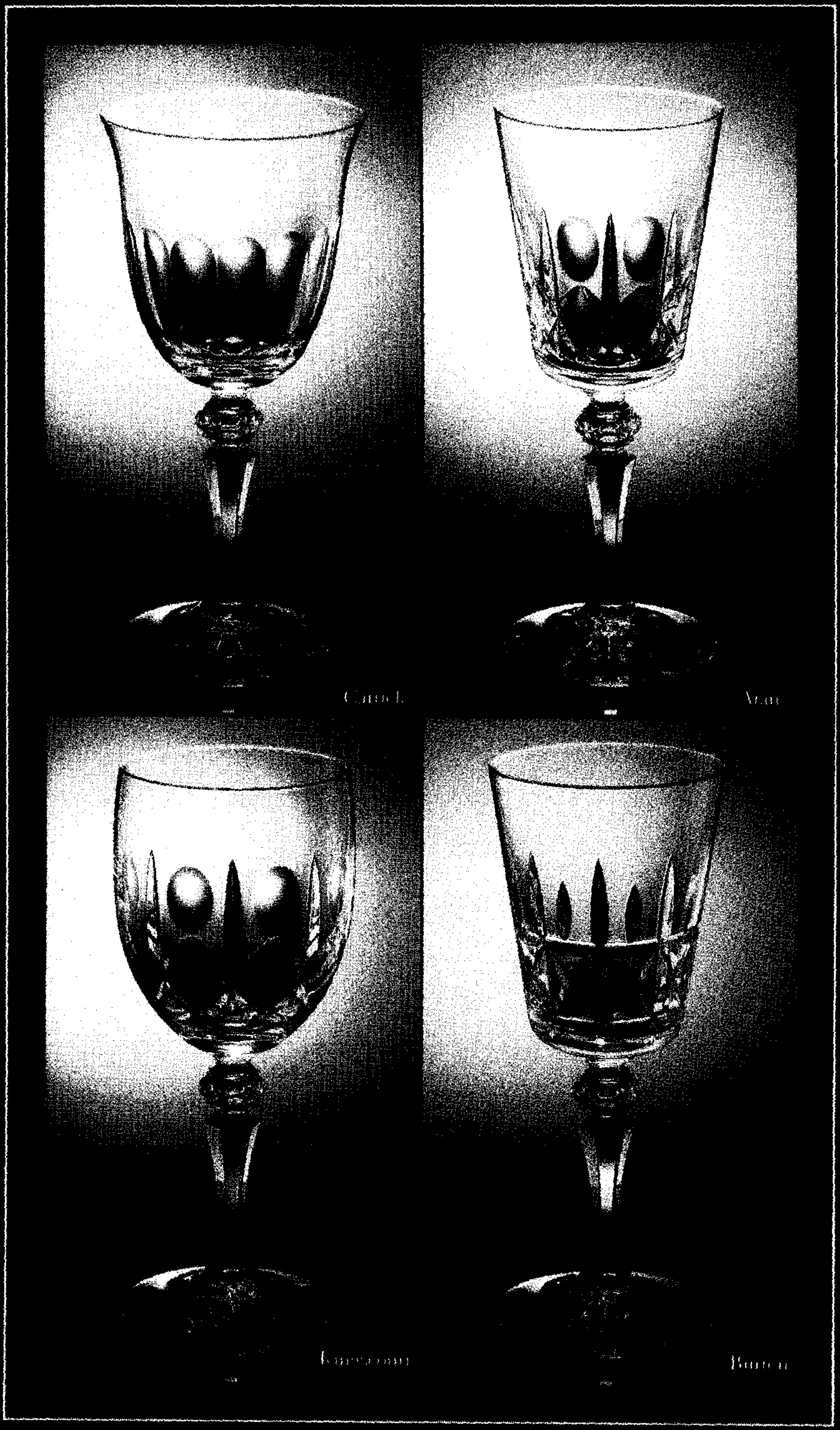

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